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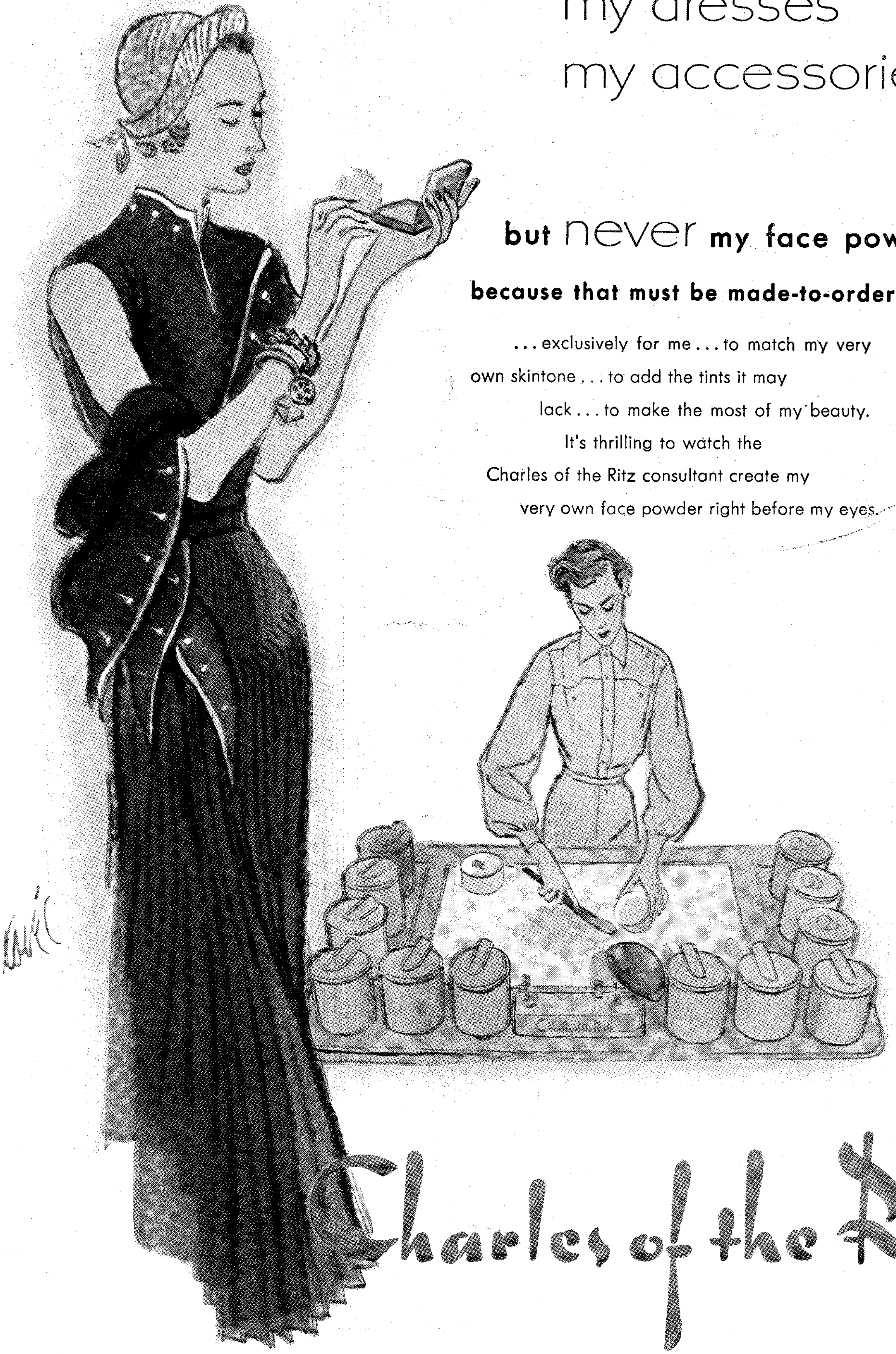

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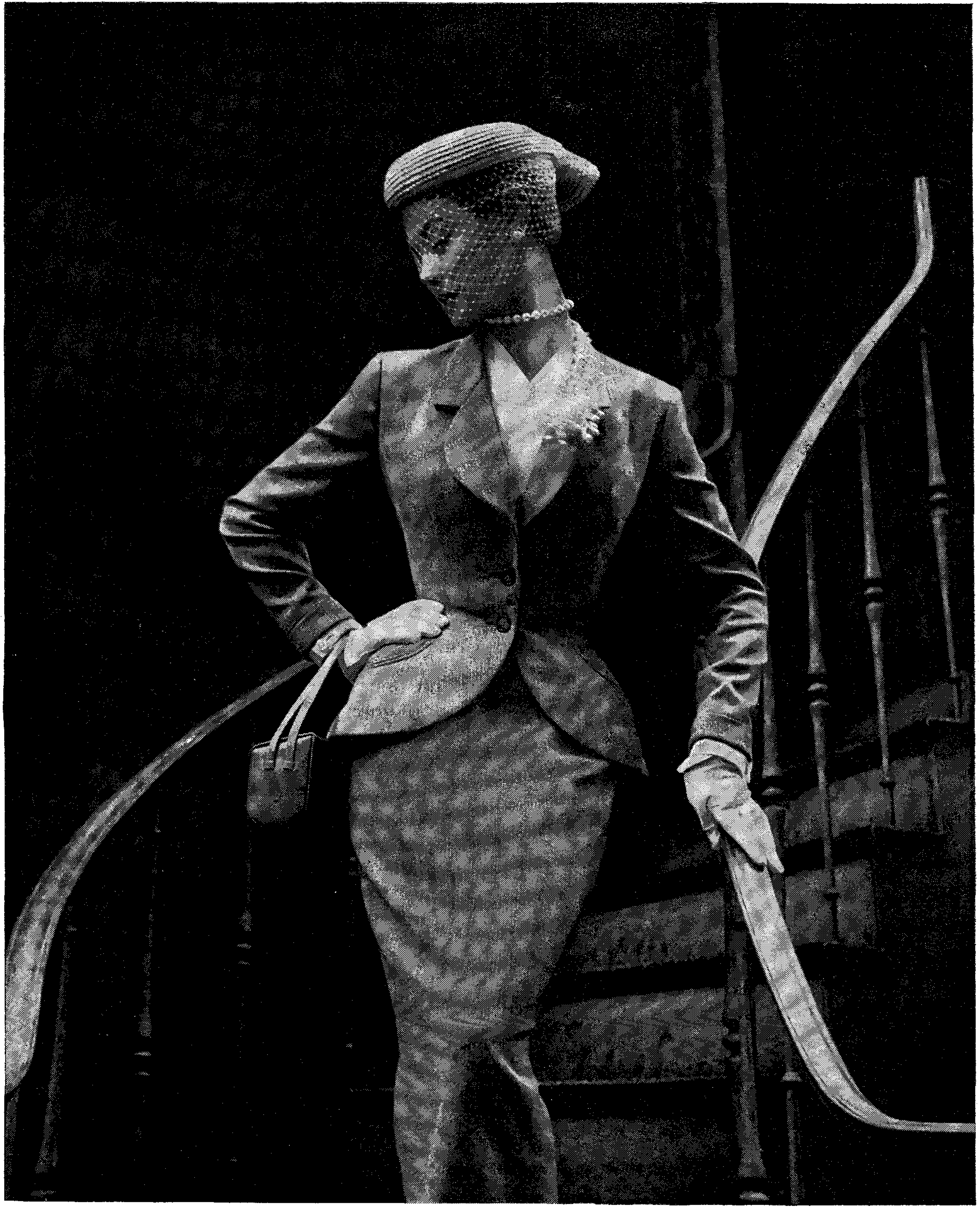
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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

As You Like It—In spite of Katharine Hepburn's shapely and vivacious Rosalind and an extremely handsome Theatre Guild production, this comedy remains one of the most exasperating in the English language. Others in the cast are William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer as the Roman conqueror and the Queen of the Nile in an admirable revival of Shaw's comedy. Sir Cedric has directed a cast that includes Arthur Treacher, John Buckmaster, Ralph Forbes, Francis L. Sullivan, and Bertha Belmore. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Clutterbuck—Arthur Margetson is superb as a simple-minded Briton in Benn W. Levy's comedy about promiscuity in the upper classes. Among the others whose love affairs are thoroughly discussed are Tom Helmore, Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Claire Carleton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. The fine English cast includes Alec Guinness, Irene Worth, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer give wonderfully effective performances in this occasionally exciting play about a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Disciple—The encounter between Dick Dudgeon (Maurice Evans) and General Burgoyne (Dennis King) is one of the great high-comedy scenes in the theatre, but otherwise this revival of Shaw's 1897 play seems to show its years. With Marsha Hunt and Victor Jory. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

I Know My Love—A play, dealing with half a century of matrimony in Boston, that is an ideal vehicle for the Lunts, if not terribly interesting on any other ground. S. N. Behrman rewrote it from the French, and the cast includes Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, and Katharine Bard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Innocents—William Archibald's dramatization of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" presents this minor classic as a simple ghost story rather than a psychological study, but it is still reasonably alarming. Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two gifted children called Iris Mann and David Cole are the mortal members of the cast, as distinguished from the spooks, and they are all good. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

The Man—The basic situation in this melodrama is much like that in "Kind Lady," but the resemblance ends right there. Dorothy Gish, as the timid heroine, and Don Hanmer, as a homicidal maniac, give noteworthy performances against heavy odds. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally compelling play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep—This adaptation of Ludwig Bemelmans' novel is, on the whole, unusually civilized, moving, and funny. The tremendous cast is headed by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, the strikingly stylized scenery was designed by Wolfgang Roth, and Hume Cronyn handled the direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Velvet Glove—Grace George is as gentle and glowing as ever in this rather frail comedy about an ideological conflict in a Catholic college. Walter Hampden, Jean Dixon, and John Williams support her very satisfactorily. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Gene Lockhart. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, William Harrigan, and Henry Hull. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Arms and the Girl—This rendering of that old comedy about bundling called "The Pursuit of Happiness" is cheerful and lively, though perhaps a little silly in spots. Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian did the revised book; Morton Gould wrote the music; and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray, Georges Guétary, John Conte, and Pearl Bailey, who is unquestionably a very great woman. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Consul—Though neither the book nor the score of this musical drama is especially impressive in its own right, they combine to form a true opera of astonishing sureness, balance, and power—something quite new to Broadway. The story deals with the desperate efforts of a European woman to rejoin her husband, a member of the Underground, who has had to flee the country, and the singing, particularly of Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane, is of a high order. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated affair, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne is responsible for the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, March 26.)

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has an arresting score by Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat unsettling to admirers of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks lead the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Miss Liberty—A big, fairly monotonous musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett. It is mainly the work of Irving Berlin, Robert E. Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Allyn McLerie

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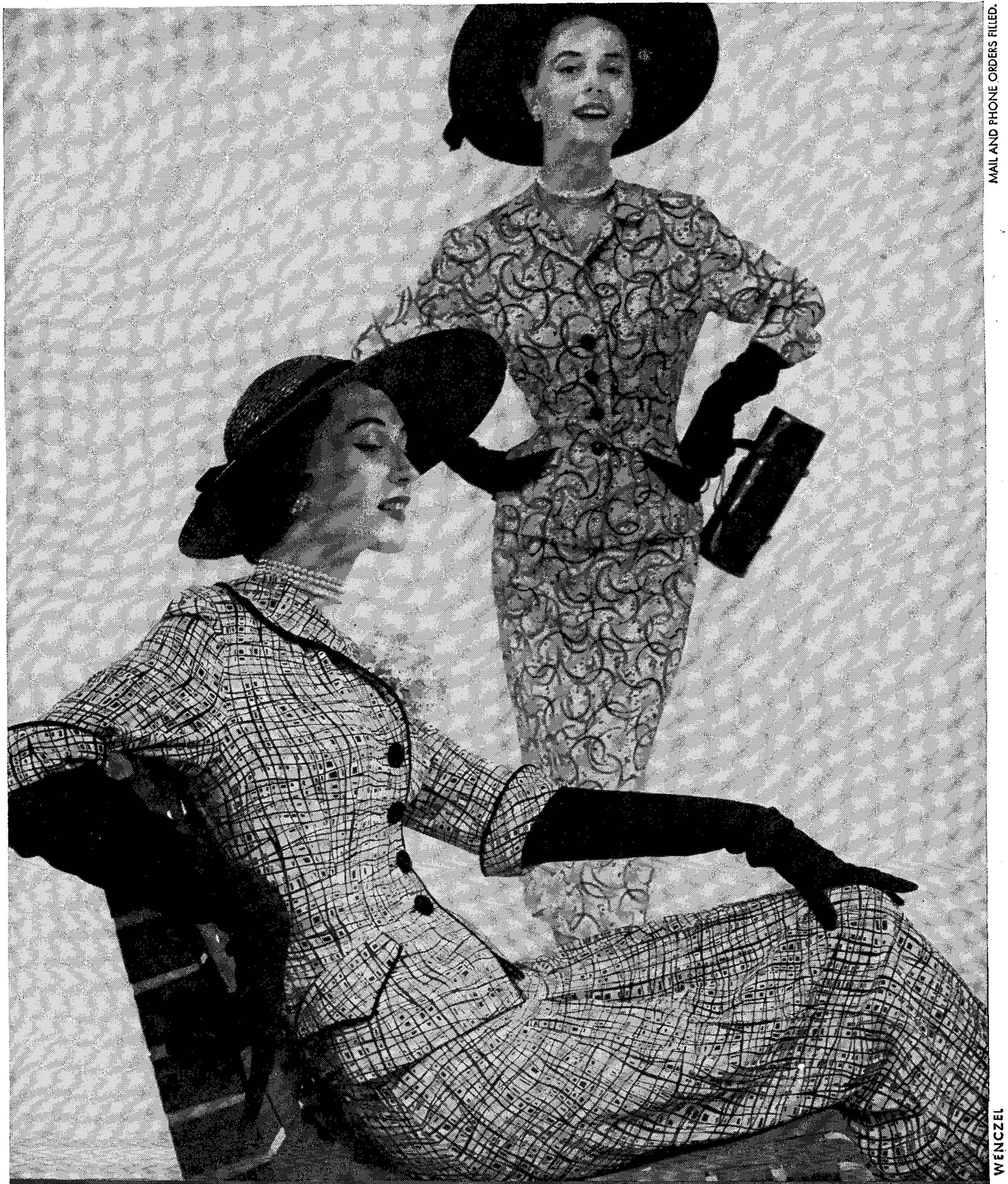

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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26	27	28	29	30	31	1

and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:45.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often effective, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Mary Hatcher, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter, taming Shakespeare's shrew. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with—oh, *you* know! Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Great to Be Alive—A musical with a book by Walter Bullock and Sylvia Regan, and music by Abraham Ellstein. The cast, directed by Mary Hunter, includes Vivienne Segal, Stuart Erwin, Valerie Bettis, Mark Dawson, Martha Wright, and Bambi Linn. Produced by Vinton Freedley. Opens Thursday, March 23. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes in Joshua Logan's play based on Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard." Produced by Leland Hayward and Mr. Logan. With Kent Smith, Walter Abel, and Peggy Conklin. Opens Wednesday, March 29. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DANCE RECITAL

José Torrès—With his company. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 25, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Magic Show—An evening of hocus by some very talented pocussers of the Society of American Magicians. Among them will be Fred Keating and John Mulholland. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's men and Nino de Moraes' rumba band play for dancing in the Trianon Room, except Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra at dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails and after dinner in the Palm Court, except on Sundays. No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Starting Thursday, March 23, Josh White's throbbing folk music. Mary Lou Williams' inventive piano, and J. C. Heard's slightly overwrought band. The perennial Cliff Jackson plays piano during the interludes. Dancing.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A long and energetic old-time strutters' ball, involving such skilled Early Americana as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The never-at-homes in midnight conference. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The bands of Bernie Dolen and Paul Sparr unwind a continuous skein of music in this time-honored dancing school. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Little Connie Haines skitters around the Terrace Room's vast dance floor as she sings, and Tony Pastor (replaced by Charlie Peterson on Sundays) operates his vigorous band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Jimmy Carroll sings about some familiar subjects and the youthful Talbots dance. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band turn out dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest noises every afternoon in the Café Pierre for tea dancing, and also during dinner and supper.

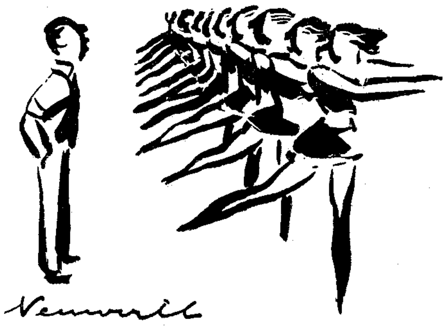
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Eric Victor dances. In addition, Nancy Donovan sings at dinner, and Lisa Kirk looks in after the theatre to unleash her sassy soprano. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras are on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has the lively dance music of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The stately strains of Emery Deutsch's orchestra fill the stately Oval Room at dinnertime, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's men substitute. . . . ¶ The Palm Court echoes mildly to Mr. Sandler's pleasant cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, a shimmery mermaid, is in the Maisonette at dinner and supper, singing a set of very wayward ballads. Les Crosley, at the piano, is her right-hand musician. Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the Carnaval Room, a clutch of Lester Lanin's coming-out-party music-makers and Jan Brunesco's gypsies for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Don Abney plays piano in the Café, from seven to one, except on Sundays.



Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—What is home without children? This one beguiles them downstairs with Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra, a rumba band, and (once again) the piping of Suzy Mulligan; also upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, with Ernie Warren's orchestra. Dancing.

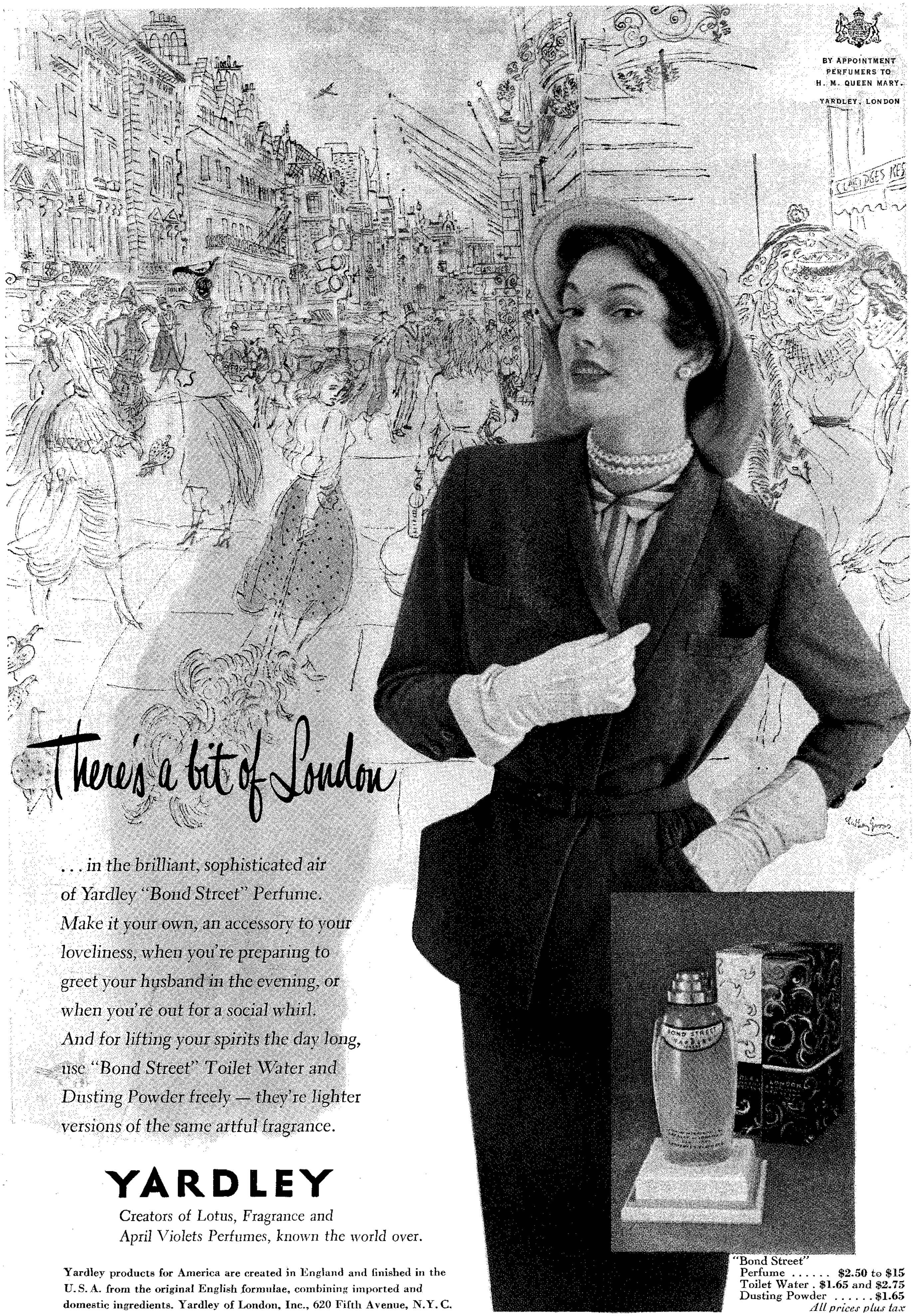
Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Kay Thompson, as svelte, as glittery, and often as puissant as Excalibur, singing and kicking her way through her new vaudeville show, which is sometimes rapid-fire and sometimes sleepy-eyed. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band are also on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At supper in the Wedgwood Room, Dorothy Shay's homemade mountaineer ballads. Eddy Duchin's dance music at dinner and, spelled by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, no show, and the Borr band works until ten only. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, and Dr. Sydney Ross performs his parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except on Sundays, Les Crosley's bland and witty cocktail and early-dinner piano sets a brisk pace for his eminent co-worker, Cy Walter, who takes over later. On Sundays, Graham Forbes does the chores for both men. . . . **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band in here, from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **café trouville,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Out in the bar, Mary McNally plays piano at cocktail time, and Harry Taylor and Page Morton alternate from dinnertime on. Closed Sundays. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin music, after nine-thirty, for a rather frenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): After ten-thirty, the Allan Logan Trio starts work in this knowing reminder of the mostly merry twenties. Harold Sandler plays table-hopping violin from dinnertime on. Dining to piano music on Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, along with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **one fifth avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Two new humorists, Walling and McHugh, have the floor here. In the background, the piano of those old reliables, Hazel Webster and the team of Harold Fonville and Bob Downey. There are Rudolph Valentino movies on Sunday nights; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this example of gift-wrapping décor, Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **monte carlo,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): One of Dick Gasparre's bands and the Playa Sextet work almost all night in this sumptuous drawing room. Closed Mondays. . . . **madison,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Peter Walters' piano Mondays through Fridays at cocktail time, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **shelburne lounge,** Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Phil Leeds, an occasionally humorous young man; Paul Villard, a singer of peculiar sea songs, who accompanies himself with a quaint old instrument called the leer; and Monica Boyar, who chants rather wriggly songs. Cy Coleman plays impassioned and absorbing piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **l'aiglon,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except on Mondays, in the Empress Room upstairs, the amiable Louis Hawkins at the head of his conservatory of the piano and the conversational arts, from eight o'clock on. . . . **perroquet room,** Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): At the piano, after dinner, the eminent Ellis Larkin, toying with some minor-key chromatics. Addison Bailey also plays piano, from cocktail time well into the next day, and goes it alone Mondays. . . . **old knick music hall,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Documentary proof that corn grew thick and high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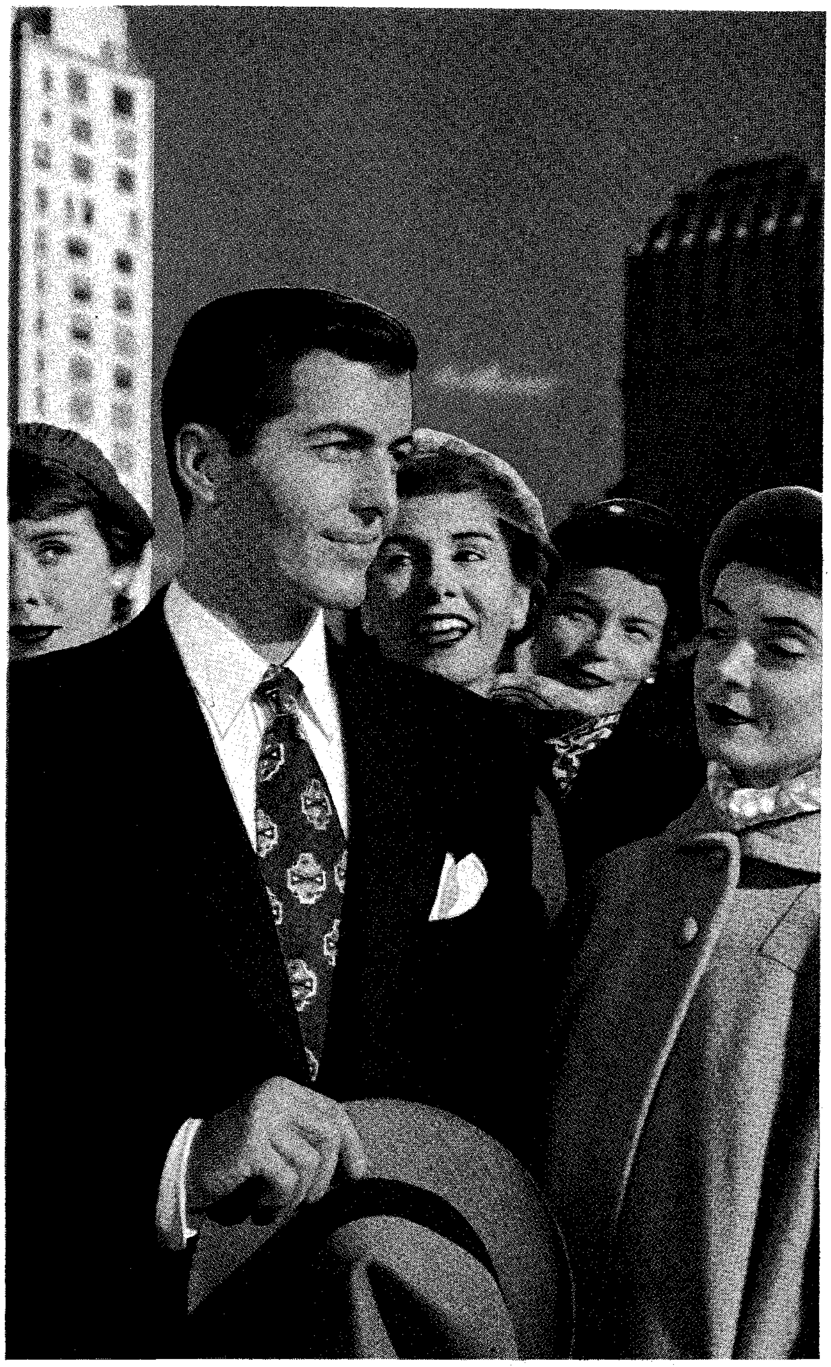

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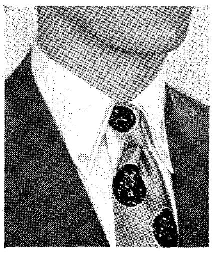

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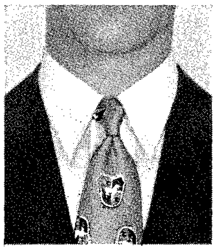

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in Grandfather's day. It is interlarded with old movies, old songs, old singing waiters, old sawdust, and old etc. Paul Killiam peppers this mélange with jokes. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Another casual night-blooming restaurant with after-dinner music until all hours. Paul Berlin and Graham Forbes play double piano and Odette Athos slips off a few songs now and then with their backing. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): On Thursday, March 23, Frank Sinatra, that still, small voice, returns to town. Dancing. . . . **GREENWICH VILLAGE INN**, 5 Sheridan Sq. (CH 3-0503): Your chance to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel with the turbulent Pearl Bailey, the fervid Marian Bruce (blues), and the rambunctious Maurice Rocco (amplified piano).

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, weekdays at dinnertime, John Kelley, Jr., is at the keyboard; from suppertime on, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack do their subtle piano nocturnes for the theatrical profession. . . . ¶ In the back room, the matchless Wally Cox's monologues, Mae Barnes' stormy way with a song, Portia Nelson's lush ballads, and Mickey Deems' pleasantries. Background music by Stuart Ross, Garland Wilson, and the Herman Chittison Trio. On Thursday, March 30, a new show, comprising Charles Trenet (in collaboration with Eadie and Rack), Nancy Andrews (singing Hard-Hearted Hannah songs), and Miss Nelson. Sunday nights, several guests are added to the proceedings. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Another of Julius Monk's light-as-a-feather soufflés, involving Ronnie Graham's startling songs about the pursuit of slaphappiness, the Three Riffs' engaging foolery, Estelle Loring's perky soprano, and Larry Blake's conversation pieces. On Monday, March 27, Daphne Hellman, the blonde harpist, will replace the Three Riffs. Norman Paris, that infant prodigy, puts his trio through some captivating paces. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): In this quiet and relaxed mountain fastness, Mme. Spivy, warbling her timeless bedtime ditties. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A festive seminar in folk music, done to a turn by the Weavers, a collection of balladeers and instrumentalists that includes Pete Seeger. Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, knocking down the walls of Jericho with his little trumpet every hour on the half hour. Also around are Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton rattles off some splendid piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by eager-beaver visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, dishing out those old riverboat shuffles. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Edmond Hall's new quintet, which has Joe Thomas on trumpet, will be at work, through Monday, March 27. Next evening, Sidney Bechet and cohorts, including Big Chief Russell Moore, will move back in. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Artie Shaw's big band (with its hair cut short, for a change) and Oscar Peterson's Montreal-style jazz piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those now legendary Friday-night shivarees. On March 24, the fireworks will include Max Kaminsky, Bobby

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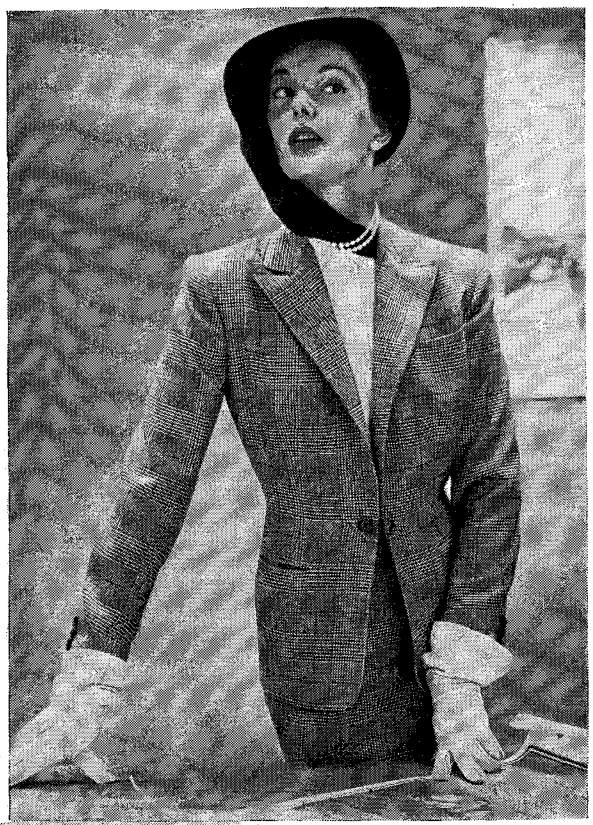

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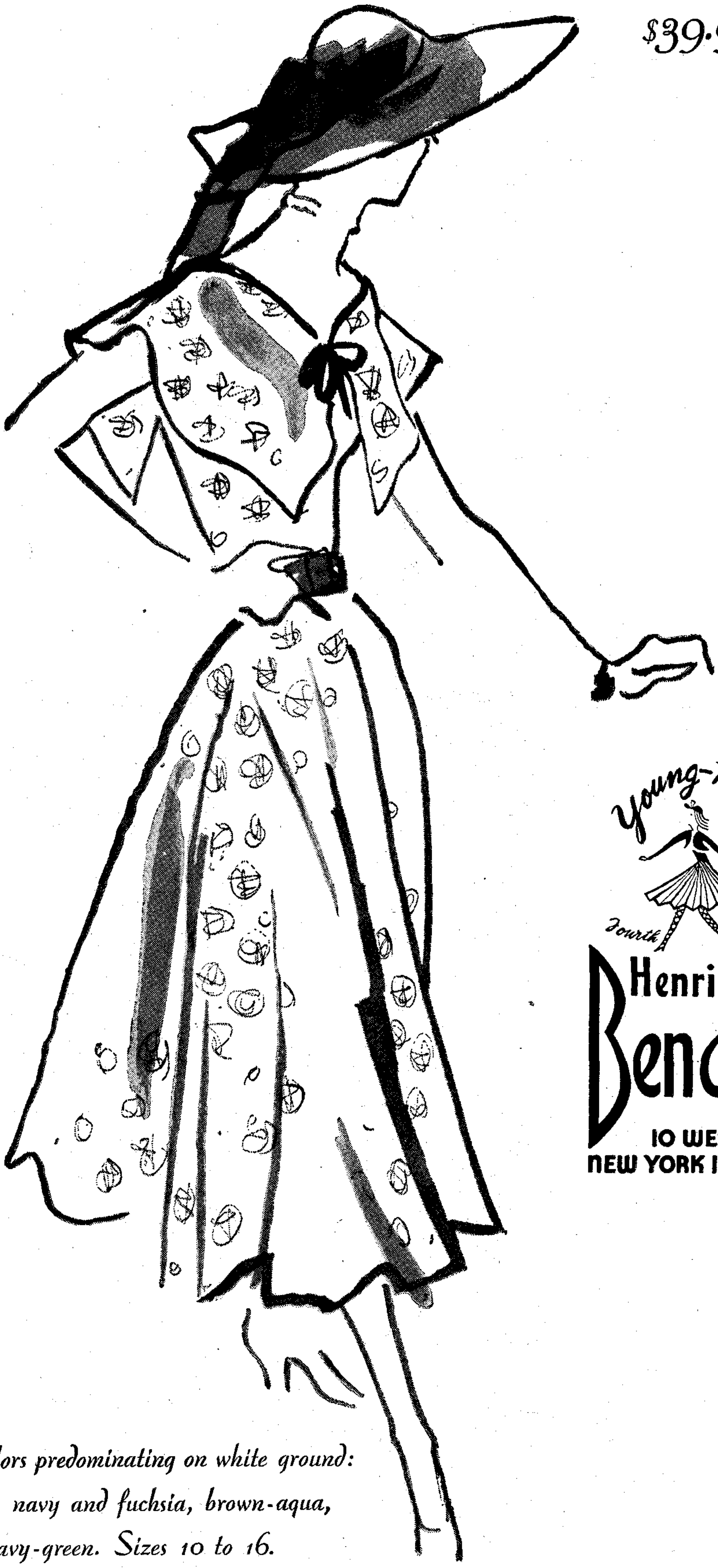

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MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Through Saturday, April 1, the Café Rouge has Jimmy Dorsey's band. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Through Saturday, April 1, in the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS—Their fourteenth annual exhibition, with, among the usual number of experimental pieces, an unusual percentage of good ones. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through March 31.)

BLACK OR WHITE—Some striking works by Robert Motherwell, Weldon Kees, Hans Hofmann, Picasso, and others, in a collection distinguished by the fact that almost all the paintings are predominantly either black or white. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through March 27.)

MARY CALLERY—New sculptures, varying from highly simplified linear compositions to some quite realistic portrait heads. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 1.)

RUSSELL COWLES—Still-lifes and figure studies, in a style that approaches flat-pattern Cubism and displays considerable distinction. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 1.)

HERBERT FERBER—New sculptures, in a spiky, tormented manner that may show a certain debt to Lipchitz. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 25.)

DOMENICO FETTI—A loan exhibition of floridly handsome paintings by one of the early baroque Italian artists. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 25.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Color woodcuts done in Mexico and Vermont by this native of Uruguay. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through April 12.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—Scenes in oils of Manhattan's Little Italy, its residents, dinner tables, block parties, poolrooms, and such. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through April 1.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Evergood, Joseph Solman, and Moses Soyer, and sculptures by Aaron J. Goodelman; through March 25. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART GALLERY,** 122 E. 55th St.: Thomas Benton, Diego Rivera, Doris Lee, Maurice de Vlaminck, and others; through March 25. . . . **HACKER,** 24 W. 58th St.: Abstract paintings by Mark Rothko, Burgoyne Diller, Louis Schanker, Adolph Gottlieb, and others; through March 25.

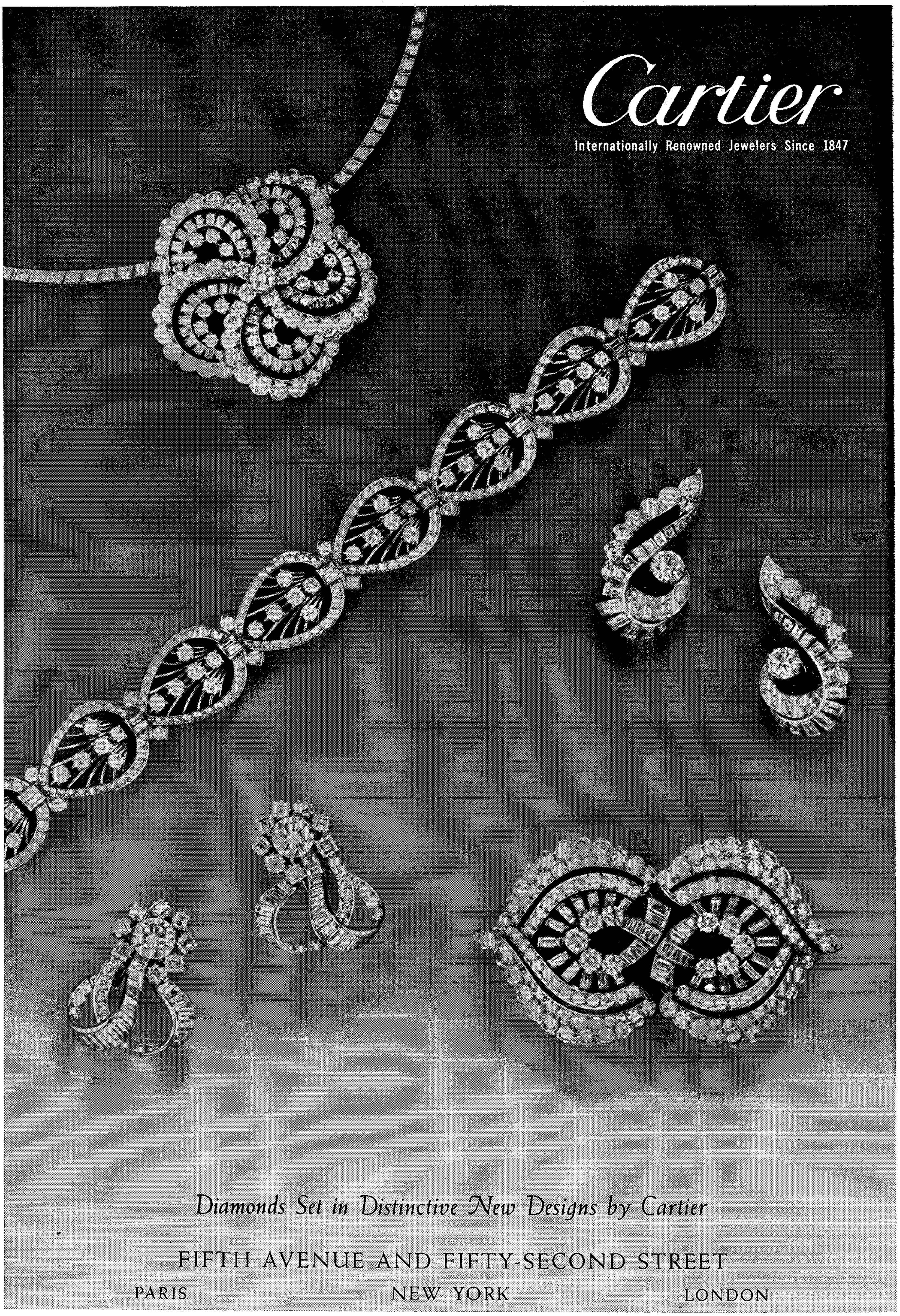
IN 1940—Works by this gallery's group, among them Kuniyoshi, Marin, O'Keeffe, and Sheeler, all dated 1940, and revealing that fewer changes have been made since than might be imagined. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through April 1.)

PIETRO LAZZARI—Drawings in a wandering, calligraphic style that conceals great precision of line. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St. through March 25.)

MANÉ-KATZ—About twenty oils, along with a few gouaches and sculptures in this French Expressionist's first show in almost three years. (Binet, 67 E. 57th St.; through March 24.)

MODERN FRENCH—The first half of this gallery's annual two-part show of paintings by members of the Paris school will be on view through Saturday, March 25. The second half opens the following Monday. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through April 29.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—Its spring Annual, celebrating the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization. Rather stodgy, of course, but with a fair leavening of good pieces. (National Academy of De-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sign, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; through April 9.)

Nineteenth-Century Heritage—A well-arranged loan exhibition of French Masters, from Géricault and Ingres to Cézanne and Renoir, for the benefit of Greenwich House. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through April 1.)

Isaac Païlès—Paintings, brilliant in color and partly abstract in style, by a French artist new to this country. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Francis Picabia—Paintings, 1908 to 1920, plus a selection of 1949 works that are as irreverent as ever, by the one-time Dadaist leader. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through April 1.)

Umberto Romano—A retrospective, 1940-50, showing his progression from a somewhat muralesque romanticism to a brighter and crisper later style. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through March 25.)

Felix Ruvolo—Paintings, abstract in style, many of which try, pretty effectively, to convey a suggestion of motion. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through April 1.)

John Taylor—Oils and gouaches of tidal flats, featuring mainly the long vistas and mournful atmosphere of such places. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 25.)

Twentieth-Century "Old Masters"—Two interesting early works by Duchamp and Matisse, in a show that also includes paintings by Braque, Gris, and Picasso. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 1.)

Sol Wilson—Scenes of salt-water fishing and fishermen, strongly outlined and quite solidly designed. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through April 1.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At **an american place**, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.: John Marin; through May 6.... **argent**, 42 W. 57th St.: Annual spring show of the Sculptors Guild; through April 1.... **artists'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Maurice Golubov. Weekdays, noon to 6; through April 13. ... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Toulouse-Lautrec lithographs; for the benefit of the museum of Albi, France; through April 15.... **midtown**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Henry Koerner; through April 15.... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Renoir. For the benefit of the New York Infirmary; through April 29.

MUSEUMS

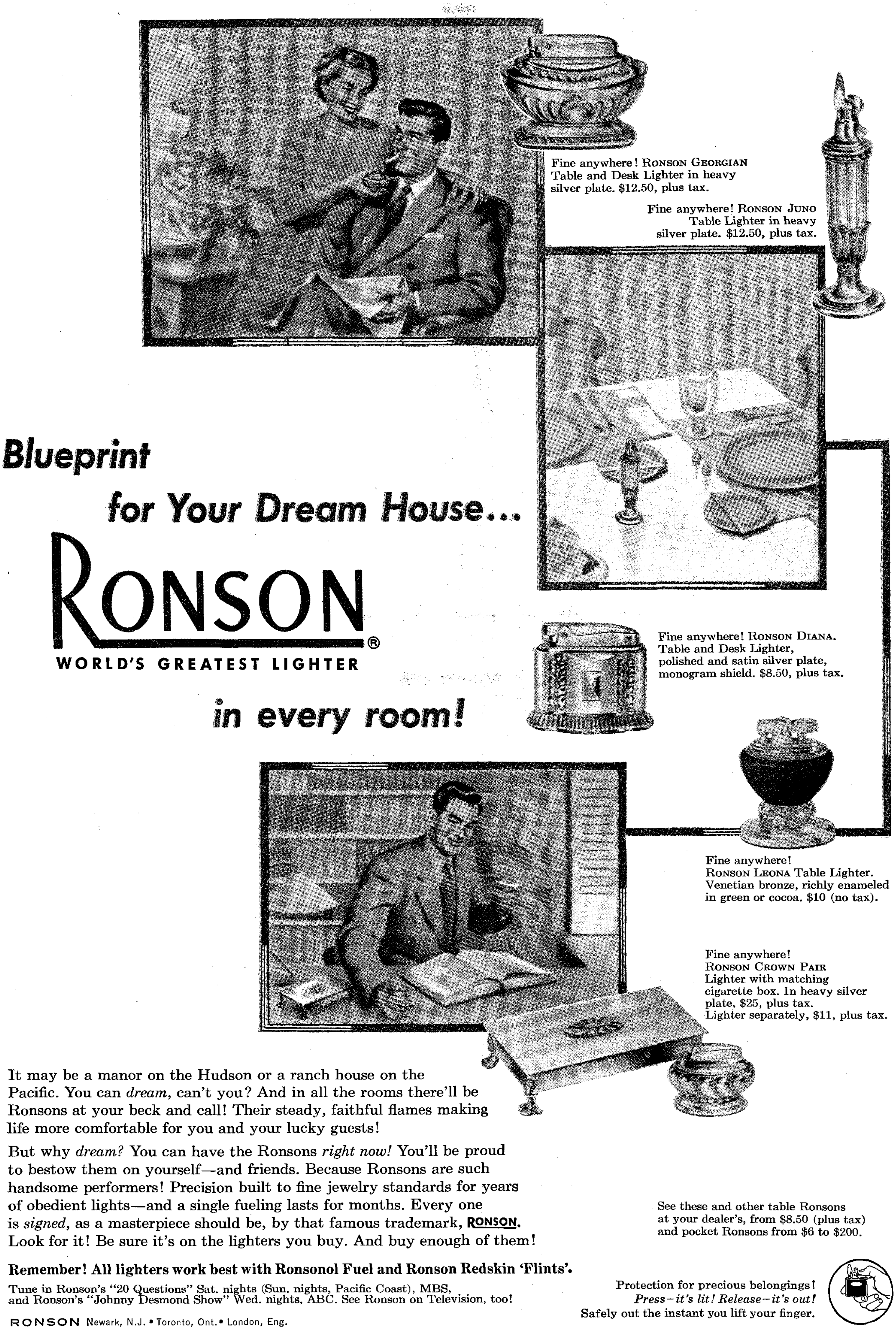
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Japanese art of the period 1615-1867; through March 26.... ¶ The annual show of engravings, etchings, woodcuts, and other prints; through May 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Austrian government's loan exhibition of art treasures from Vienna collections. An impressive affair, though not up to the recent Berlin show in scope or quality. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; through May 21. An admission charge of fifty cents will be made, except on Mondays, to help meet the expenses of the exhibition.) ... ¶ A display of men's fashions from the fourteenth century to the present, plus a lady-designer's-eye view of the future. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through April 30.) ... ¶ A number of recent paintings by American artists under thirty-six opens on Friday, March 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through April 30.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and curiously spirited showing of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth.... ¶ About fifty paintings in a Franklin C. Watkins retrospective. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The tenth annual exhibition of the League of Present-Day Artists, comprising about a hundred paintings and eight sculptures. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 26.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—An extensive, well-put-together retrospective of oils, water colors, and other works by Edward Hopper,



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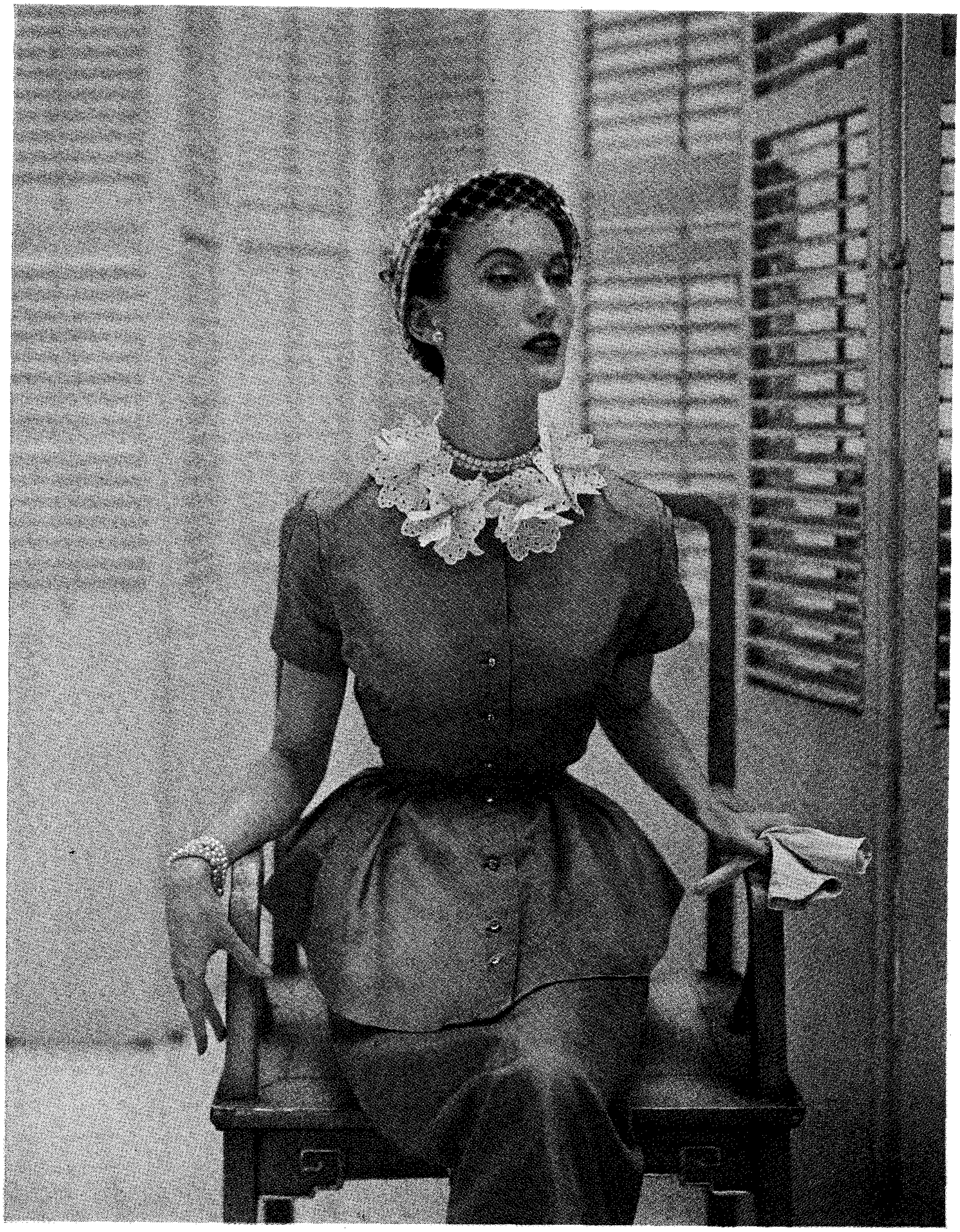

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, March 23, at 8:15: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Anne Bollinger, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Italo Tajo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 24, at 8: "Khovanchina" (in English), with Irra Petina, Anne Bollinger, Thomas Hayward, and Lawrence Tibbett. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 2: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Lois Hunt, Richard Tucker, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 8:15: "Aïda," with Ljuba Welitch, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Robert Merrill.

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season—Friday evening, March 24: "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 25: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 26: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 26: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 30: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 31: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 1: "Tosca." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The first performances in America of Benjamin Britten's new version of the opera by John Gay. Produced by the Juilliard Opera Theatre, for the benefit of the Student Aid Fund. (Juilliard School, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 33. Monday through Wednesday, March 27-29, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Victor de Sabata conducting: Thursday, March 23, at 8:45, and Friday, March 24, at 2:30 (both with Artur Rubinstein, piano); Saturday, March 25, at 8:45 (with Moura Lympany, piano); and Sunday, March 26, at 2:45 (with Artur Rubinstein, piano). . . . ¶ Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday, March 30, at 8:45, and Friday, March 31, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Walter Hendl conducting: Saturday, April 1, at 8:45 (with Joseph Battista, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio," in English, with Erna Berger, soprano; Jerome Hines, bass; and others. (Town Hall. Friday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield directing Bach's B-Minor Mass, with the New York University Chapel Choir; Susanne Freil, soprano; Hugh Porter, organ; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 24, at 8.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Germain P. Lachat. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30.)

Skidmore College Chorus—Hoyt L. Irwin directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 3.)

RECITALS

Janice Moudry—Contralto. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 25, at 3.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2071. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30.)

Hazel Scott—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, March 26, at 3.)

Barbara Denenholz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 5:30.)

League of Composers—Works by Nicolas Nabokov, Gottfried von Einen, Robert Palmer, and Leon Kirchner. With the Julliard String Quartet; Beveridge Webster, piano; Broadus Earle, violin; and others. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Sunday, March 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-3841.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of works by Parks Grant, Daniel Gregory Mason, Philip James, and others. With the Degen Quartet, the Sagul Trio, Exine Anderson, soprano, and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. Sunday, March 26, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Edith Weiss Mann—Harpsichord, with Mildred Hunt Wummer, flute, and others, in an all-Bach program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, March 27, at 8:40.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Pascal String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2071. Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Aldo Parisot—Cello, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Eleazar de Carvalho. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

George Gershwin Memorial Concert—Rose Bampton, soprano; Ray Lev, piano; Lawrence Tibbett, baritone; and a symphony orchestra conducted by Mishel Piastro, in a program sponsored by B'nai B'rith Victory Lodge. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Jussi Bjoerling, tenor; Anna-Lisa Bjoerling, soprano; and the Augustana Choir, in a program for the benefit of the Swedish Seamen's Welfare Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 6-1566.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 24: Roland La Starza vs. Rocky Marciano, heavyweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, March 31: Rocky Graziano vs. Tony Janiro, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—N.C.A.A. Tournament: Thursday, March 23; Saturday, March 25; and Tuesday, March 28. (Games begin at 8.)... ¶ East-West All-Star game, for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund: Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 26: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Wednesday, March 29: Stanley Cup Playoffs. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Club. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 1.)

Indoor Polo—Matches for the National Senior Championship. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturdays, March 25 and April 1. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Jamaica: Weekdays at 1:15, starting Saturday, April 1. The Paumonok Handicap, April 1. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships: Thursday, March 23, at 4.... ¶ Semifinals, Friday, March 24, at 4.... ¶ Finals, Satur-

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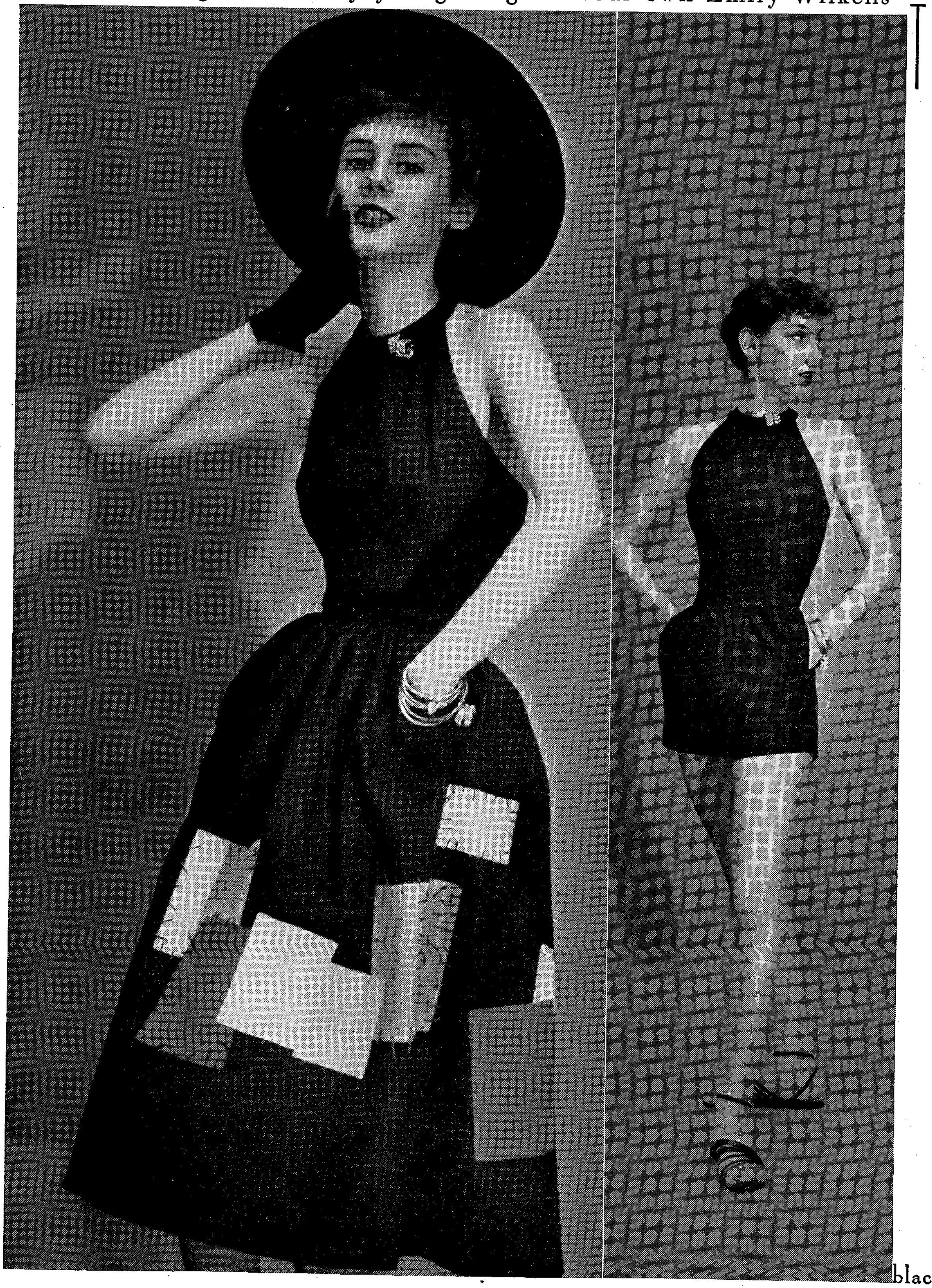

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, March 25, at 1:15. (Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—By the **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 25, at 2:15.) . . . **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE:** "The Secret Garden." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 25, at 3.) . . . **Y JUNIOR THEATRE:** "The Glass Slipper." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, March 26, at 3.)

SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES—"The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Andy." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 1, at 11 and 3.)

MOVIES—Films, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and, starting Monday, March 27, the Commission on Human Rights. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Avenue, at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

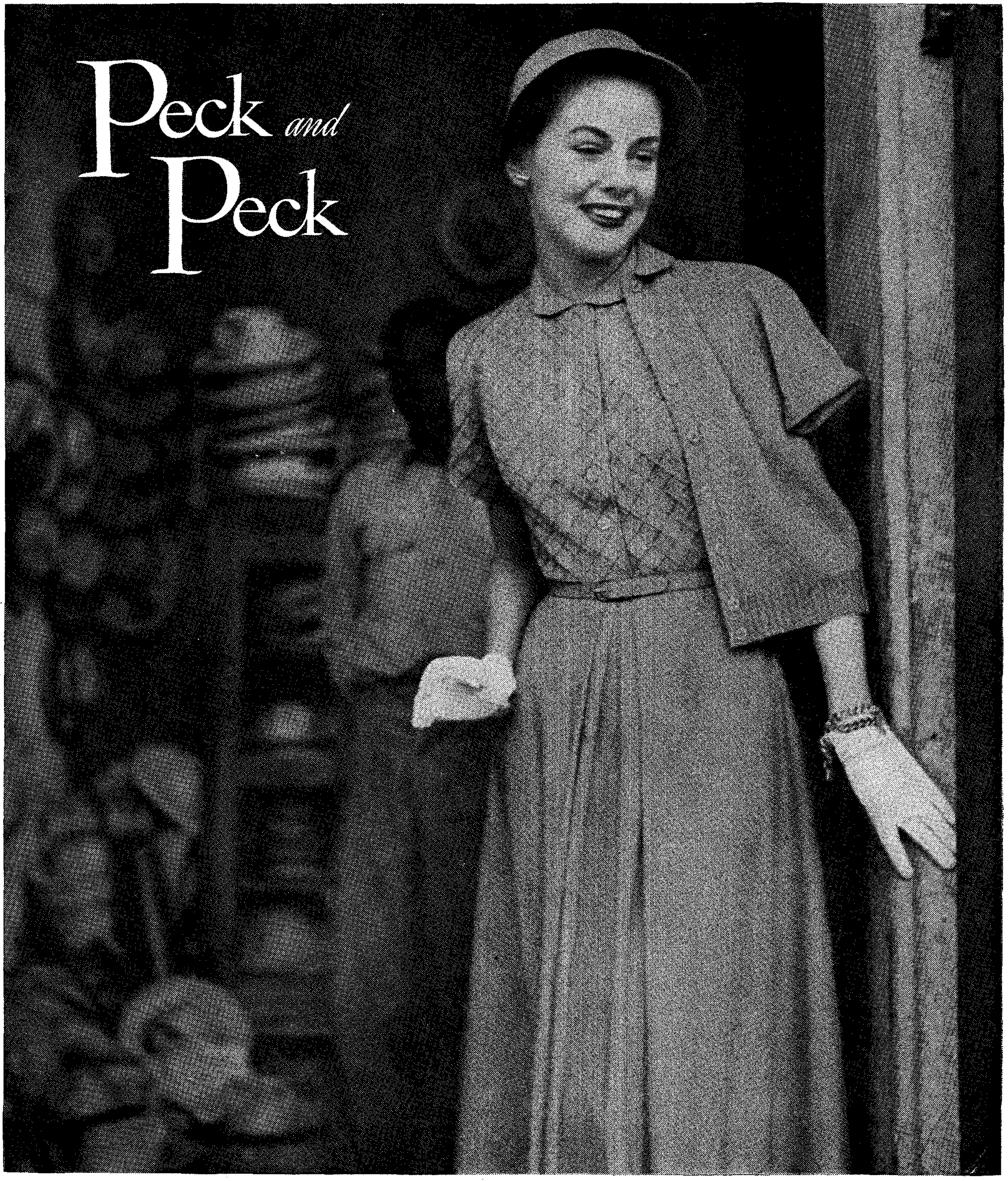
INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW—A preview of what spring will bring to mighty few home gardens. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 23-25, from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

PERSIAN EXHIBITION—A display of Persian illuminated manuscripts, from the fifteenth through the nineteenth century, together with photographic views of present-day Iran, taken by Burt Martinson. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., Room 322. Weekdays, 9 to 5; through June 9.)

AUCTIONS—**PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings by Fra Filippo Lippi, Tintoretto, Courbet, Gainsborough, *and other Old Masters, from the collections of* John Bilgrey and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, March 23, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, March 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ Georgian and Regency furniture, porcelains, and other decorations, from various English collections and from other sources. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, March 23-24, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Saturday, March 25, at 2.) . . . ¶ English, French, and other eighteenth-century furniture, table porcelains, and bibelots, from the estates of the late Agnes Neustadt and the late William Adams Kissam. (Exhibition, Saturday, March 25, and Monday through Wednesday, March 27-29, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, each day at 2.) . . . **KENDE GALLERIES,** 119 W. 57th St.: A family group portrait by Benjamin West, paintings by nineteenth-century British artists, English and French furniture of the eighteenth century, and objects of art, from the collection of Mildred E. Miller. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, March 23-24, from 10 to 5:30; auction, Saturday, March 25, at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Conquest of Space." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through March 26: "Intolerance," directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, and Constance Talmadge. . . . ¶ Starting March 27: Four experimental French films made in the early twenties. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)



Photographed in Haiti by Palumbo

Junior members of the Litchfield set make a colorful Spring debut

Our very newest Litchfield set bows prettily to the season in a charming combination of sun-country colors. There's a politely petite collar to the short all-wool cardigan, and the broadcloth dress . . . of finest Egyptian cotton . . . has dainty diamond-tucked bodice and sleeves, and a Peter Pan collar. All in coral, maize, mint green or aqua, the cardigan, sizes 34 to 40, 7.95; the dress, sizes 9 to 15, 22.95. Matching hat, 3.25

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ALL THE KING'S MEN—An excellent adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel about a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. Broderick Crawford's portrayal of the would-be dictator is superb. Winner of the New York Film Critics' 1949 Award. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through March 25....¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through March 28....¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 25. ...¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 28....¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 29.)

THE ASTONISHED HEART—There's wit enough in this one, which presents Noel Coward as author and actor, to make you overlook some threadbare notions about extramarital love among the middle-aged. An English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through March 28.)

BATTLEGROUND—The Battle of the Bulge, as interpreted by M-G-M in a film that is often stimulating, although not conspicuously different from previous celluloid descriptions of the war. The cast includes Van Johnson, John Hodiak, and George Murphy. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through March 24. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5 P.M. ...¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through March 24....¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; March 24-27....¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting March 24.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

CINDERELLA—Disney's interpretation of the popular fairy tale. Excellent for the children. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH—Adolescent love perceptively depicted in a French film that features Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

THE FALLEN IDOL—A brilliant English job about a small boy's muddled attempts to prevent his hero, a butler, from being charged with the murder of his wife. Bobby Henrey is marvellously apt as the boy, and Sir Ralph Richardson is impeccable as the butler. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

FAME IS THE SPUR—Another résumé of the career of a politician, in this case patterned on Ramsay MacDonald. An English film, with Michael Redgrave, Rosamund John, Bernard Miles, and Hugh Burden. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 24.)

INTRUDER IN THE DUST—The woes of an upstanding Negro in the Deep South. Not the equal of the Faulkner novel from which it was adapted, but worth while. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; March 24-26....¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; March 25-27....¶ Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; March 25-28. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5 P.M.)

ON THE TOWN—Gene Kelly, Vera-Ellen, Frank Sinatra, and several other congenial people dancing and singing their way through a first-rate musical with some good tunes by Leonard Bernstein. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; March 23.)

QUARTET—An English picture based on four Somerset Maugham short stories. A couple of the episodes add up to fairly satisfactory stuff, and the large cast is exemplary. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; March 23.)

SAINTS AND SINNERS—A consistently captivating English picture about a village in Eire that teems with daft characters. The script is by Paul Vincent Carroll, and the bulk of its cast is made up of Abbey Theatre Players. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 26-28.)

SAMSON AND DELILAH—DeMille on the rampage again in the Bible country. Ostentatiously simple-minded. With Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

THE THIRD MAN—A fast melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. A Carol Reed-Graham Greene collaboration that has its moments. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

THREE CAME HOME—Claudette Colbert and several other actresses in the ladies' section of the Japanese prison camps in Borneo. An effective picture about war in which all the enemies portrayed are not completely monstrous. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND—An extremely funny English film about Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. Wet or dry, the cast, led by Basil Radford, is wonderful. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH—The emotional ups and downs of a sympathetic but outwardly glacial Army Air Forces general in the last war, outlined in a picture that is entertaining throughout, and particularly so when it takes to the air. Gregory Peck, Dean Jagger, Millard Mitchell, Hugh Marlowe, and Gary Merrill. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 25-27.)

UNDER MY SKIN—Even if you never saw a horse race, you should enjoy this adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's story, "My Old Man," which describes the ups and downs of a crooked American jockey and his son around the tracks of Italy and France. John Garfield is in the saddle, and Micheline Prelle is around to comfort him when the going gets rough. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

REVIVALS

BACK STREET (1941)—Fannie Hurst's familiar old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 24. ...¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 24....¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 26-27.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through March 28.)

BLITHE SPIRIT (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 28.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting March 29.)

DRUMS (1938)—Sabu and Raymond Massey as India and the British Empire, respectively. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 26-28.)

FOUR FEATHERS (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda. An English film, with Sir Ralph Richardson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 26-28.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—A German prison in the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through March 28.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. A British film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 23.)

MAN TO MEN (1949)—Jean-Louis Barrault as one of the founders of the Red Cross. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 23.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER (1943)—Housing problems in wartime Washington. With Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 26-27.)

PYGMALION (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 28.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor. A French picture. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; March 26.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; March 27-29.... ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 28.)

THIS HAPPY BREED (1947)—Still another Noel Coward opus, this time his hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 25.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 16.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th (JU 6-2240)
THREE CAME HOME.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Anna of Rhodes" (in Greek).

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through March 24: "Black Hand," Gene Kelly, J. Carrol Naish.
From March 25: "The Yellow Cab Man," Red Skelton, Gloria De Haven.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through March 24: "Outside the Wall," Marilyn Maxwell, Richard Basehart.
From March 25 (tentative): "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Il Trovatore" (in Italian), Enzo Mascherini; and "Graduation Ball," a short film with the Ballet Russe.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
CINDERELLA.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through March 29: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through March 28: "Francis," Donald O'Connor.
From March 29: "Captain Carey, U.S.A.," Alan Ladd, Wanda Hendrix.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
SAMSON AND DELILAH.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
UNDER MY SKIN.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through March 29 (tentative): "The Outriders," Joel McCrea, Arlene Dahl.

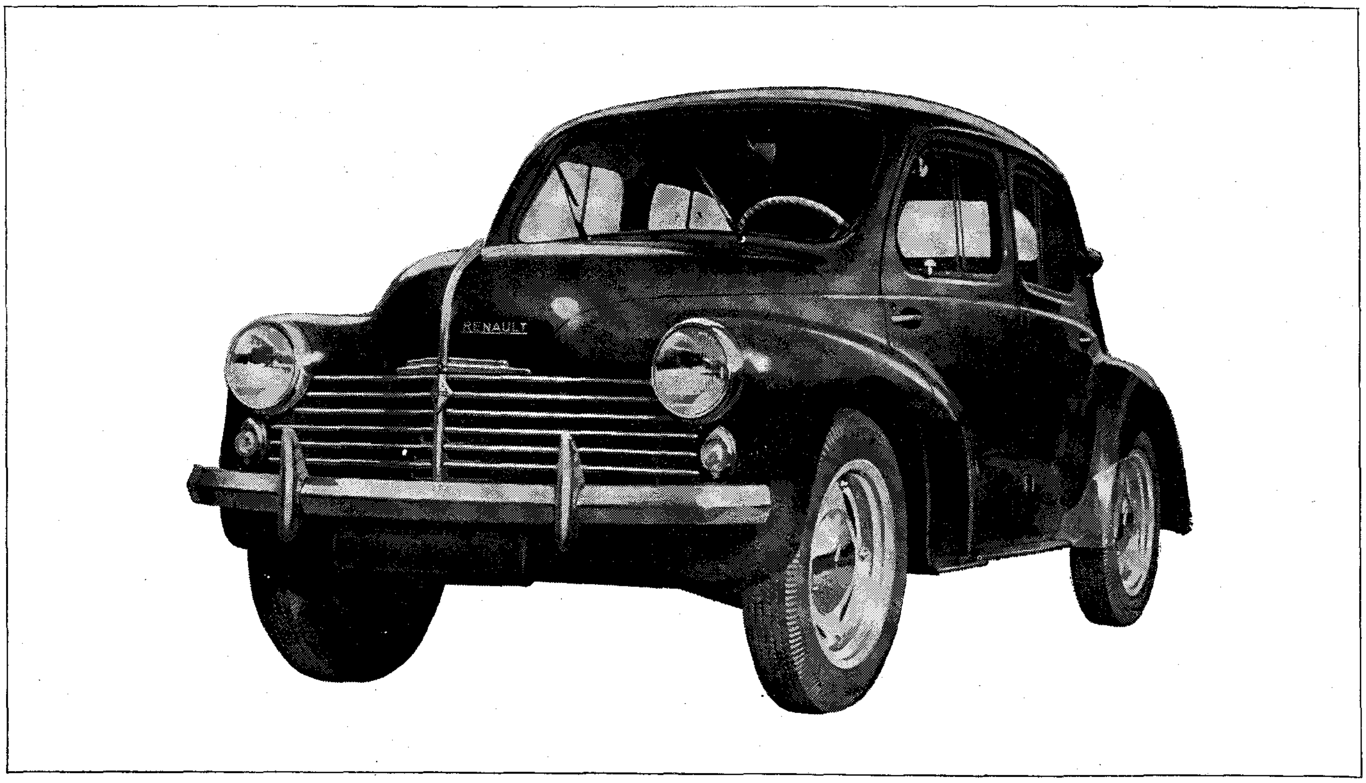
STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through March 23: "Perfect Strangers," Dennis Morgan, Ginger Rogers.
From March 24: "Barricade," Dane Clark.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

AS PERT AS A MIDINETTE...

AS SMOOTH AS A CROUPIER'S VOICE...



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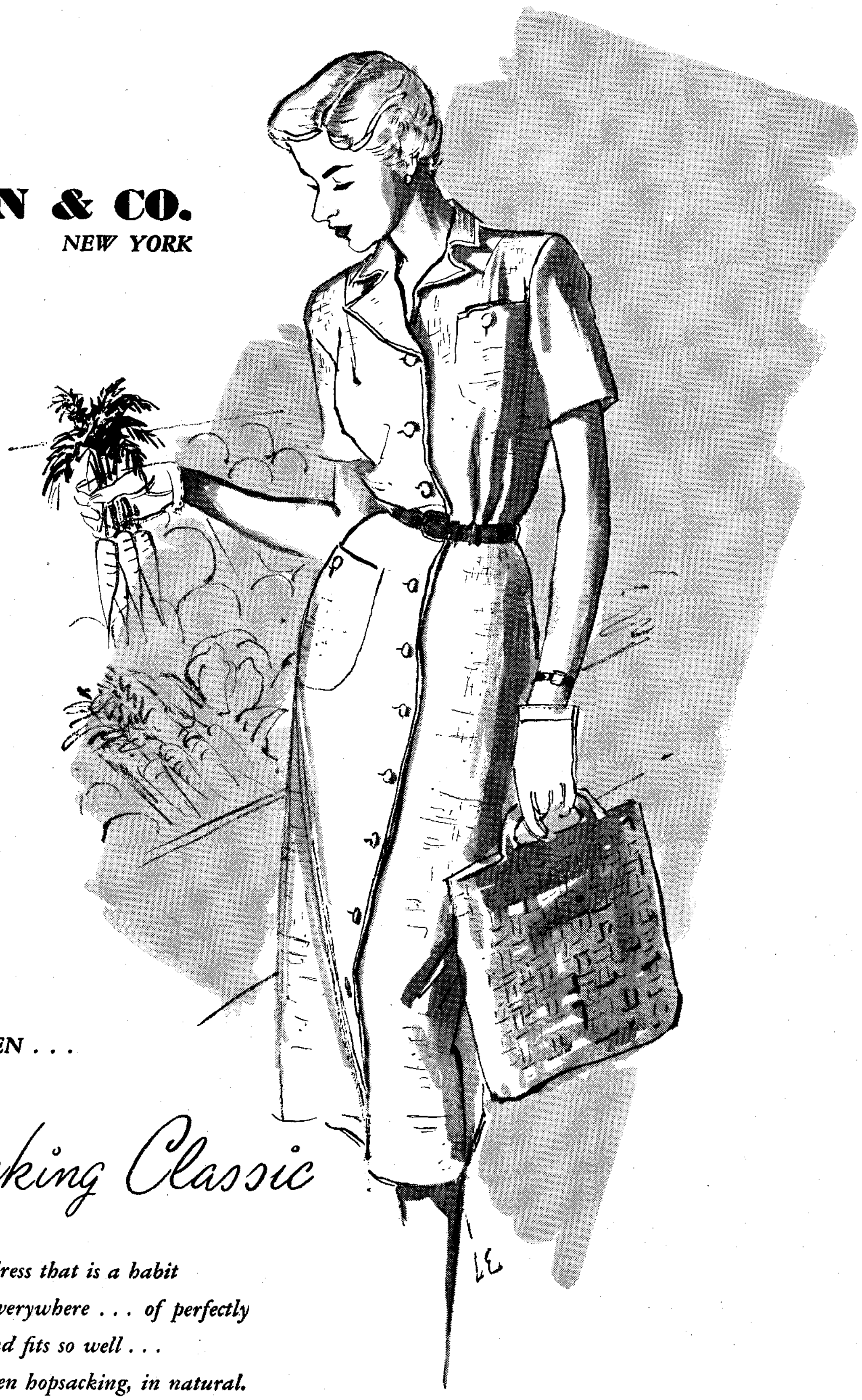

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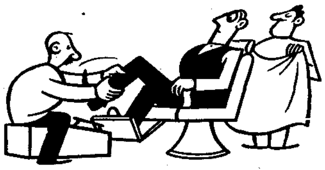
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT used to be that when we sat down in a chair in our barbershop, the shoeshine man would slide over and ask us whether we wanted a shine. We would then think the matter over and give him a civil answer. Things have changed. When we sit down now, the shoeshine man, without uttering a word, moves his stool into the attack position, seizes our foot, arranges it on his stanchion, and goes to work on the shoe. Thus our shoes have slipped out of our private world and are part of a system. We don't like it much and are planning to shift to another barbershop—one that still assumes that a man has some discretionary power in the matter of his shoes.

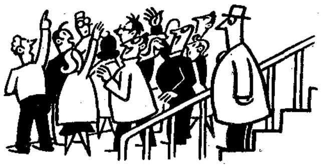


A RADIO talk entitled "The Mechanization of Thought," recently broadcast by the B.B.C. and reported in the British press, mentioned a major flaw in the new calculating machines that has not yet been noted, as far as we know, over here. Apparently, these machines, so truthful in all other matters, are apt to tell lies about their own condition. That is, before the day's work begins, the handler asks, in code, "How do you feel today?" and the machine flashes back "Fine, never felt better," whereas actually it may have a severe knocking in the pipes, nine burned-out connections, and a bad blink, and never should have come to the office at all. Then it goes to work on the day's problems and messes everything up. We haven't had a more encouraging piece of news since the discovery that ants, another supposed shoo-in to supplant mankind, will, if placed on the top of a Mason jar, walk around and around the rim until they drop dead of exhaustion.

LAST Friday, as on every March 17th, some of the St. Patrick's Day paraders assembled beneath our Forty-fourth Street windows, giving preparatory squeals on their pipes and tinkles on their glockenspiels before rounding the corner for the long march up Fifth. In the midst of the tumult, a messenger from a novelty company arrived in our office bearing a gift for our lapel, a complicated little proposition with a brave button, crossed Irish and American flags, the legend "Erin Go Bragh," and a nice green ribbon with a metal-and-thread shamrock on it, all topped off by a miniature clay pipe. Also attached was a tiny white label reading "Made in Occupied Japan." We wore the whole thing to lunch, and ordered corned-beef-and-cabbage sukiyaki.

Gads!

LAST November, the Carnegie Hall Pharmacy, on West Fifty-seventh Street, converted its basement into a hangout and message center for theatrical students. We were told the place was bohemian, and, going by there the other day, we dropped in and found it so, and confusing. We descended a flight of stairs from the drugstore and were confronted by the backs of a crowd of vivacious young people clamoring for service at a food counter at the far end of a cheerful room that contained no fewer than nine telephone booths. We counted them. Sounds of a more general nature were coming from a doorway on our right, and, sidling through it, we entered a sort of large rumpus room, in which chairs, tables, and young people were scattered about in profusion. Groups were discussing personal matters and acting techniques, or playing cards. A juke box gave forth "Intermezzo." One cardplayer advised another that if he was going to get anywhere, he'd have to learn to project. A young man in one of the discussion groups proclaimed Strindberg the world's greatest playwright. He was attacked from all sides, and a young lady told him his bow tie was crooked. He fixed it. Through a haze of cigarette smoke we discerned a series of murals of animals reading roles, playing instruments, and dancing. A bulletin board beside us held a number of notices. One producer was looking for a Joan McCracken-type dancer. Another was looking for a juvenile couple. "Must be collegiate," the notice said. We retreated to the first room.



Behind the counter, a slim young man in white shirtsleeves and horn-rimmed glasses was pouring coffee from a Silex globe into cups with one hand and making change with the other. Young people streamed from a doorway at one end of the counter, demanding nickels for the telephones, making for the inner room, or joining the group waiting for service. A young man in a tweed jacket and slacks next to us informed a young lady standing beside him that a movie he'd just seen was filled with propaganda. "When Greer Garson looks at him and says, 'You were wonderful,'" he said, "it symbolizes the victory of capitalism over Communism." "Gads!" said the young lady. The lad behind the counter suddenly darted out and up the stairs with two empty coffee globes, calling over his shoulder that he'd be right back. We asked a nearby young lady about him and she told us that he was Artie Green, the impresario of the place, and that he and Mort Friedland, the manager of the pharmacy, had designed it. The murals were done by a friend of theirs. "We've already been on WPIX—the regulars here," the young lady told us. "Singing, dancing, and what have you." A telephone bell jangled, and a hush fell as a youth with a small black mustache dashed for it. The call was for Inez, who wasn't there. "Incontrovertible!" said someone in the rumpus room, projecting expertly.

Mr. Green bounced down with the Silexes filled, and served his customers so briskly that the crowd soon thinned out, enabling us to attract his attention. We asked him if he was an actor. "Of a certainty," he said. "I graduated from the Theatre School of Dramatic Arts. I specialize in comedy and toughie parts. Excuse." He refused to serve a young lady a piece of chocolate pie. "Too many calories," he told her, like a toughie. She said "Gads!" and settled for a doughnut. It developed that Mr. Green has not yet actually been on the stage, but he was assistant m.c. on the WPIX broadcast. "We've done well by our people," he said. "Two girls just got signed for a magic act. Fellow got the second lead in a Broadway show. Girl accordionist was playing in here once and a man bounded out of a telephone booth, said he played the accordion but was swamped with work, and did she want to fill in for him? She did. Oscar Levant was down here. Tiger Andrews, of 'Mister Roberts,' was down here. We're open until seven at night. Excuse." Mr. Green waited on a customer, and then told us that he gets a percentage of the gross of the undertaking. Behind us, a lad in a corduroy jacket took to making weird half-laughing, half-gasping sounds, by sucking air in rapidly through his mouth. A group around him was quickly convulsed. "Does it with his diaphragm," Mr. Green said, smiling appreciatively. "He did it in diction class once and nobody was any good for hours afterward."

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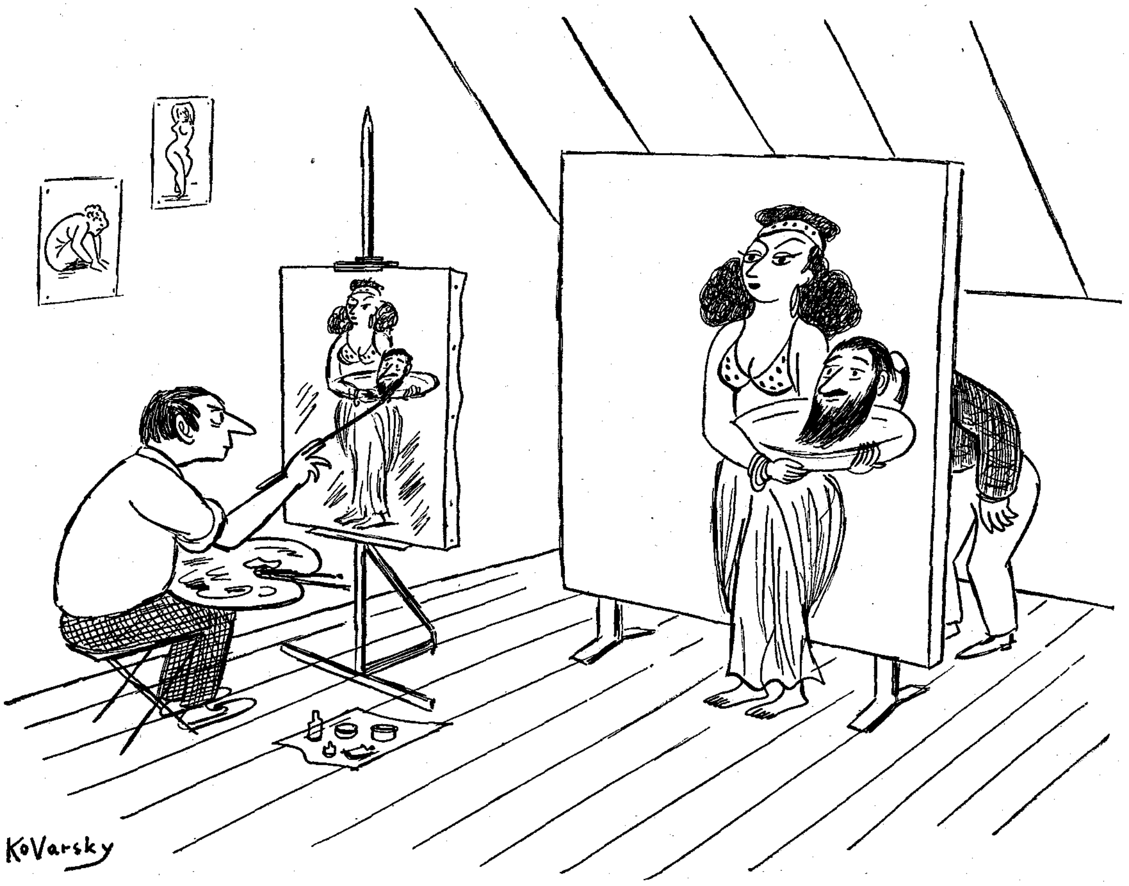
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Fanny Farmer shop at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth recently displayed a card reading "Brotherhood Week" and, just below it, two chocolate hatchets.

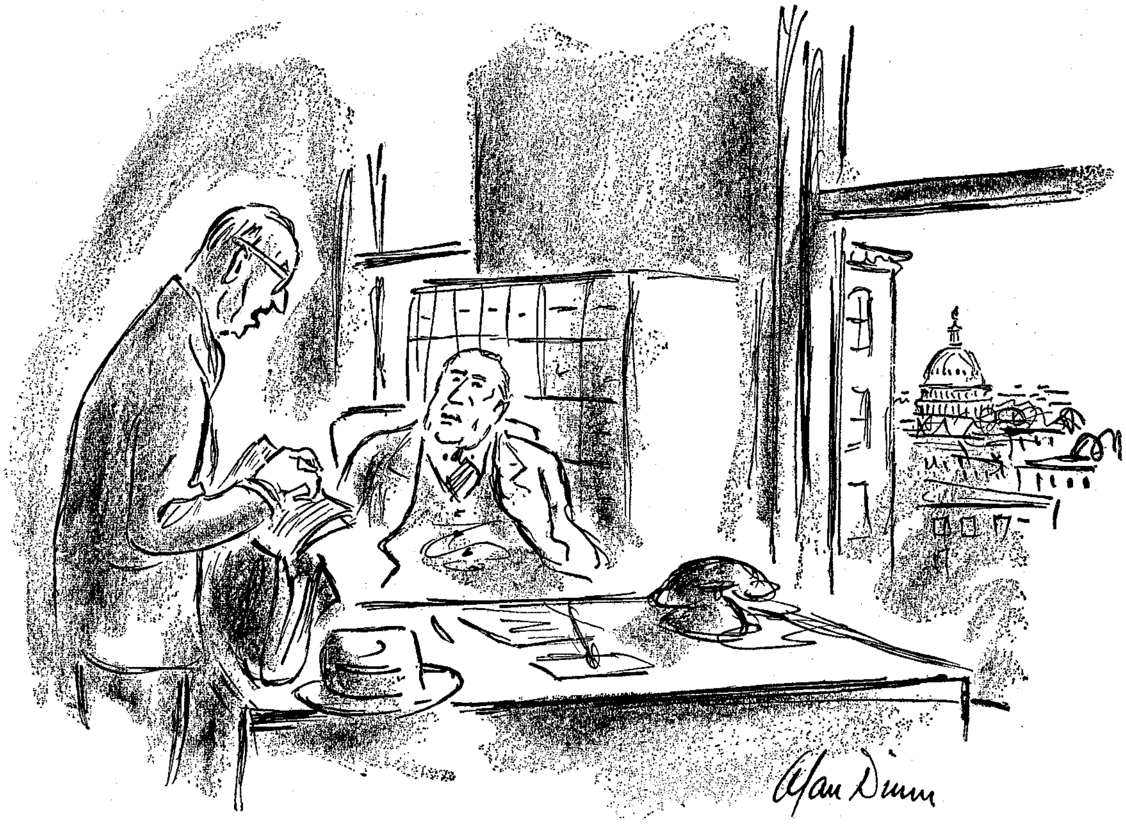
A restaurant in Pennsylvania, on Route 611, is called La Bonnie Maison.

Modified Progressive

TWO or three years from now, most of the traffic signals on this traffic-tormented island will be operating according to a new and complex formula—one so abstruse that no layman can hope to comprehend it in its entirety but one that the Department of Traffic Engineering estimates will step up the treacly flow of traffic here by as much as forty per cent. Mr. T. T. Wiley, executive director of the Department and of the New York City Traffic Commission, has, in fact, made the sensational prediction that "traffic will just seem to disappear." We've been down to the Department's offices, in the Hide and Leather Building, on Gold Street, and absorbed a few of the superficial aspects of the plan. We sought out Mr. Wiley, a mild-mannered gentleman with no look of prestidigitation about him, and he introduced us to Mr. Lloyd B. Reid, consulting engineer of the D. of T.E. and of the N.Y.C.T.C., who happened to be in Mr. Wiley's office at the time. "Mighty tough job for an engineer to explain traffic control in *words*," Mr. Wiley said, immediately and perspicaciously sizing us up as a person for whom long division remains the most glorious achievement of the mathematicians. He led us across the room to a wooden model, resting on a ten-by-twenty-foot table, of some thirty Manhattan blocks, with miniature traffic signals flashing red and green. "We call this new system modified progressive," he said. "That's as opposed to simultaneous, which is what Manhattan has now. Instead of the present ninety-second cycle of lights—sixty seconds of green and thirty of red on the avenues, and the reverse on side streets—the new system will probably have a fifty-second cycle, with twenty-five seconds of red and twenty-five seconds of green on both streets and avenues. Among other things, this will be a break for pedestrians, who won't have to wait so long for the lights to change, and they may be less tempted to jaywalk."

Mr. Reid called our attention to the fact that the lights of the model were flowing in four-block platoons—four blocks of red, then four blocks of green, the whole pattern moving on in sequence, like the letters in the latest-news announcements on the Times Building. "If you're travelling at the proper speed, which works out as twenty-four and eight-tenths miles an hour, you can get into one of those





"He's a pretty fly customer, Chief—no obvious tieups with any of the Communist-front organizations—but we finally hung it on him. From November, 1944, until April, 1946, he was in the State Department."

green areas and ride in it for miles," Reid said, and went on to explain with patience, iteration, reiteration, gestures, and diagrams how, to make this possible, all north-and-south thoroughfares except Broadway and Park Avenue will become practically one-way. Northbound traffic will be favored on First Avenue, Third Avenue, Madison Avenue, Sixth Avenue, Eighth Avenue, and Tenth Avenue; southbound traffic will be favored on Second Avenue, Lexington Avenue, Fifth Avenue, Seventh Avenue, Ninth Avenue, and Eleventh Avenue. A driver trying to move north on Fifth Avenue will run into a red light about every other block, but a driver moving south at the right speed will be able to go all the way from 142nd Street to Washington Square without a stop. Progressive timing can't work both ways on the avenues. "Too much traffic proportion length of cycle and length uptown-downtown blks, 260 ft.," our notes read.

Mr. Reid was visibly tiring, and Mr. Wiley undertook to explain the crosstown situation. At present, all crosstown streets pose the same problem: a car making the usual discouraging progress gets stopped at every corner. Under the new system, certain important crosstown streets—Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth, Forty-second, Fifty-seventh, and so on—will be progressive in both directions, thanks to their being wide and to the fact that most crosstown blocks in Manhattan are long enough to handle heavy traffic *and* the timing cycle. Non-favored streets will, of course, be one-way, and the speed of progress on them will vary according to the amount of traffic, as it does now, but to a lesser degree. "Even on the worst streets, things won't be any worse," Mr. Wiley said, "and on many streets there will be a vast improvement."

As we indicated, this junior millennium is two or three years off, but Mr. Wiley and his associates will switch over the lights on some streets later this year, and they expect that from then on the conversion will go steadily forward. Bits and pieces of progressive timing have long been in operation in the city—on Central Park Drive, for example, and on Riverside Drive. On the Grand Boulevard and Concourse, up in the Bronx, there's a system of progressive timing that favors the predominant flow of traffic according to the time of day. This is known as the triple-offset system. It will eventually be installed on Park Avenue, with the lights favoring downtown traffic in the morning and uptown traffic in the evening. As for why the city has been so leisurely about adopting progressive timing, one reason is that the system requires separate electric control apparatus at every intersection affected, and that runs into money. Twenty-three hundred traffic lights, or eighty per cent of all those on Manhattan Island, are to be changed over under the new plan, at a cost of $1,800,000. The other twenty per cent are on the rims of the borough, and will stay as they are.

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OVERHEARD in the lobby of the Colony Club: "I thought I'd have read John Hersey's book by this time, because I was supposed to have my appendix out and Paul said he'd get it for me when I went to the hospital, but then they decided I just had indigestion."

Spiritual

KALACHI SWAMI VYRAGIANANDA, a gray-haired, smooth-skinned, short, stocky, philosophical gentleman of fifty-seven, is the only teacher of *varmannie*, an Indian form of jujitsu, in this country, and we recently hazarded a visit to his studio, which is in a walkup at 1551 Broadway, to look in on one of his evening classes. We found ourself in a medium-sized room, bare except for a mat covering most of the floor and occupied by a dozen determined men of various ages and sizes, most of them in shirt-sleeves, all straining to clamp on holds called "the serpent clinging," "the elephant grab," "arm saw cut on belt," and "the wild, devouring grip." Occasionally a pair of students stopped their maneuvers to approach the Swami, who, dressed in orthodox Occidental attire, was nodding happily in the center of the mat, and asked to be straightened out on a technical point. "He don't react right when I put the *maddy kooti piddy* on him," one tall young man complained of his partner. "That is so?” the Swami said in a surprised voice. “Then you must not be doing in the established manner. I will demonstrate.” He briskly put the hold, which we thought we recognized as the beginning of a reverse wristlock, on the young man’s partner, who fell to his knees, gasping. “I get it,” the tall man said, helping his partner up. “Now I show you defense against a barfly coming at you with a broken bottle,” the Swami announced. “Man is his own worst enemy, but in this case you may find protection. Simulate you have a broken bottle, Tony,” he called to a husky member of the class. Tony made a fist and lunged gingerly at the Swami, who, after crossing his wrists in front of him to parry the thrust by forcing Tony’s outstretched arm down, seized the arm and quickly pivoted behind Tony, finishing up with what appeared, to a pair of Western eyes, to be a hammer lock and a rear stranglehold.

“At this point,” said a dainty, dark-haired, intense young lady who had just entered the room, “the Swami could give the man either *koondallanie tatte*, the earthquake blow, or *nakchattran nokie*, the stargazer.” “But that is in the advanced course only,” the Swami said hastily, disentangling himself. The young lady, who was presently introduced to us as Miss Rae Berlin, told us that she is a medical-laboratory technician and that she completed the advanced *varmannie* course about six months ago. Now she goes to the studio once or twice a week to keep in trim. “When I started *varmannie*, I used to come here in low shoes and slacks, but now I wear an afternoon dress and high heels,” she said, and added, “If a man ever tries to mug me from the rear, it will be just too bad. In jujitsu—a joke, compared with *varmannie*—you’re taught to stamp on the accoster’s instep. In *varmannie*, you scrape your heel down along the gentleman’s shin and *then* stamp on his instep. After that, he most likely loses interest.”

Miss Berlin darted off to coach a couple of pupils, and the Swami took a few minutes to inform us that *varmannie*, which means “vital point,” is five thousand years old and that in India its technique is handed down within families. He picked it up from his uncle, who—like his father, a farmer in Malabar, in the southern tip of India—was an expert. The Swami, who didn’t relish farming, came to this country in 1921 and taught *varmannie* to the police of Gary, Indiana, after leaving an aviation mechanics’ school, in Pittsburgh, for lack of funds. Later, at municipal expense, he instructed part of the Chicago force. He set up his school in New York in 1941. Altogether, he’s taught three hundred policemen and fifty policewomen, including a dozen policemen here at their own expense, and also, among others, male nurses, women headed for Europe, soldiers, and psychiatrists of both sexes. The course lasts four months and costs three hundred dollars.

Vyragiananda is not really a swami, he told us. He assumed the title to tease his high-flown Indian friends here, who didn’t think a man from Malabar could make the grade. “ ‘Kalachi’ means ‘sailor,’ ” he said, “which is how I came to America. Thus I tease my friends further.” “He’s a spiritual teacher,” said Miss Berlin, who had rejoined us. “I say if you know you can handle a mugger or a masher, then you’ve got spiritual peace.”

Thoughtful

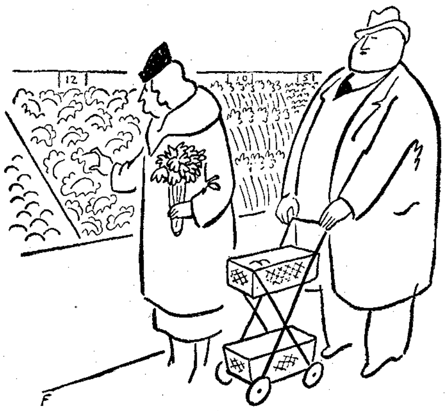
A MATRON whose apartment, in the East Eighties, is being redecorated got home late the other afternoon and discovered, to her pleasure and profit, the following note from the painter who had been doing her bedroom:

DEAR MRS.

To night take some wother and split onions in wother. and window is open that is best for you, because kill arcoholl of paint and you will sleep bether o.k. Honey I see you at 8 A.M. JOE

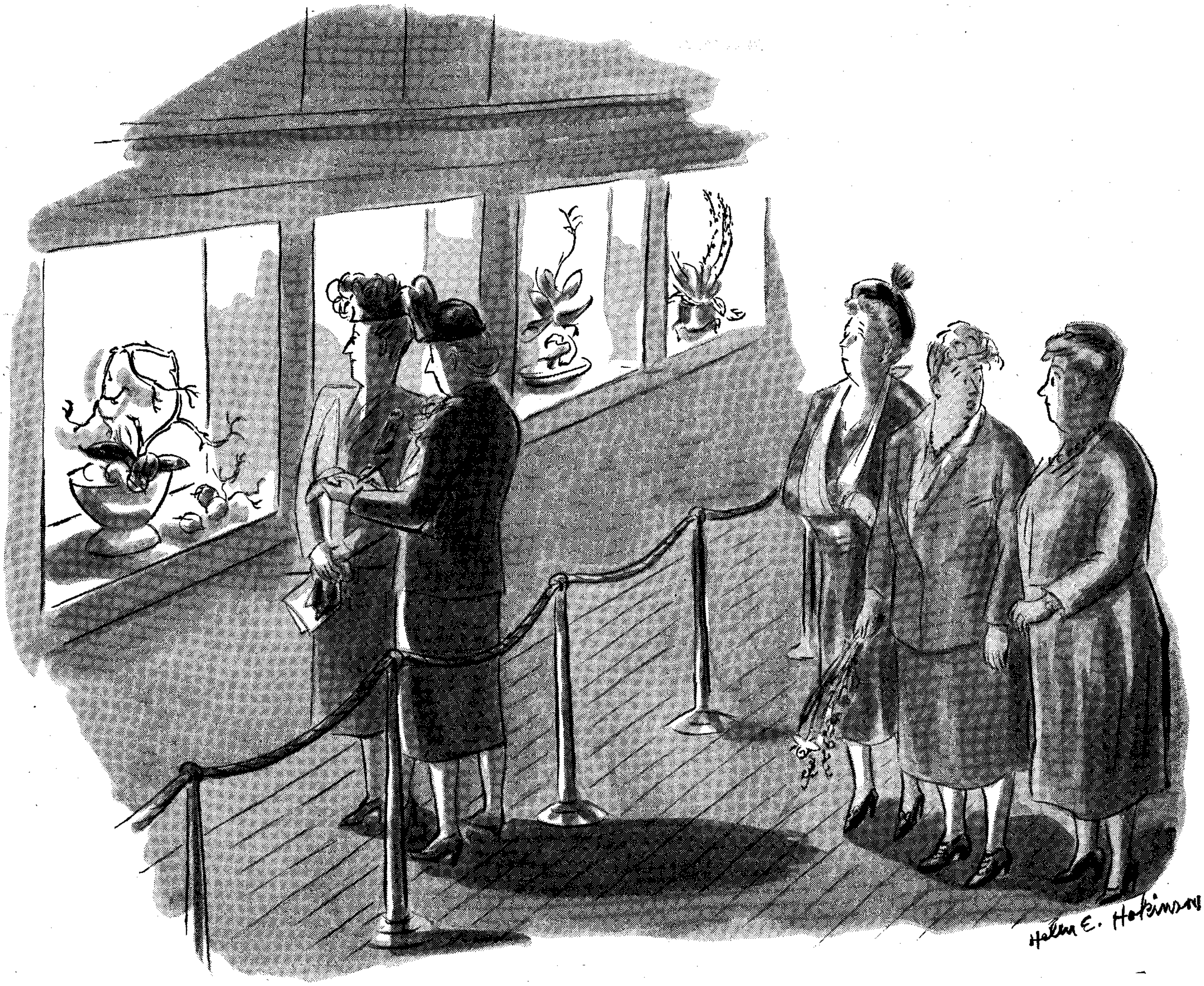
Beyond the Beyond

WITH the vernal equinox coming on apace, the astronomic elves who run the Hayden Planetarium moved their captive heavens last week into the orbit of science fiction. Visiting the place one afternoon, we found them demonstrating what it would be like to take off from an airfield in a rocket ship and head for the moon and various planets. To add verisimilitude to the business, the boys have set up, half in a spirit of scientific hilarity and half in earnest, an Interplanetary Tour Bureau in the lobby, with a board showing flight schedules to Mars, Saturn, and Jupiter, and a couple of posters advertising nineteen-hour cruises to the moon. Frank H. Forrester, a serious young meteorologist who believes that the day of interplanetary travel is not far off, was in charge of this enterprise and seemed to be having a fine time recording the names of visitors who want to be on hand when trips into space become feasible. He advised us that he had taken more than two hundred applications for celestial tours and that these will be kept on file. “If any trips materialize in our lifetime, we’ll let the applicants know,” he said. “There’s a great deal of real enthusiasm about the idea of interplanetary travel.” He interrupted himself to address a thin gentleman, with a lady on his arm, who happened by. “Like to make your reservations for a flight into space?” he inquired. “I beg your pardon?” the gentleman said. “We’re taking the names of those who want to travel on the first rocket ship to leave the earth for other planets,” said Mr. Forrester, completely deadpan. “Flatly, no,” said the gentleman. “Flatly?” said Mr. Forrester. “Flatly,” said the gentleman. Mr. Forrester returned to us. “As I was saying,” he remarked, “there’s a good bit of enthusiasm for this idea. A few minutes ago, a boy was in here asking to make a trip to Mars. Wanted to go there because he figured that with the pull of gravity so much less on Mars than it is on the earth, he could hit home runs simply by bunting. Then I’ve had a couple of wired reservations from Schenectady and Australia, and one from Texas.”



We were joined just then by Mr. Robert C. Coles, who is among the lecturers explaining interplanetary travel. “Had a funny thing happen when we tried this show out,” he told us. “I was discussing a trip to Jupiter, and all of a sudden—boom—the technician has me in Saturn. We’re working smooth as glass now, though.” Mr. Coles drifted off and a group of children gathered around Mr. Forrester. “I want to go to Saturn and see the rings,” a small girl said. “I’m going to Mars, because I love everything red,” said another. “I’m going to Hell,” said a small boy, laughing heartily.

Mr. Forrester told us that if we



"I think the judges ought to be told that Harriet did it all with her left hand."

• •

headed upstairs, we'd be in time for the departure of a rocket ship, and we repaired to the auditorium, arriving there as a gaunt young man was identifying the planets for the crowd. When he'd finished this, he announced that the space ship was ready to take off, whereupon the outline of what looked like a jet plane appeared at the south end of the Planetarium. "Control car to field," a voice boomed from somewhere over a loudspeaker. "Ready for takeoff." "Field to control car, field to control car," boomed another voice. "Alert for takeoff." With a terrific whoosh, the space ship shot toward the ceiling and disappeared between Arcturus and Spica. The heavens in the Planetarium began to move to the south, and soon the lecturer remarked that we were now approaching the moon. A looming radiant ball emerged from the ceiling, growing rapidly larger. A child sitting near us shouted, "This thing is going to hit us on the head!" The same thought had occurred to several other people, and quite a few of the audience crouched down in their chairs, waiting for the end. The lecturer relieved the tension by explaining that we were now as close to the moon as he intended to go, and that we could examine its craters and mountains through an electronic televisor. While the moon hung heavily overhead, a portion of it was squared off by a beam of light and several closeups of the lunar terrain were shown on the dome. The moon was then restored to its rightful place in the celestial concave, and Mars was brought on expansively. As its huge red bulk descended upon us, we slipped out and went downstairs for a smoke. On the way, we met a fellow-fugitive from the space ship, a nervous man who told us he was a Canadian. "My God," he said, "can you imagine going anywhere near one of those things? I didn't even fly coming down from Ottawa." We commiserated with him, and went to say goodbye to Mr. Forrester. "Never saw such enthusiasm," he said. "Signing up people right and left."

Creative Editing

A NEW secretary in a government agency, familiarizing herself with the files, pulled out a folder marked "Crank Letters," which contained just that. She got to wondering what the taxpayers who had contributed to the folder's contents would think if they ever got wind of its designation, and after a few minutes' thought relabelled it "Citizen Interest."

BUT WHERE WAS THE REST OF OZMA?

(A SAMPLE OF THE CONTENTS OF THOSE MAGAZINES KNOWN AS "TRUE DETECTIVE," "MASTER DETECTIVE," "OFFICIAL DETECTIVE," "INSIDE DETECTIVE," "FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE," AND SO ON INDEFINITELY, WHICH DO SO MUCH TO PROVE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY)

IT was exactly 6:45 on the morning of June 12th when pretty, forty-six-year-old Ozma Berserk set out from the tasteful bungalow she shared with her parents and seventeen younger brothers and sisters in the heart of fashionable Cutchogue, Long Island. It was raining heavily and for a moment the girl felt a corresponding melancholy, a strange, undefinable sense of gathering doom, as she made her way across the dunes to Binks & Crawley's Fish Market, where she was employed as a fluke scaler and part-time crab watcher. Presently, however, her face cleared as she thought of her impending marriage to her childhood sweetheart, John Gryzck, who had just started his own garbage-appraisal plant. The tall, grave Gryzck, with his pleasantly mottled complexion and booming laugh, was generally regarded as one of the coming men in the community, and Ozma knew that she could safely entrust her future to his strong arms and kindly disposition.

"Goodbye, Binks & Crawley," she murmured happily to herself as she stooped to pluck a sprig of fresh coral for her buttonhole. "Just think, Ozma, after today no more crab watching in that tiresome old market!"

Tripping along the dunes, busy with these innocent thoughts, she was not aware of a sudden stirring in the eelgrass beside her path, and she was totally unprepared when a brutal hand was clasped across her mouth and a bestial visage, with blazing, inhuman eyes, was thrust close to her own. Frantically, the slight, 150-pound girl fought to free herself from the hideous embrace, but her strength was nothing compared to that of the monster who crushed her to him, and soon her struggles diminished and then slowly ceased. Only too true were the words she had spoken so recently in jest! Ozma Berserk had watched her last crab!

"I'LL race you to the Old Bordello!" eleven-year-old Billy McKinley shouted to his eight-year-old companion, Grover Cleveland, and, neck and neck, the two boys streaked off toward the now abandoned red brick structure that had once been the center of much of the social life in that part of Long Island. Young McKinley was the first to reach the goal, but his joy in his triumph was short-lived.

"Hully chee!" he gasped, his face paling as he stared down at the object at his feet.

His playmate followed his gaze and drew in his breath sharply. "Some lady's head!" he whispered after a moment, and then, with astonishingly mature presence of mind, "Maybe we better tell the cops!"

Together the boys darted off across the dunes, all thought of the afternoon they had planned to spend souvenir-hunting in the ancient landmark banished from their minds.

"WELL, what do you make of it, son?"

The speaker was ruddy, keen-eyed Boxton Loom, Cutchogue Chief of Police, whose reluctance to call a case closed until the criminal was behind bars had been a legend in the little community for more than seventy-five years.

"Looks like somebody lost their head!" quipped Detective Garnet P. Quail, but his eyes were narrowed in thought. "You know something, Chief?" he said at length. "This *could* be murder!"

"Could be," said Loom noncommittally. "But I don't think we'd better jump to conclusions. She might of been hit by lightning."

Though still convinced that the absence of the major portion of the body virtually ruled out this hypothesis, Quail appreciated the justice of the reproof. It is one of the axioms of modern police work that little trust can be put in appearances. Flushing slightly, the detective continued his scrutiny of the scene of the crime, if crime it was, and suddenly his eyes gleamed.

"Look at that!"

The Chief followed his gaze and started as he noticed a chalked inscription on the brick wall just above the spot where they had come upon their grisly trophy.

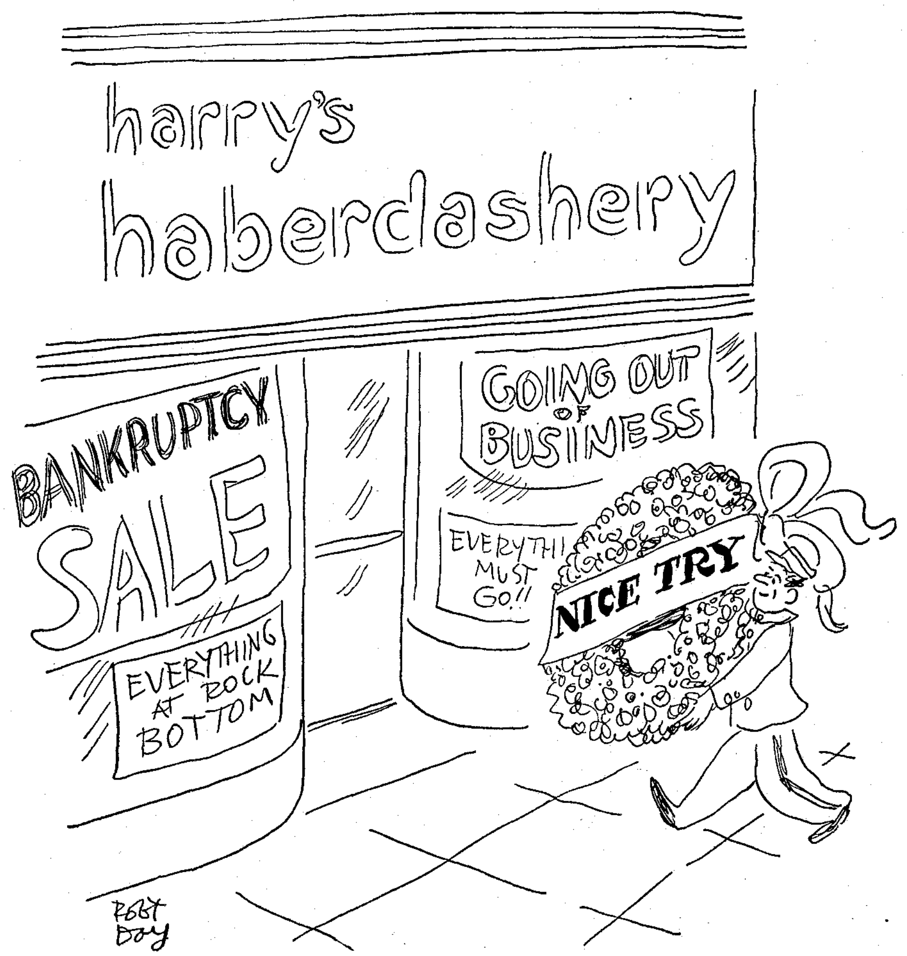
" 'Beware of the Dog!' " he read in a hushed whisper.

The sinister message was unsigned, but it took the Chief only an instant to grasp its significance.

" 'The Dog,' eh?" he said curtly. "That settles it, Quail! We're after a mad killer, and one who apparently will not hesitate to strike again!"

The younger man nodded.

"I wonder who she—er—was," he



said thoughtfully after a pause.

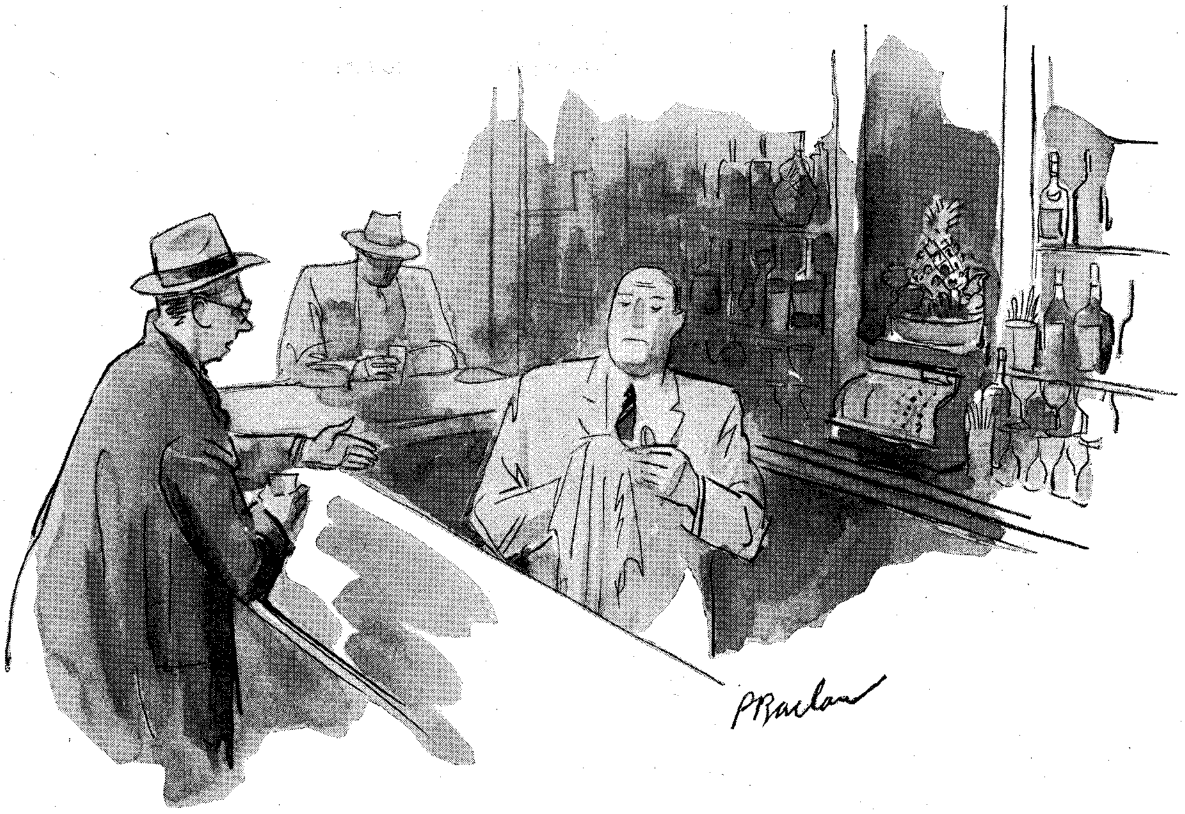
The Chief smiled grimly.

"We'll soon settle that!" he said and, putting on his reading glasses, he bent over the object at their feet. There was a moment of silence and then Quail saw the muscles in his superior's jaw tighten and heard him suck in his breath. Loom's voice was low when he spoke but there was ice in it.

"This is little Ozma Berserk," he said slowly. "Apparently someone wanted her out of the way!"

He straightened to his feet and the glint in his blue eyes sent a little chill up Quail's spine.

"I'm going to get the fiend who did this thing," the old man grated, "if it takes me twenty years!"



"My wife's motivational ideal has always been of a societal nature, with a tendency toward ego symbolizations on a level of exteriorized herd approval. My frame of values is more involuted and contemplative, with the emphasis on the individualized rewards of experience. As there are strong emotive elements in both orientations, some kind of conflict was naturally bound to arise."

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AS so often happens in modern police work, the subsequent investigation was hampered, rather than aided, by the abundance of evidence that soon came to light. The residue of Ozma's body was never found and it was Loom's shrewd theory that it had been carried off by marauding gypsies. In addition to the message on the wall, however, the officers' search of the death spot was soon rewarded not only by the discovery of a bloodstained saw of a special kind used only in repairing freight locomotives but also a short section of 75-pound rail, which bore the clear imprint of a hand from which the middle finger was missing, and a weathered blue cap with the initials "C.A.A." stamped in its lining.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred sleuths would have deduced nothing from these apparently worthless clues, but Loom was no man to be deterred by the seemingly impossible. It was, in fact, scarcely a week after the articles had been found that he called Quail into his office.

"Well, son," he said, his eyes twinkling under his snowy hair, "looks like we got our man!"

Smiling at the awe in his subordinate's face, he went on to explain the intricate and subtle chain of reasoning that had led him to conclude that Ozma Berserk could have met her fate only at the hands of one Chester A. Arthur, an engineer employed by the Long Island Railroad, who was known to have lost a finger on his right hand a few years before when he was crushed by a falling caboose.

You've got to hand it to the Old Man, thought Quail admiringly. He's a real cop! A *cop's* cop!

ARTHUR was captured a week later, after one of the greatest man hunts in the history of Long Island, when a dispatcher at Jamaica chanced to recall that the eighty-seven-car freight to which he was attached had been missing for several days. Finally located on a siding on the Oyster Bay Branch, where it had run out of coal, the locomotive was brought back to Cutchogue, and the sullen suspect was soon seated before the Chief's desk.

"Come clean, Arthur!" rapped Loom. "You killed Ozma Berserk!"

The man appeared unmoved.

"Who?" he asked indifferently.

"Ozma Berserk! You killed her!"

"Killed her, hell! I never even *heard* of her!"

The merciless grilling went on until both officers were red-eyed from lack of sleep, but the prisoner stuck doggedly to his protestations of innocence, and when he was able to prove by fellow crew members that he had been involved in a derailment at the time of the slaying, he was released, cleared of all connection with the crime. The presence of the tools and cap at the death scene was ultimately put down to picnickers, who often made merry at the Old Bordello.

"Well, son," said Loom, "it looks like we're right back where we started!"

He was plainly disappointed, but, like all veteran police officers, he knew that circumstantial evidence can often be misleading.

WITH the collapse of their case against Arthur, Loom and Quail were left with nothing to work on except a small address book that clever detective work had located in a bureau drawer in Ozma Berserk's bedroom. Though this contained the names and addresses of no less than one hundred and thirty-four male residents of Cutchogue, including fifty-six members of the Volunteer Fire Company, the officers were not dismayed and concentrated all their faculties on this new lead. It was soon clear that the firemen could be eliminated, since, by one of those rare coincidences that gladden a policeman's heart, the Cutchogue Arms had burned down at the approximate time of Ozma's killing and reliable witnesses had placed all the members at the scene of the conflagration. The other entries, however, required individual checking, and though the two men had all the machinery of a modern police department at their disposal, it was more than four years before they were able to reduce the list to just two names. The first was Anthony Adverse and Loom shrugged as he glanced at it, but the second brought a shrill whistle of surprise to his lips. It was John Gryzck!

Though naturally reluctant to believe that the popular Gryzck could have had any hand in his fiancée's death, the officers were leaving no stone unturned, and the handsome garbage appraiser was brought in for questioning. As he studied the man seated across from him, Loom realized that he had been drinking heavily, and instantly decided on one of those bold strokes that had brought him well-merited success so often in the past.

"All right, John," he said softly. "Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" asked Gryzck vaguely.

"Why did you kill Ozma Berserk?"

To his surprise, the sudden emotion that flared in the suspect's bloodshot eyes seemed to be only amusement.

"Oh, *that*," he said with a chuckle. "By God, Boxton, do you know I'd damn near forgotten that girl?"

Choking down his terrible revulsion as best he could, the Chief repeated his question.

"But why did you do it?"

For a moment, Gryzck's coarse and brutal features betrayed a slight embarrassment.

"I don't know just how to put it, Boxton," he said, at last, "but did you ever happen to go round with a girl who worked in a fish market?"

For all his long association with vicious and degraded criminals, Loom could not keep the loathing out of his voice.

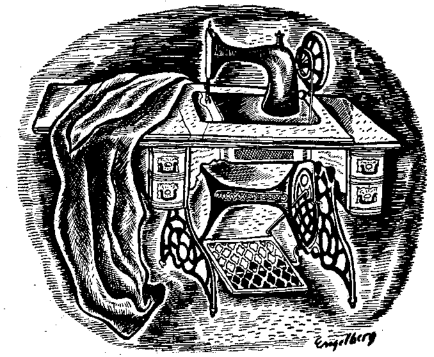
"You mean you killed her just because—"

Gryzck nodded.

"That's right," he said cheerfully.

"And why did you . . ." The Chief couldn't complete the sentence, so horrified was he at the spectacle of cold-blooded, inhuman depravity before him. But Gryzck was able to follow his thought.

"Cut her up?" He smiled. "It's so long ago that it's hard to remember *all* the details, Boxton. Let's just call it a whim."



LATER that day, Gryzck repeated his confession to a police stenographer, adding details that caused even that hardened individual to blanch, and signed his name with a firm hand. The case was tried before Judge Hugo L. Pennypacker, who, when the inevitable verdict was brought in, reprimanded Gryzck severely and sentenced him to ninety days in the county jail at Riverhead. On April 15, 1912, the day when so many brave souls went down on the Titanic, the cynical killer began to pay his debt to society, bringing to a conclusion one of the most brilliantly conducted homicide investigations in the history of Long Island.

(*The names Billy McKinley, Grover Cleveland, Chester A. Arthur, and Anthony Adverse as used in the foregoing story are not real but fictitious, to protect the identities of persons innocently involved in the investigation.*)

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

THE WISHING WELL

I wish to stroll an hour in the Vauxhall Gardens,
With a tall gallant and summer in the air;
To be a Botticelli or a Fragonard lady,
Or Nicolette the fair.

I wish to be modest like My Uncle Toby,
Just as Aristides, mellow as Lamb,
Incomparable as the dark lady of the sonnets,
And not the way I am.

I wish to make a fourth on Wordsworth's honeymoon,
With sister Dorothy (and, of course, the bride);
To sit beneath a bo or a plane tree, thinking,
At Buddha's, at Plato's, side;

To find the Fortunate Isles, the Forest of Arden,
Avalon, Wapping Old Stairs, Cloud-Cuckoo-Land;
To talk with Hazlitt on gusto, Keats on beauty,
Byron on passion (grand);

To walk the Via Media, in clean linen,
The greensward and the labyrinthine ways;
To say, like the fly that rode on Aesop's chariot,
"What a dust I raise!"

I wish to learn of marriage from Mrs. Micawber,
Love from the look on Helen's face in Hell,
From Eve our mother, and Héloïse—and surely
The Blessed Damozel;

To ride a hippogriff to the moon and farther;
Escape Wird, Nemesis, Wrath of God; survive
To the years of Shaw, dying only like Montaigne
Of having been alive.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

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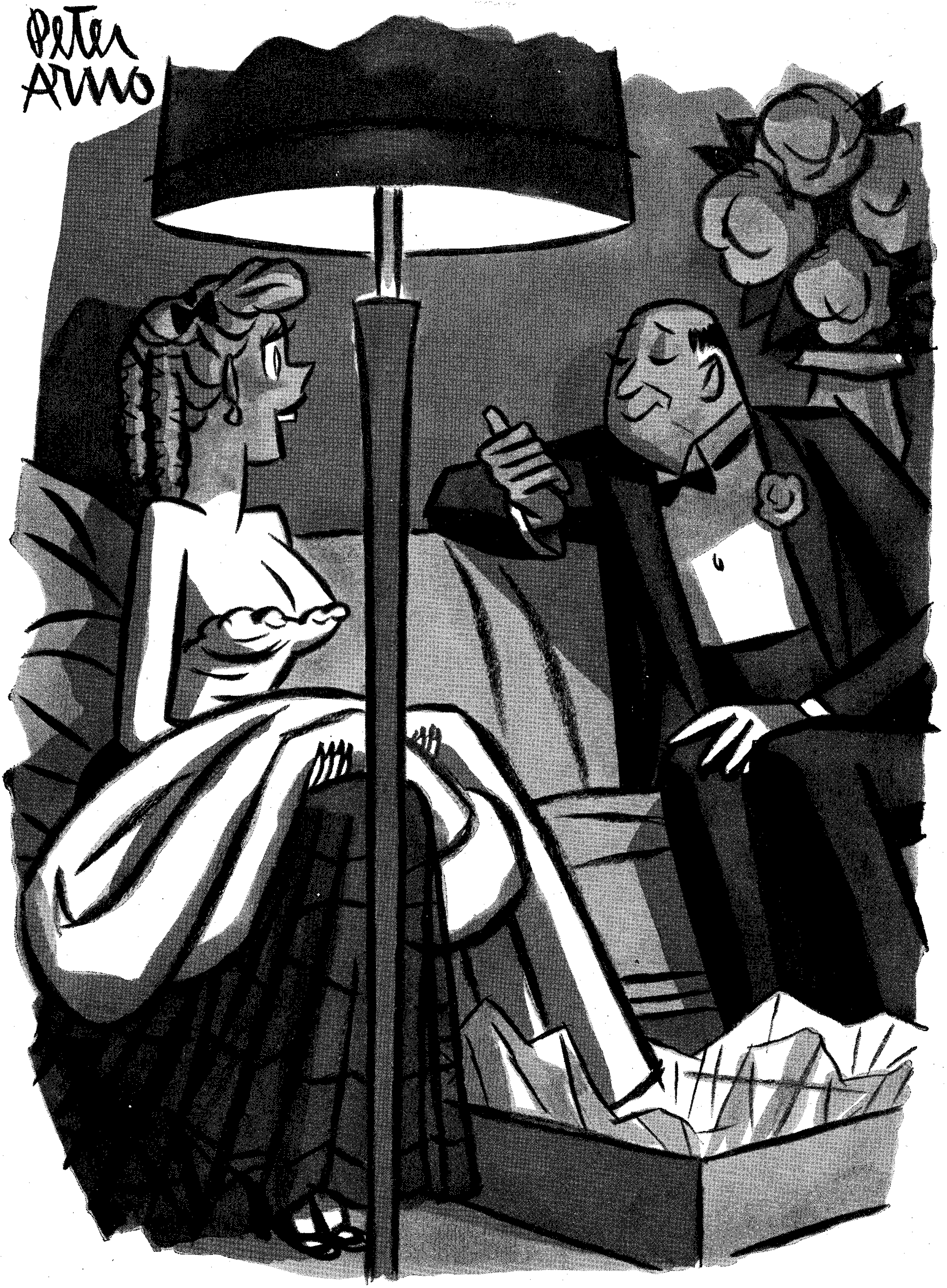


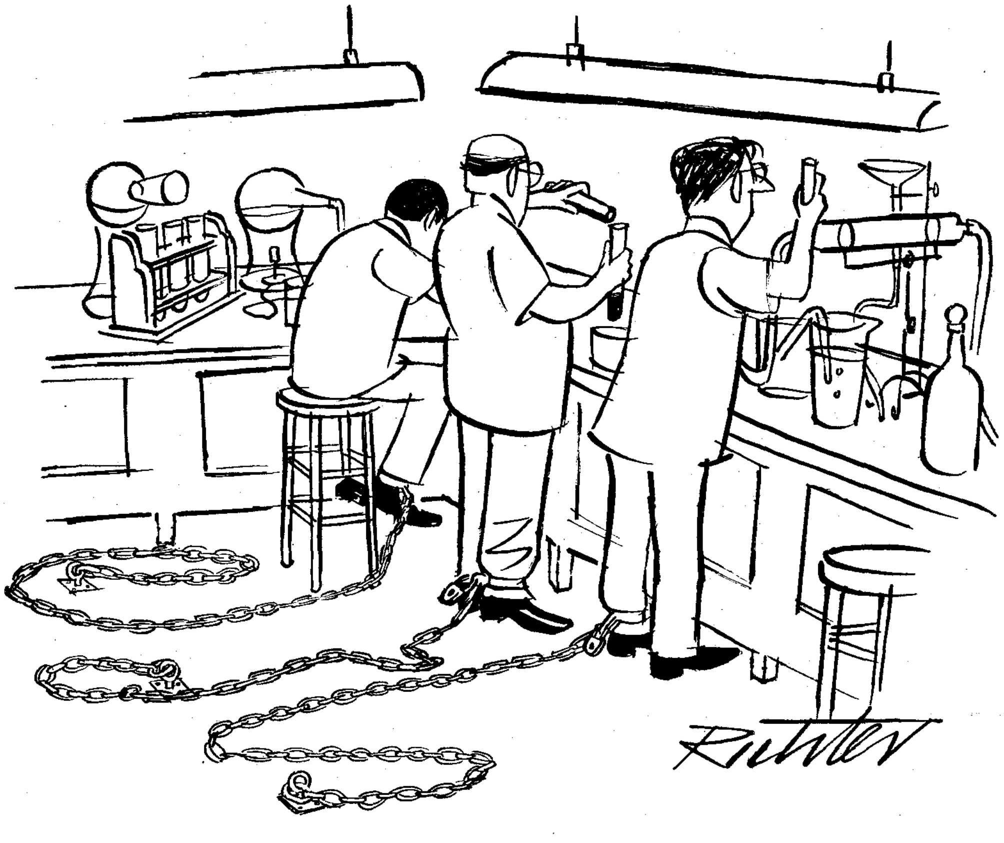
"Gee, Mr. Payson! Mere words can't express my appreciation—I guess."

I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE DOWN

THE little girls, who slept in the old nursery next door, woke early, but their babbling did not wake their mother. Rhoda's morning sleep was heavy. Her room, which had been hers in her girlhood, showed neat and pretty in the cold light. The windows were open and the curtains twitched in the breeze. Beyond the lilacs and the prunus trees at the front of the house, a heavy truck rumbled along the country road, and Rhoda stirred slightly. Immediately, protestingly, she tried to tunnel back into the submarine dream meadows where Henry still walked and still had a voice. For a while after his sudden death, she had been able to imagine his voice constantly, saying all sorts of encouraging and tender things. Then, without warning, Henry had shut up. It seemed the final disloyalty that while he was so horribly, eerily dumb, his watch went on ticking merrily away on the table beside his widow. Surely it should have become dumb, too—its mechanism should have stopped when his did? Watches should sicken and die with their owners, like faithful hounds who grieve and stiffen on the doorsill.

In Rhoda's dreams, though, Henry was wonderfully there, and preoccupied with the things of this world. When the truck had jerked her into semi-consciousness, he had just come bounding up a staircase she did not recognize, saying, "Why must we ask the Fannings, of all people?" (Her dream memory refused to put any tender encouragement into Henry's mouth. The ringing, irritable voice from beyond the grave spoke always of tiresome acquaintances, lawnmowers, trains that did not go beyond Basingstoke, lost books, or torn overcoats.) But the truck had crashed too deeply into the delicate fabric of the dream for Rhoda to reply. Sadly she woke, staring up at the ceiling that had once seemed like the floor of heaven patined with bright gold and was now only the ceiling of her room in her parents' house, to which she had returned—Mrs. Henry Baynes, with her two little girls.

She lay thinking of the day ahead. The noise in the nursery had been increasing, and now the door burst open and in rushed her children, half dressed. They were glowing with high spirits. One roof was as good as another to them, and they enjoyed living with their grandparents, who spoiled them. Rhoda smiled faintly at the sight of their pink faces and bobbing manes of sandy hair—Henry's color, his authentic signature, his final and pathetic intimation of immortality. She stretched out an arm and caught at the younger child's little vest, asking, "Do you know where I am going today?" But both children were screaming with laughter; they chased each other back into the nursery. There was no comfort to be had from them.



At breakfast, Rhoda's father asked her, from behind his paper, "What time are you meeting these people?"

"The Dentons? Eleven o'clock."

"Tell Wolfe that you ought to get them up a bit on five thousand pounds. After all, it's a very attractive little place."

"I know, Father, but that's the best offer I've had. Mr. Wolfe says the market is falling, and I think he's right."

The children, pushing cereal into their rosy, milky mouths under the instructions of their grandmother, listened attentively.

"Mr. Wolf, Mr. Wolf!" one little girl chanted.

"Mr. Wolf said to the little pigs, 'I'll huff 'n I'll puff 'n I'll *blow* your house down!' " came with a rush from the other.

"Hush, pets," their mother said.

"Well . . ." Rhoda's father folded his paper, pushed back his chair, and looked at his daughter as though he would like to say something helpful. Rhoda's widowhood embarrassed him. She had been such a pretty, lively girl, born to be happy, as they say, and now here she was, left alone and not too well off. He hesitated, gave it up, sighed, and escaped.

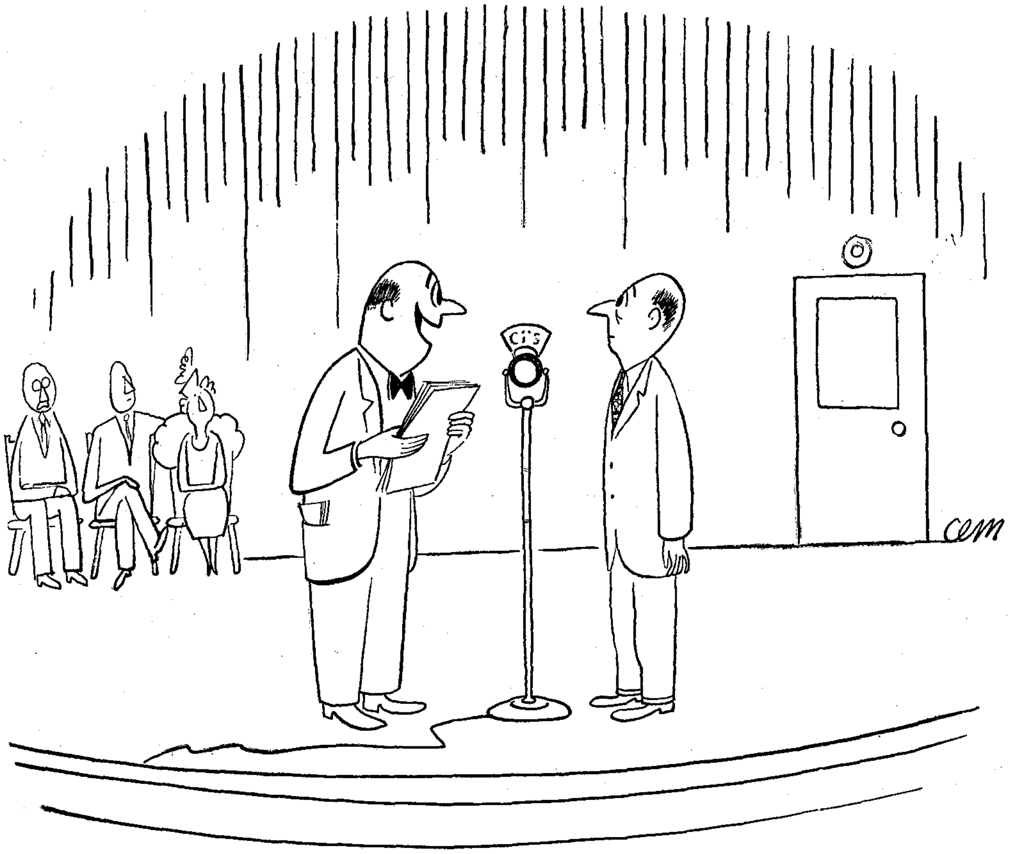
LATER, when Rhoda went to catch the bus that would take her all the way to her and Henry's old home, her mother walked down to the gate with her.

"Are you quite sure that you wouldn't like me or Father to come, too, Rhoda?" she asked.

"Perfectly, dear, thanks."

"Well . . ." Her mother sighed, looking helplessly around, as though anxious to take her mind from the thought of Rhoda coping with the sale of her home, of Henry dead.

The bus came at that moment, to both women's relief. Rhoda got in and settled down for the ten-mile journey. Ten miles, Henry had often said, was an excellent distance to be from even the most fondly loved parents—near enough for family meetings, far enough to discourage dropping in. Henry had hated to be dropped in on; he had deplored the impromptu in anything. The pretty home, so carefully planned, had provided for all eventualities except the incredible one of Henry's impromptu death. Now Rhoda could not afford to go on living there any longer. It was since she and the children had returned to her parents that Henry had suddenly withdrawn himself from her



"You're right, sir! Washington is the capital of the United States. Now for the sixty-five-thousand-three-hundred-and-thirty-six-dollar jackpot question. Tell us, Mr. Potter, what is the population of Shekar Dzong, Tibet?"

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waking hours and had become mute, as though he no longer recognized Mrs. Henry Baynes in the reinstated daughter of the house, sitting between the old people at meals, going upstairs at night to the neat, virginal bower. After today, Rhoda thought, she would have finally severed all connection with her husband. She looked sadly out of the window of the bus at the familiar landmarks going by.

It was a bright March day. When Rhoda got off at the crossroads and walked up the lane, she could smell fresh spring smells rising from the damp ditches. She was not sorry to see Mr. Wolfe's car standing at their gate. If she had arrived first, she would have taken a melancholy walk around the place, and would have made herself still more depressed. Mr. Wolfe, cheerfully twirling keys attached to a label, appeared at the front door as she approached the house. He wore a public-school tie and had a breezy manner calculated to strike confidence in the breasts of hesitant clients.

"Ah, *there* you are, Mrs. Baynes!" he said, as though reassuring her of her identity, her solid, fleshly manifestation there on the brick path between Henry's rose trees.

Smiling wanly, she felt quite glad to be reassured. This return—her first since the day she had moved out—was a bit ghostly. Before she could say anything, they heard another car coming up the lane, and Mr. Wolfe, murmuring in her ear "They're really very keen on the place—keen as mustard," hurried down the path to meet his clients. Rhoda walked in, and stood waiting in the empty hall, where the silence from the rooms above, stripped of everything but dust and a few shavings from packing crates, seemed for a moment to be expectant.

Not for long, though. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Denton, as they entered, immediately filled the house to overflowing, booming through its modest structure like strong sea echoes through a frail shell. They were a stout, elderly couple, so well padded with red and mauve flesh, with nappy dark cloth, with the handsome tanned skins of pig and calf and the narrow, shining brown pelts of small wild creatures from snowy forests, that tweedy Mr. Wolfe appeared to be flattened between them like the filling of a thick sandwich. A small brindled dog had jumped out of the car after them and was sniffing the steps thoughtfully.

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Baynes. We're glad you could come over this morning," Mr. Denton said hospitably, enfolding Rhoda's cold hand in a squeeze of expensive pigskin.

"Goodness knows why Mr. Denton has taken such a fancy to the house," Mrs. Denton confided to Rhoda as they tramped upstairs, waking tremendous echoes. "It's not really our style, though I grant it's quaint."

"I'm buying it for the view," Mr. Denton said.

They were in Rhoda's bedroom. Mr. Denton marched to the windows and waved possessively at the Hampshire countryside. "The garden's not much, but come back in a year, Mrs. Baynes, and I'll guarantee you won't recognize the place—inside or out. Look, Dolly, that chestnut will come down, for a start."

Rhoda looked at him in horror. "The chestnut? My husband and I were always particularly fond of it," she said.

Mrs. Baynes' widowed state flashed so plainly across Mr. Denton's mind that he appeared to raise an invisible hat for a brief, respectful silence.

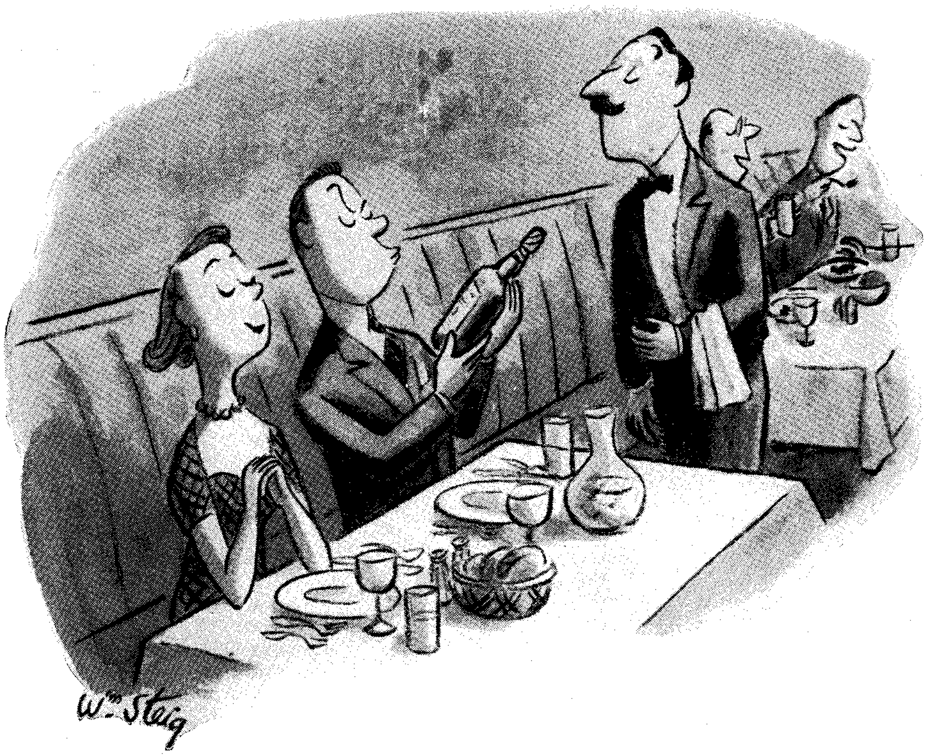
"Understand your feeling, naturally." The hat was replaced. "Makes for damp so near the house, though."

To Rhoda, the room still seemed to be full of the shapes of familiar furniture. Standing right in the middle of Henry's bed, Mrs. Denton explained, "Mr. Denton suffers from asthma."

"Mr. Denton!" cried Mr. Wolfe reproachfully. "This house is not *damp*, sir! You never found it anything but bone-dry, did you, Mrs. Baynes?"

Busy with complicated emotions, Rhoda did not answer. Mr. Denton, looking pleased, touched a wall with his gloved finger, and inspected the fingertip as though hopeful of finding it saturated.

In other parts of the house, Mr. Denton waved his arms again, and other walls crashed, cupboards sprang up, new bathrooms blossomed. The air was so thick with spectral flying masonry that Rhoda felt inclined to jump back in alarm. Her home and Henry's was disintegrating under her eyes. In her imagination she could hear it groan, shudder, and fall apart. The rooms were very cold. Mr. Wolfe's thin nose was pink above his drooping, tea-colored



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Connoisseur

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mustaches, but his clients, bulky as polar bears, did not seem to feel chilly. Rhoda longed to be gone. While the others were discussing some electric fittings the Dentons wished to buy, she slipped away into the garden.

STANDING quite still, with her back to the closed door, she drew a breath of relief. The garden, at any rate, still presented its familiar pattern, which she and Henry had planned. The daffodil and the tulip had outwitted the furniture vans; their green spikes were pushing up through the soil as if nothing had happened. An old wooden swing, not taken along when Rhoda moved out, hung from the chestnut tree. As she walked past, she gave it an absent-minded shove, and it began to creak backward and forward. The Dentons' dog, which she had forgotten, was sitting on the path beside their favorite seat, placed to command, through a gap Henry had cut in the trees, Mr. Denton's prospective acquisition of Hampshire. Rhoda sat down on the seat next to him.

I shall go back and corner Mr. Wolfe, she thought, and say that I have changed my mind. I cannot sell to those people. The trees, the grass, the white house at her back, all seemed to make their separate thin cries of protest at being abandoned to the Dentons. The polar bears were kind, no doubt, but she hated them. She closed her eyes and drooped her head, as though expecting to encounter a shoulder. Her sorrowing cheek, however, was pillowed only on air. Opening her eyes, she stared vaguely down at the Dentons' dog.

He was still planted in the same place, seeming to inspect the landscape, to sniff it with his little raised muzzle, which was peppered with gray hairs. He had grown old with the Dentons and would lay his bones somewhere here, near the stump of the chestnut tree. She went on looking at him, postponing the moment when she must go back to the others. He turned his head and regarded her with an air of deep melancholy. Behind them, not a sound came from the house. Mr. Wolfe and the Dentons might, for all she knew or cared, have got into their cars and driven away.

It occurred to Rhoda that the dog was exactly as she had hoped that the unknown Dentons would be—gray, shadowy, fitting quietly into the picture without disturbing a single line. Only to such silent and tactful purchasers could she have handed over without a pang. The booming realities—the Dentons in the flesh, laying about them like house wreckers—were insufferable intruders. But she would sell to them all the same. She needed the money. She looked at their sad little dog, and she thought how he had spent all his life at the heels of the stout, furry creatures who were now waking the echoes somewhere out of earshot in her empty rooms. He sighed, the curiously resigned sigh of an old dog, and looked away. Did animals, she wondered with a touch of superstition that Henry would have deplored, perhaps understand better than humans? For in this companionable moment she arrived at a sort of truce of acceptance. Quite gently, she gave up.

"Mrs. Baynes!" Mr. Wolfe called, from the back door.

MR. WOLFE drove Rhoda to his office, the Dentons following on behind in their car, to sign the necessary documents. Mr. Denton and his Dolly had evidently compared notes on the way and were anxious to warm and cheer Mrs. Baynes—to buck the poor little thing up, in short. After the business was over, they insisted on sherries in the crowded bar of the Red Cow, across the market place, and, drinking, seemed to wax larger and ruddier and to exude from their heavy, hairy wrappings some sort of exhalation, as though they were beasts softly steaming in the warmth of a byre.

By the time they were ready to leave, Rhoda had missed the bus, so Mr. Wolfe drove her home.

"Between ourselves, Mrs. Baynes," he said, chatty with sherries, his eyes bright above the nipped nose and the pale orange-pekoe mustaches, "we did jolly well to get him up another five hundred quid. Choice little property, of course, in many ways, but not everyone's meat."

"Their dog liked it," Rhoda murmured.

Mr. Wolfe gave her a startled glance. "Oh, rather, yes," he said heartily—he had probably misheard her. "And Mr. Denton being, I'm sure, the sort who will appreciate the place, he'll make a good job there. You'll see."

Rhoda didn't reply that she would certainly not see. For the first time in months, outside her dreams, she had been able to hear Henry's voice, this time asking angrily why she had sold to the Dentons. They have a charming dog, she answered him. And suddenly, lightheaded in the rush of air after the sherry and the stuffiness in the pub, she wanted to laugh. Or perhaps she was lightheaded with relief that the dreaded business was over. She slipped lower in the seat, thinking drowsily how well and dreamlessly she would be able to sleep tonight. Yes, she thought, she would sleep like the dead.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

ANNALS OF CRIME

THE PHILOLOGIST

III—A STATE OF AGITATION

ON December 24, 1943, three dozen G.I.s assigned to the 620th Engineer General Service Company, a tiny unit of the Army of the United States stationed at Camp Hale, Colorado, held a Christmas Eve party in a barracks. They bought an evergreen tree, put on their dressiest uniforms, shined their shoes, combed their hair, trimmed the tree with ornaments and tinsel, and had a gay and sentimental time, with plenty of wine and song. Their celebration was like thousands of other stag affairs thrown by American soldiers who were unable to spend Christmas with their families, except that most of the conversation was in German, and that of all the carols that were sung the two that had the greatest emotional impact on the participants were "Deutschland Über Alles" and the Horst Wessel Song.

Soldiers have always liked having group pictures taken of themselves, and before dark that evening the merrymakers posed self-consciously on the barracks steps for a holiday snapshot. One of the men, a naturalized American citizen who speaks and writes excellent English, kept a print of it for his scrapbook. "*Weihnachtstag 1943*," he wrote on the back, and on the front he put down the names of his buddies—Wilhelm, Paul, Theo, Richard, Bill, Ernst, Franz, Rudi, Karl, Kurt, Bob, Walter, Otto, Putsi, Dale, and all the others. The 620th contained a singular lot of American soldiers. Two of them—one before the war was a brewery worker in Newark, and the other was in the importing business in New York—were members of the Nazi Party. Karl had served in the German Army in 1939, during the Polish campaign. Richard had four brothers in the German Army. Rudi had a female relative who had shaken hands with *der Führer* and had not washed the sanctified palm for three weeks. Bob had not merely belonged to the German-American Bund—so many members of the company had belonged that *that* was scarcely noteworthy—but had been on the staff of Camp Siegfried, a Bund *Festung* on Long Island. Some of these American soldiers hoped devoutly that Germany would win the war. Others had less resolute war aims; they simply hoped that Germany would not lose it.

Perhaps the most unusual member of the convivial group was Dale—Private First Class Dale Maple, Army Serial No. 11048476—who, though he was not German by either birth or heritage, had become intensely interested in all things German while studying languages at Harvard and was thought by a couple of awe-struck Bund men in the 620th to hold the honor of himself having once shaken hands with Hitler, during a prewar visit to Nuremberg. The Bund men had picked up this notion in conversation with Maple, who, as it happened, had never seen Hitler except in newsreels. Private Maple admired German military discipline, thought Germany had been treated poorly after the First World War and was justified in seeking territorial expansion, and knew the Horst Wessel Song as well as anyone in the 620th, but he was cut from different cloth. He was a quiet, standoffish fellow—nearly six feet tall and well built but with an odd air of delicacy—who was exceptionally finicky about his appearance and, although his family was by no means well-to-do, had a tailor-made uniform for dress occasions, a rarity among enlisted men. Forgoing the lieder-singing and beer-drinking that most of the other men in the company enjoyed in their off-hours, he preferred to spend his leisure time listening to classical music, poring over Sanskrit dictionaries and Slavonic grammars, playing bridge, or making crêpes Suzette.

All in all, Maple gave little evidence of being a man of action. Seven weeks after *Weihnachtstag*, however, he was to earn himself a special place in the memories of the men of the 620th—not to mention the annals of American military history—by setting forth on a strange expedition that led to his becoming the first United States soldier ever to be convicted by a court-martial of a crime equivalent to treason. He won this distinction by deserting the Army, taking with him two former members of the Afrika Korps who had been interned in a prisoner-of-war stockade at Camp Hale, and escorting them more than six hundred miles. They were apprehended three miles south of the Mexican border, on their way to Germany. Maple was sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and ultimately to ten years. He is now in Leavenworth.

MAPLE was only twenty-three that winter, but he was fond of thinking of himself as, to use his own phrase, "a soldier of the old Army." The basis for this doughty self-characterization was that he had taken R.O.T.C. courses in high school, in San Diego, where he was born and raised, and at Harvard, where he received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1941. He had not got a Reserve commission, because during his senior year at college he was dismissed from the R.O.T.C. after he publicly expressed the opinion that dictatorship was a form of government inexpressibly better than democracy. In the fall of 1941, when many soldiers of the old Army were girding themselves for action, he had returned to Harvard as a graduate student of comparative philology. On December 7th, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, he was diligently studying several Slavic languages. That day, he put in a call to the German Embassy, at Washington. The circuits to the capital were very busy, and it was not until the following day that he got through. On being connected with the Embassy, he identified himself to the attaché who took the call by mentioning that he was acquainted with Dr. Herbert Scholz, a high-ranking member of the Embassy staff—as well as of the Gestapo—whom he had met the year before while trying, unsuccessfully, to get to Germany. Maple explained that he wanted to find out what the chances were of his accompanying the German diplomatic corps back to the Reich if, as seemed almost certain, the United States and Germany went to war. Maple said he would like, on completing the trip to Germany, to join the German Army. He was informed that the time was inauspicious for considering his proposal, and that concluded the conversation.

Like most other young men on college campuses, Maple found it difficult in the following weeks to concentrate on his studies, but he decided to finish out the term, which ended in late January, and then, for what he has

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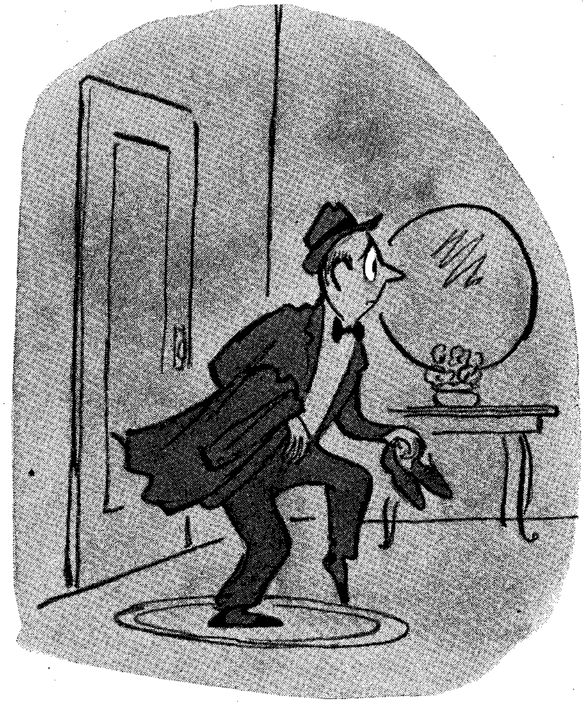

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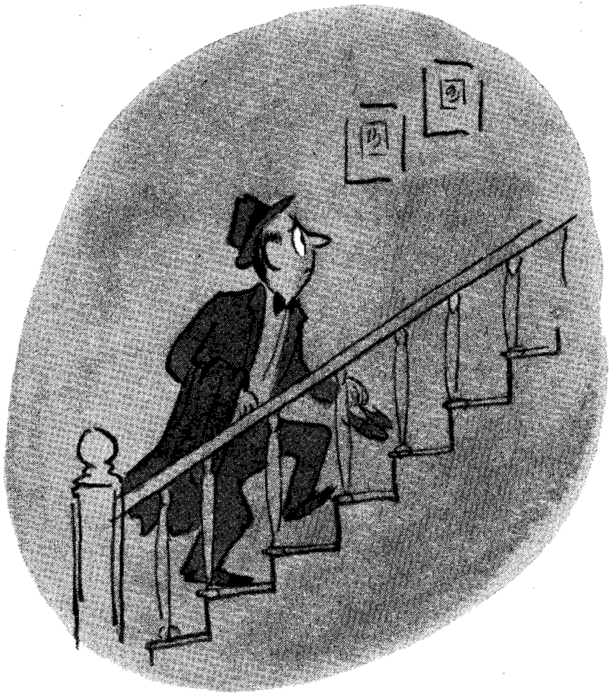

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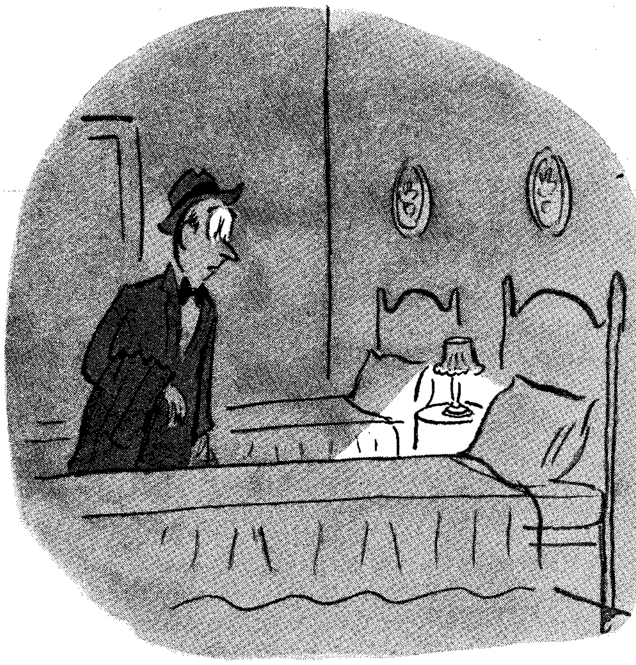

claimed were patriotic reasons, go into the American armed forces. On learning that a college friend had been killed at Pearl Harbor while on naval duty, he tried to get a commission in the Navy, but he was turned down because of ear trouble, which he had had since boyhood. On February 27th, without waiting to be drafted, he enlisted in the Army. He was sent for three months of basic training to the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The Center had five units for the reception of new soldiers—four gunnery regiments, for cannoneers, and a signal-training outfit, for cryptographers and radio operators. The brightest of the trainees were customarily assigned to this last unit, and Maple, who was a Harvard *magna cum laude*, was put there. Military Intelligence at Fort Bragg was aware of his political views—the Army and the F.B.I. had kept dossiers on him ever since his dismissal from the R.O.T.C.—but that didn't bar him from this important line of work. The mere learning of cryptographic techniques didn't mean, of course, that he would have access to confidential information, and, besides, his commanding officer, a lieutenant, happened to have been a classmate and a fellow-R.O.T.C. man at Harvard. He was inclined to the view that Maple had said the things he had up there largely in jest.

Maple proved to be an excellent soldier during his basic training, and he stayed at the Center afterward as an instructor, with the rating of corporal. He was impressed with the importance of his new responsibilities. "We have been out in the field almost every day for the last few weeks," he wrote in a letter soon after getting the job, "and I have to organize all the details of the trip, make out all the assignments, get all the equipment together, and do just about everything. I am not supposed to be the big boss, but I am the only one who knows the men well and knows what they can do. As a matter of fact, I have invitations from about half the men to come home with them at one time or another; I just wish I could get enough time off to take up all the offers." If this estimate of his popularity was accurate, the men in his outfit must have been unusual, for Maple had always been the antithesis of a social lion. In the same letter, he indicated that he was not exactly the comradely type of noncommissioned officer. "I am charge of quarters," he wrote. "That is, I have complete charge of everybody and everything for today. All I have to do is sit in the office all day and sleep there all night, give out passes (or refuse to give them out and make people mad), dig up trucks to haul people swimming, make sure that everybody is in bed and all the lights are out when they should be, see that the grounds are in order at all times as well as the barracks, make sure that none of the people confined to quarters escape, etc. I had the pleasure of putting under arrest this morning one boy just returning from a 17-day vacation without leave."

Late in September, 1942, Maple wearied of such pleasures and applied for transfer to a combat outfit, offering to take a demotion to private to accomplish this end. His wish was granted and he was presently shipped, stripeless, to the 76th Infantry Division, then sta-

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tioned at Fort George G. Meade, in Maryland, where he was made an instructor in a divisional school for radio operators. "The radio sergeant went on furlough and I had to take over in his place," Maple wrote. "Since he had let the radios all run down, I had to spend a week getting them into shape. I even had to spend all day one Saturday and Sunday working. But the sets all work now." He dwelt on his skill as an operator. "I had thirty messages piled up before I even started. I didn't mind, but I wore out about four men who turned the generator for me. I transmitted for three hours without stopping! I got all the traffic cleared through and could have been through in one-third the time if I had had any decent operators on the other sets. I can send 20 and receive 25 words per minute, but they couldn't go faster than 5, so what could I do?"

Maple stayed at the school for five months. Early in March, 1943, he was summoned for an interview with a couple of representatives of Counter Intelligence. They revealed that they already knew a good deal about him, including, to his surprise, the gist of his conversation with the German Embassy fifteen months before. Two weeks after his session with Counter Intelligence, Maple was shipped to a camp at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, and, after a short stopover there, on to another Fort Meade, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, where, in compliance with his orders, he reported for duty with the 620th Engineer General Service Company.

THE 620th, which then occupied some old C.C.C. barracks at one edge of the fort, was, in an Army of

THE VERY BENT TWIG

When I was a lass in my teens,
On looking Biology's plan up
I learned the importance of Genes
In shaping a mouse or a man up.
The Genes and the Chromosomes, Science contended,
Ancestrally guarded, haphazardly blended,
Determined the whole
Of all animate creatures,
From shape of the soul
To the tint of the features.

But now the psychologists tell us
That Infancy settles our lots.
Are we happy or glum?
Are we clever or slow?
It depends on the thumb
That we sucked long ago
When we first were susceptible tots.

Yoo-hoo, Heredity!
What's happened to Heredity?
We daren't thank Heredity
For scholars or for scamps.
In the way that we develop
Family trees are little hel-op.
We're the products of our Nannies,
Not our Grannies or our Gramps.

If Junior can't learn to spell "cat"
And looks at his books on the dour side,
Don't turn to your spouse with a flat
"Observe how he takes after your side."
He probably suffered a setback material
From early excesses of kisses or cereal.
Conversely, if same's
Full of honors and merits,
How sunk are your claims
To the wit he inherits.

Away with Lombroso and Mendel.
Their notions are worthless, though quaint.
It's the way we were frocked,
Or the way we were bibbed,
Cuddled, sung to, or rocked,
Or unfeelingly cribbed
That decides what we are or we ain't.

Yoo-hoo, Environment!
We're nuts about Environment.
It's training for the Toidy, now,
It's dandling on the lap
That forms the lifelong habits
Of both Kallikaks and Cabots.
(I don't know about the rabbits
But it goes for Homo Sap.)

EPILOGUE

Still, don't you cry, Heredity. Just take the longer view.
They'll have another theory by 1952.
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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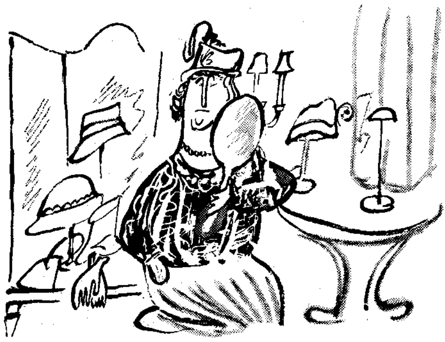
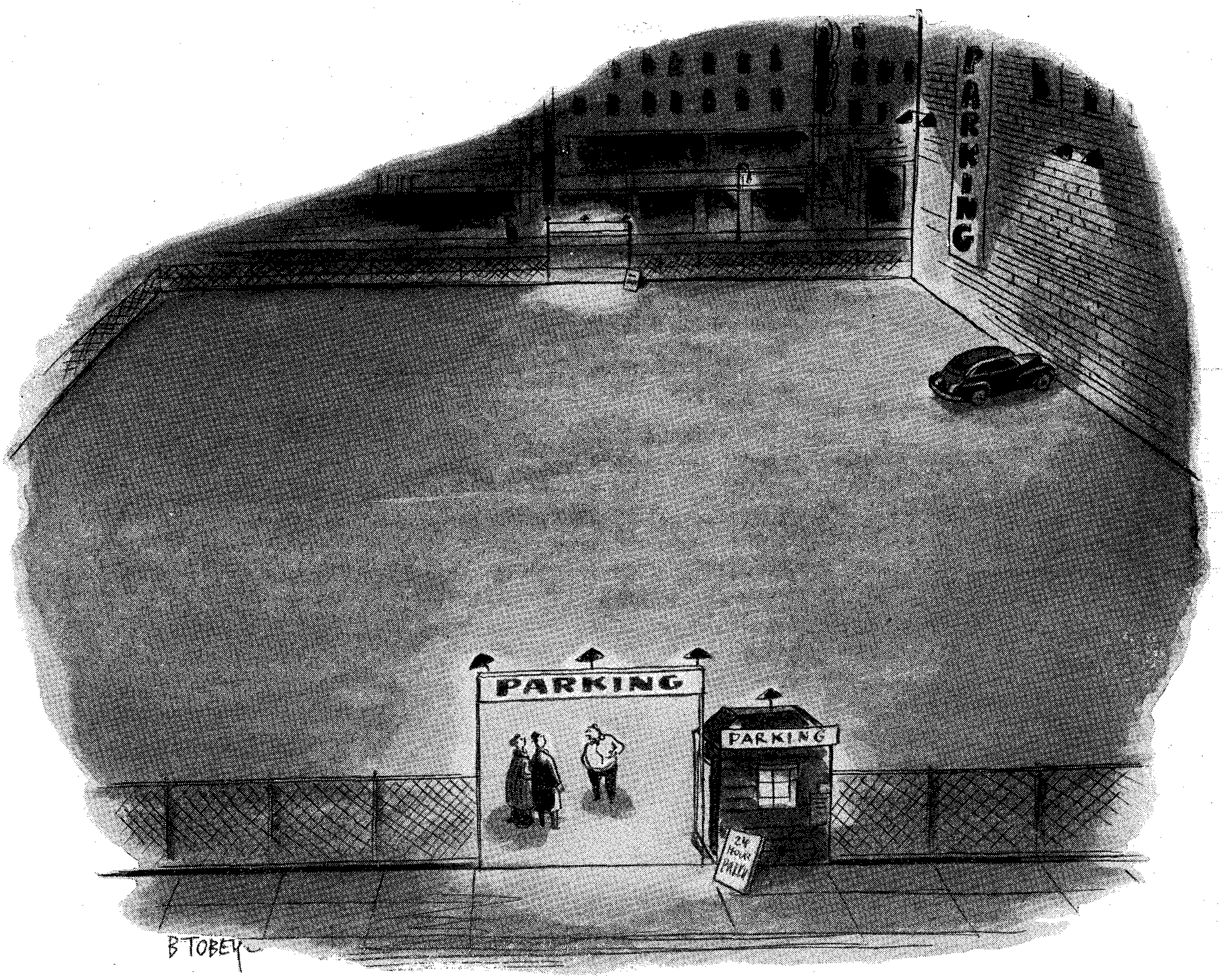
specialists, special to a high degree. The soldiers in it received hardly any military training and were not issued arms. On the rare occasions when they had guard duties, they were given only flashlights and clubs. Except for a dozen or so individuals—the officers, some of the noncommissioned officers, and perhaps a Counter Intelligence operative or two—the members of the company had been hand-picked for assignment to it; most of them were men who were considered conspicuously poor loyalty risks or men who had refused to fight against one or more of the nations at war with the United States. The question of what to do with such soldiers during a war is not a simple one. There were in the United States, when hostilities began, not a few young men of military age who had records indicating a profound lack of sympathy with the Allied cause. Many of them were inducted into the Army by draft boards that were trying to meet their quotas and that were not equipped or disposed to concern themselves with security matters. Other such young men enlisted voluntarily, for one reason or another. If the Army had permitted them to serve anywhere, they might have attempted to infect their comrades with their virus. If it had discharged them because of their political views, potential draft dodgers might have claimed that they, too, held such views and have demanded exemption from service. In most cases, the Army didn't have enough evidence to prefer charges that might have tucked them safely away in jail. It was in the fall of 1942, after the United States had been at war for nearly a year, that the Army arrived at a solution of the problem. It decided to segregate these soldiers. This was not a solution peculiar to the American Army. The German Army did almost precisely the same thing with some of *its* nonconformist soldiers. The American version of the scheme involved the establishment of units with such elegant, if hardly pertinent, designations as the 620th and 525th Engineer General Service Companies and the 358th Quartermaster General Service Company. Up to V-J Day, between twelve and fifteen hundred soldiers served, all told, in these three outfits. The 525th was composed mainly of men of Japanese extraction. The two others were made up principally of men of German or Italian extraction.



When Maple arrived at Fort Meade (the sergeant to whom he reported asked him whether he was German or Italian), there were close to two hundred men in the 620th, not counting the supervisory officers and noncommissioned officers. The company was really an international outfit. There were, for example, besides the Germans and Italians, a Finn, a Dane, a Hungarian, a Yugoslav, and a White Russian. The makeup of the 620th varied considerably from one time to another;



"But it has to be yours."

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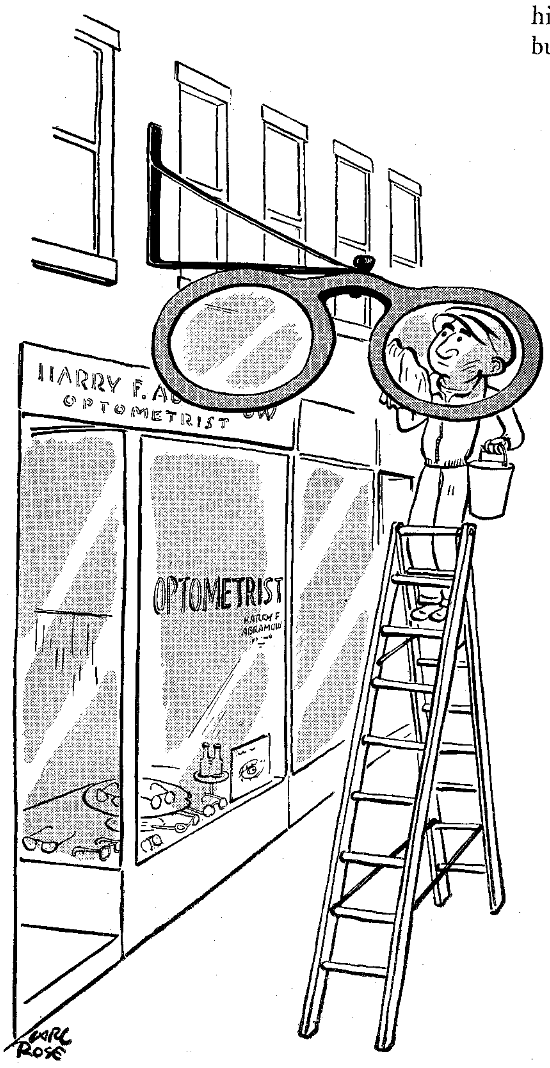
soldiers were constantly being assigned to it and soon thereafter being assigned elsewhere. Presumably, further investigation of their cases had convinced the Army that they either had never or no longer required special handling. A substantial majority of the men in the 620th were of extreme Right Wing persuasion; the minority were just as far to the Left, and one of this category, a German-born Communist, spent much of his time trying, with notable lack of success, to proselyte for his Party. Some of the Germans and Italians were aliens and complained that they were being held in the Army illegally. They wanted to be discharged and placed in one of the civilian internment camps run by the Department of Justice. These complaints were not entirely without merit, for under international law citizens of a nation at war may not be compelled to join the armed forces of the enemy. Several of the Germans in the 620th were seamen. They told their buddies that they had been practically shanghaied into the Army while awaiting deportation hearings. One maintained that he hadn't taken the oath of allegiance when he was inducted and that he had been told by some official or other of the United States government that if he went into the Army, his wife, who was also an alien, would not be put in an internment camp. When she was put in one, he took the position that the Army had welshed on a deal, and on being ordered by an officer to report for work he sat on his bunk, and refused to budge. He was court-martialled for disobedience and given a three-year sentence in Leavenworth, but when his case reached the War Department for review, the verdict was reversed, on the ground that he hadn't been properly inducted, after all, and that the Army had no jurisdiction over him. He was then turned over to the Department of Justice and interned in a civilian camp.

Maple declared after his arrest that it was outrageous that the Army should have placed him in the 620th, but he didn't seem unduly distressed when he first joined it, even though he was almost instantly aware of the kind of outfit it was. "I'd like to be sure of staying here," he said in a letter, and remarked that the food was first-rate. One of the company cooks had been a chef on the Europa, and the like of his *Apfelstrudel* had probably never been tasted in the Black Hills before. Maple was further pleased when, after less than two months, he was promoted to private first class. "The addition of Pfc. to my name isn't much," he wrote, "but more will follow in due course. To be advanced too rapidly would not look or be good." Aside from weaving camouflage nets and grading a landing area for Army gliders, the 620th was assigned few duties that appeared to be directly related to the Allied war effort. The company's other work consisted of such estimable but hardly essential tasks as transplanting trees, pulling weeds, digging ditches, and rehabilitating a tennis court. Though the labor was far from stimulating intellectually, the hours were agreeable. Most of the men were free every weekend, and on weekdays from retreat to reveille. Quite a few lived off the post, and Maple and two other members of the company took a four-room furnished apartment in the town of Deadwood, fifteen miles away. The rent came to only seven dollars a month apiece. Deadwood was a rip-roaring old-style Western community, where the silver dollar was abundant and there were plenty of opportunities to fling it around. The main street was liberally embellished with saloons, most of which had roulette tables, and equally prominent were two other hospitable places, with red neon signs identifying them as "Virginia's Rooms" and "Rose's Rooms." Maple had never given any evidence of caring much for girls, with or without their names in red lights, but he was fond of gambling. He was even fonder of reading, though, and the relaxed tempo of military life at Fort Meade gave him a lot of time for that. Inspired by his new associations, he sent home for a German-Italian dictionary and for a two-volume edition he owned (but had never thoroughly examined) of Spengler's "Der Untergang des Abendlandes." After looking into it, he gave a couple of lectures on the subject in a Service Club library.

The 620th had a number of social cliques, formed largely along national and ideological lines. Maple got on best with the Germans, with whose language, customs, history, and literature he was, thanks to his studies and extracurricular research, well acquainted. He became especially friendly with two soldiers named Paul Kissman and Theophil Leonhard. Like Maple, they were interested in music. Kissman, a native of Erie, Pennsylvania, and the son of a retired railroad conductor, had had three years of piano lessons and five of voice, and had sung in a Methodist Episcopal choir and in several secular choral groups, among them the Siebenbürger Singing Society. Leonhard, a native of Alsace-Lorraine and the son of a Lutheran minister, had also sung in a church choir and in a lay choral group—the Sängerbund of Austin, Texas. Kissman was the younger of the two. He was a tall, slim bachelor of twenty-seven. His father had been born in Germany and had emigrated to the United States in his early twenties. Paul went through high school in Erie, and then took a two-year International Correspondence School course in analytical chemistry. For a while, he worked for the General Electric Company in Erie. He sang in or otherwise participated in the affairs of fifteen German organizations in northwestern Pennsylvania. Most of his friends were first-generation or second-generation Germans, and, like some of them, he had a high regard for the efficient regime governing the Reich. In August, 1939, he went to Germany, hoping to get a job with I. G. Farben. While he was at sea, the war broke out, and when he got to Germany, he discovered that I. G. Farben, concerned about security, wouldn't hire any foreigners, so he went to work for a company that made stoves. In March, 1940, he returned to Erie and to General Electric. He brought with him a swastika flag. He must have felt that it was a souvenir not apt to be welcome in his parents' home, for he didn't mention it to them and, soon after his return, gave it to a chum who belonged, as Kissman did not, to the German-American Bund.



Leonhard was a stocky, red-faced, tough-looking bachelor, well educated and aggressively pro-Nazi. He was born in 1914. When he was nine, his parents moved to the United States and settled in Texas, where, eccentrically, they had spent their honeymoon. They became American citizens. Their son attended Southwestern University, in Georgetown, Texas, and, after getting a B.A., spent two years at the University of Texas, where he got an M.A. and served as an assistant in the department of government. There was a flourishing pro-Nazi movement among some of the German-Americans in Texas (others, of course, were strongly anti-Nazi), and Leonhard took part in it. He became involved in the German-American Texas Federation and the Kyffhäuserbund, a couple of non-Communist fronts; established cordial relations with a number of Nazi diplomats in this country; and acquired such a reputation as a worker for the cause that Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, the head of the German-American Bund, wanted him to organize a branch in Texas. Leonhard turned him down, possibly because he was too busy with his academic work or possibly because he was too busy recruiting members in this country for the Nazi Party, which he was later to brag to friends in the 620th he had done. He contributed articles to a pro-Nazi weekly called the Texas *Herold*, though not so often as he wished. In 1937, in a letter to its editor regretting his inability to do an article, Leonhard, who was then preparing to make a career of teaching government and history in the United States, wrote, "Unfortunately I am so busy that I find scarcely time for the affairs which are far more important naturally for me than the fact that the American Constitution was written so and so, and by whom and what he and this one and that one thought about it. . . . I rejoice in it always to get the *Herold* because it really brings from over there little things and articles and so forth and does not shy from breaking a sword for our Fatherland. . . . Heil Hitler." In 1940, the Un-American Activities Committee had a session with him, and Chairman Martin Dies asked him why he had signed off with the *heil*. "Probably as a joke,"

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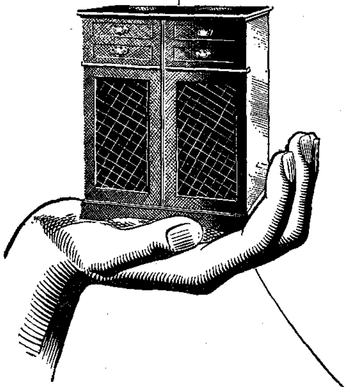

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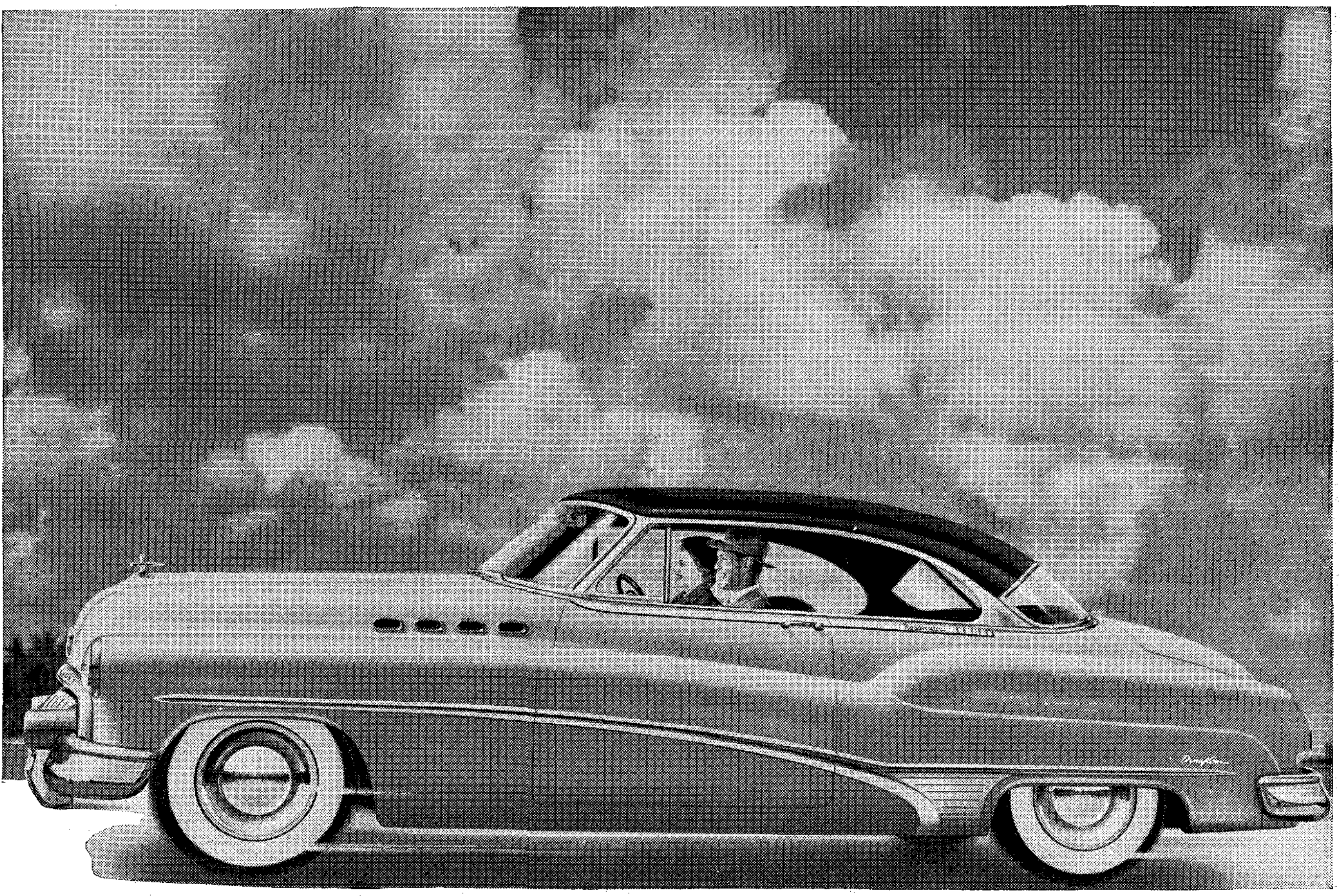
replied Leonhard. "My interest in Hitler is more or less academic."

IN September, 1943, shortly after Italy resigned its partnership in the Axis, practically all the men of Italian origin in the 620th were transferred out of the company, there no longer being an enemy against which they were disinclined to fight. The only Italians who were held back were a few diehards whose admiration for Mussolini and the Fascist way of life was too deeply rooted to be shaken by the mere capitulation of a nation. The company now consisted almost entirely of Germans and German-Americans. Some of the old-timers in the outfit didn't seem too unhappy about being stuck in it—after all, there was the *Apfelstrudel*, and they were reassuringly far from the front—but others, among them Maple, Kissman, and Leonhard, were feeling sorry for themselves and extremely put out with the United States government, the American Army, and the 620th Engineer General Service Company. For one thing, their company commander had issued an order requiring them to use the English language, rather than German or Italian, while on duty; this they considered a flagrant disregard of the right of free speech. For another, one of their noncommissioned officers had addressed a few of their group who had shown up late for a formation as "Nazi bastards." For still another, they had a hunch that they were being spied on even while off duty. Kissman came back from a furlough in Chicago and reported that two strangers had dropped in at his hotel room, purporting to be an assistant hotel manager and a rug inspector, and had inspected everything in the room except the rug. Maple had a grievance of equal gravity. He had gone to the company supply room one chilly morning to turn in some dirty laundry and had remarked good-humoredly to the sergeant on duty that it was so cold outside that if the wash were just hung on a line, all the germs would probably freeze. And what had the supply sergeant said in reply? He had said, "They ought to hang you guys out and freeze all of you."

Maple and his friends thought it hardly probable that the Army would halt the war to rectify even such glaring injustices, so they resolved to halt the war themselves, or at least bring to a halt the manner in which they were participating in it. Some of the citizens of the Third Reich in the group were for sending a protest to the neutral Swiss government, which under international law looked after the interests of the citizens of one warring nation who were in the custody of another. They hoped that the Swiss would enlighten the German government about the state of affairs in the 620th and that Germany would raise such a rumpus over the oppression of a minority group that the United States government would be embarrassed into taking ameliorative action. Others came up with much more forthright proposals. One involved organizing themselves, and whatever collaborators they could rally, into sabotage crews that would undertake the coördinated disruption of important railroad bridges, signal towers, and junctions, and long-distance telephone switchboards. It was believed likely that this scheme would cause such havoc that, on top of the setbacks its authors were expecting the United States to suffer at the hands of the German Army, the Allies would be compelled to sue for peace. Thus, Germany would get off relatively lightly and, with the war over, the 620th would be disbanded. Another plan was even more ambitious; its author—a native American who was the son of a university professor and himself a brilliant mathematician and chemist—conceived the idea of annoying, if not overthrowing, the government by organizing a band of guerrillas that would swoop down on American supply and military bases from hiding places in the Rocky Mountains. A dozen or so intellectuals in the 620th were designated the leaders of this band; they were all to hold the rank of general. Another plan, less majestic but scarcely less practicable, envisioned the highjacking of a long-range Army bomber from a nearby airbase and the delivery of it, with the compliments of the 620th, into German hands.

Not all the men in the 620th took these schemes seriously, but a great many were for doing something. "The 620th was in a state of agitation," Leonhard said later. Maple participated in discussions of the big ideas and toyed with a couple of less grandiose ones. One was to wash his hands of the whole sorry business by escaping to Argentina and taking up residence there under an assumed name. Another was to go to Asia and join an Allied combat outfit. It is not clear exactly how he figured on getting across the Pacific, but the plans formulated in the 620th were not always fully thought out. For instance, when, several months afterward, military authorities were questioning the man who wanted to recruit the guerrillas, they were amazed to find that he



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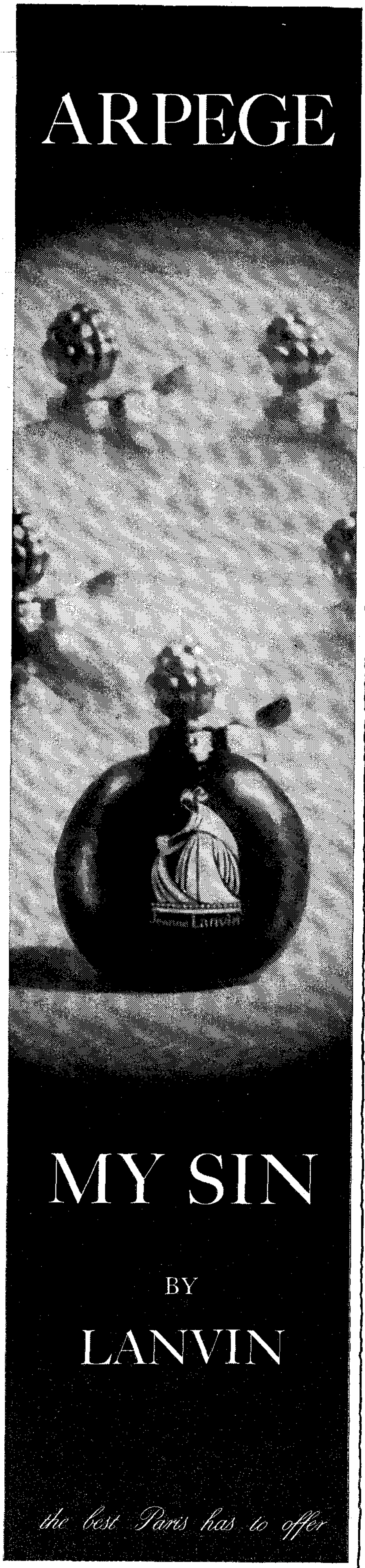

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

had gone so far as to draw up an elaborate table of organization for his forces and had solved, at least to his own satisfaction, the problem of obtaining ammunition, weapons, transportation, fuel, clothing, and medical supplies, but were even more amazed, after all that, to find that through an oversight he had neglected to work out the problem of feeding his rebel army. It would have had to march on an empty stomach.

EARLY in December, while the disgruntled men in the 620th were still much more preoccupied with covert agitation than with overt action, the Army closed down Fort Meade and shipped the company to Camp Hale. The 620th's last assignment in South Dakota was to raze a crude replica of a German village that had been built to train other units in street-fighting tactics. The demolition job was not without its rewards; it gave Maple and some of his friends a chance to have snapshots taken of themselves lounging in front of edifices that bore such heart-warming signs as "Biergarten" and "Bürgermeisters Heimat." Camp Hale, situated deep in the Rockies, a hundred and twenty miles west of Denver, housed around ten thousand American soldiers when the 620th marched in, and around two hundred German soldiers, who lived in a prisoner-of-war enclosure surrounded by a barbed-wire fence and did menial chores around the post. The 620th was billeted in some buildings only three hundred yards from the prisoners' stockade. The prisoners were a sturdy, brawny lot, and they liked to show off their manliness. Every Sunday, their day off, they played soccer inside their compound, and they played it shirtless and in shorts even when the temperature was below freezing. The proximity of these rugged representatives of the Reich had a profound effect on some of the men of the 620th. The one who had four brothers in the German Army was emotionally disturbed to the point of storming through his barracks and, using alternately his fists and a fire extinguisher, breaking most of the windows. Fraternization between the prisoners of war and the American soldiers was, as was customary, forbidden. To some of the men in the 620th, this was an arbitrary and capricious regulation, and soon they had established warm, although clandestine, relations with the prisoners. Some of the latter at first held aloof, taking the stand that the newcomers had committed treason against Germany by donning American uniforms. Leonhard, one of the men

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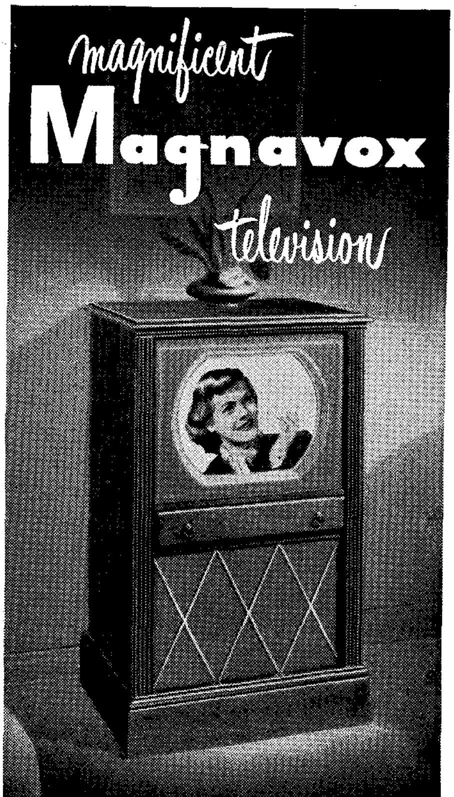

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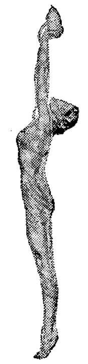

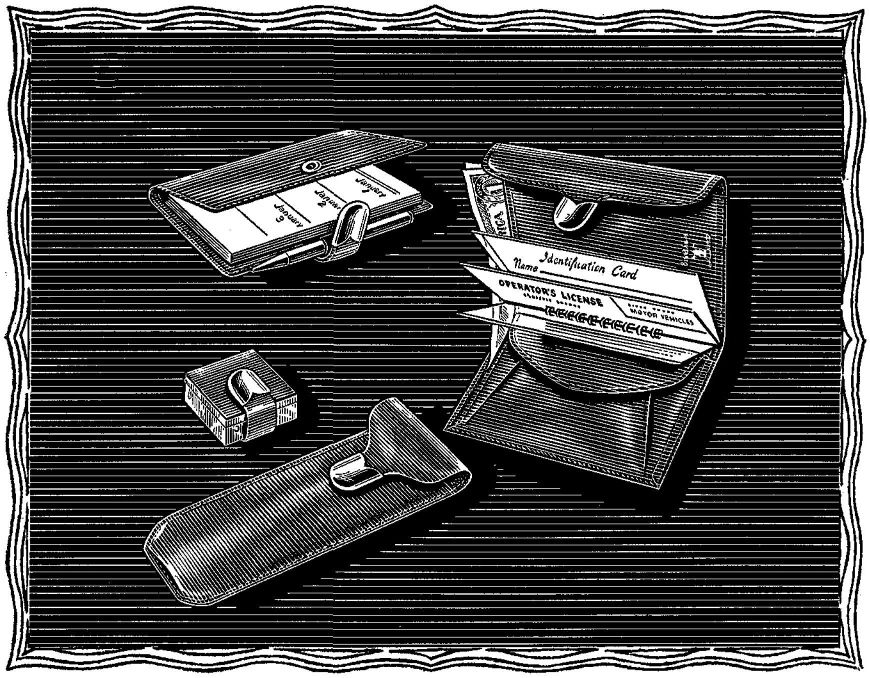

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against whom this dismaying charge was levelled, explained that he and his companions had a bond of background, language, and ideals with the prisoners, were in the American Army against their will, and were in the 620th because they had refused to fight against the Reich. Such statements thawed the prisoners' attitude. By the time of the *Weihnachtstag* party, one of the celebrants was able to read aloud a letter to the 620th from a prisoner of war, thanking members of the engineer company for their many kindnesses. "It was very touching," a man in the 620th wrote a friend.

Whether the Army placed the 620th so close to the prisoner-of-war compound by accident or by design is uncertain, but it seems fairly clear that the administration of Camp Hale at that time was not strikingly efficient. The prisoners had managed to get hold of a good many objects they weren't supposed to have—a pistol, some skis and snowshoes, American Army uniforms, radio tubes, two tents, and a still, from which gushed a steady and heady stream of schnapps made out of fruit and sugar they saved from their meals. Not long after the 620th turned up, the prisoners secretly entertained an American soldier inside the stockade for a long weekend. The soldier was Maple, who spent three days there without the camp officials' being aware of it. Furthermore, one of the prisoners took an unauthorized and unnoticed three-day leave from Camp Hale, at New Year's, wearing an American uniform furnished him by two men of the 620th who were his hosts on the spree. The two men were Leonhard and an alien named Friedrich Wilhelm Siering, whose wife lived near the camp and who had a car. Their guest was a young corporal named Erhard Schwichtenberg, who had a yen to travel and was one of the two prisoners who later accompanied Maple when he made his break. The Sierings and Leonhard drove Schwichtenberg several hundred scenic miles through northwestern Colorado, put him up at a grubby hotel, entertained him at hamburger stands and beer joints, and gave him his first glimpse of a juke box in operation. Mrs. Siering was nervous the whole trip, and her husband and Leonhard were probably too busy keeping an eye out for trouble to enjoy themselves much, but Schwichtenberg had a fine time. "I have seen beautiful America," he said afterward to military authorities.

Most of the American soldiers at Camp Hale wore green herringbone

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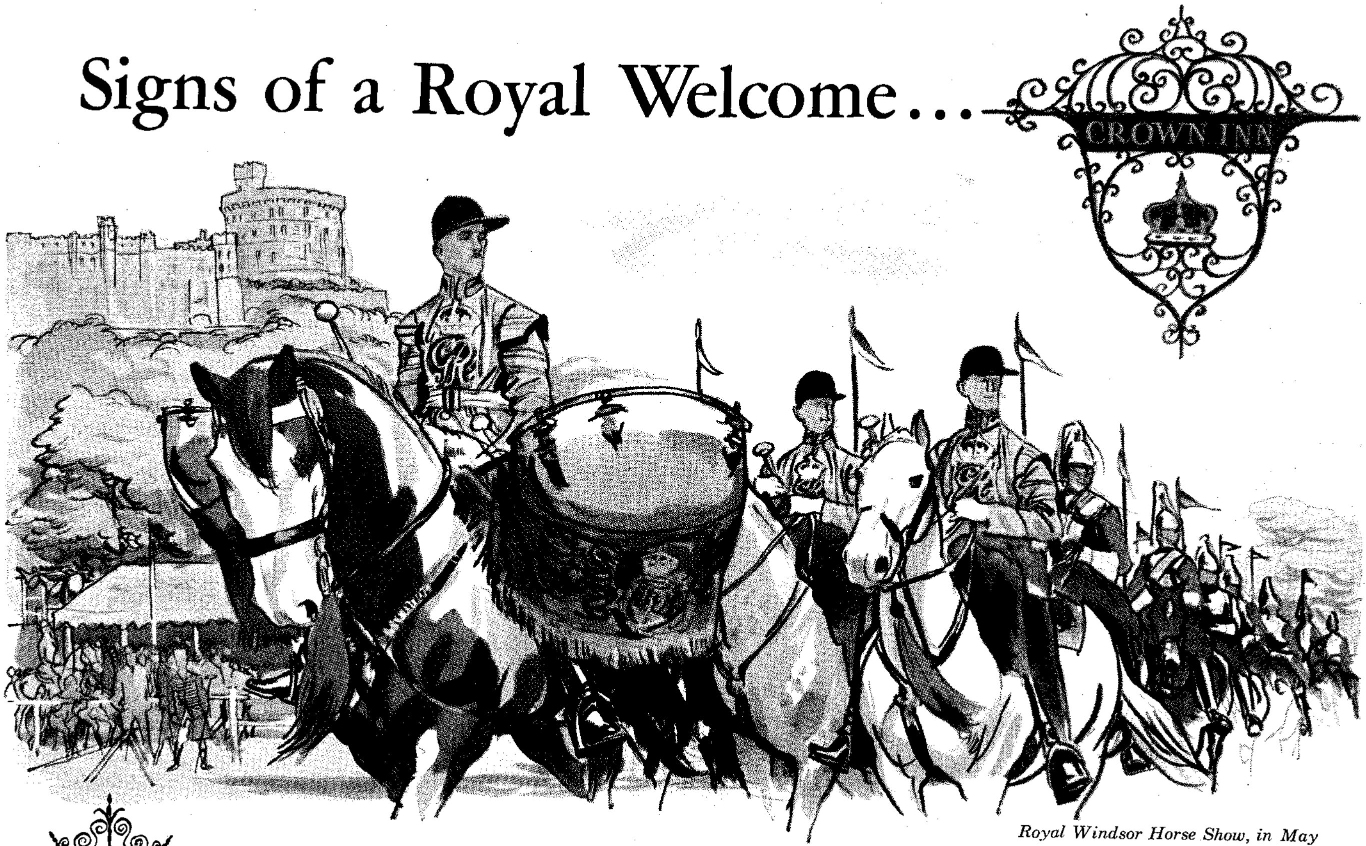

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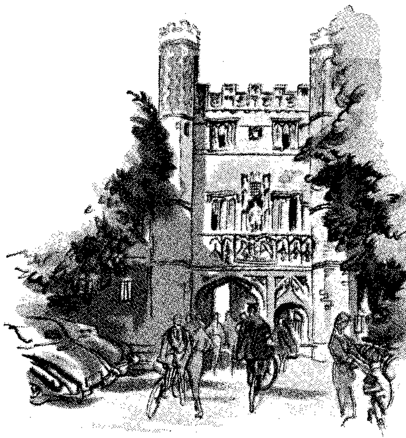

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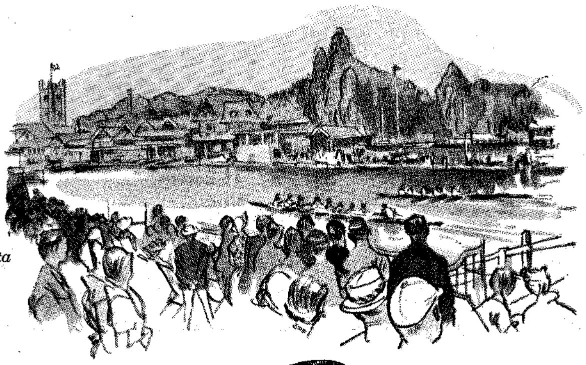

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uniforms while on fatigue duty. The 620th was issued blue fatigue clothes, a distinction that irritated the men, for the German prisoners were costumed the same way, although a "PW" was stencilled in white on their uniforms. The fact that the prisoners and men of the 620th had a good deal in common ideologically as well as sartorially became apparent to many of the other troops on the post, and they responded, in straightforward, soldierly fashion, by occasionally beating up a member of the special company. Men of the 620th retaliated in kind whenever the opportunity arose, and the atmosphere got rather tense. Their officers began to crack down on them. Leonhard was fined two-thirds of his pay for three months for saluting a prisoner-of-war officer. Only married men were now permitted to live off the post. When Maple, who fancied himself a legal expert, began organizing a defense for the seaman who had refused to obey orders, he was removed from his comparatively easy assignment as an electrician and given more arduous labor in a sawmill.

Almost as soon as they became acquainted with the prisoners at Camp Hale, Maple and his associates began revising the plans they had discussed in South Dakota, in order to make provision for new allies. The man who had conceived the idea of the guerrilla army, for instance, was overjoyed at the idea of swelling his insurrectionist ranks with two hundred hardened veterans of the Afrika Korps. Moreover, there were other potential recruits not far away. The 358th Quartermaster General Service Company was stationed at Camp Carson, less than a hundred and fifty miles distant. There were men in the 620th who had known men in the 358th, through the German-American Bund or other social groups, before the war, and the two outfits had already been in communication. A delegation from the 620th arranged to meet a delegation from the 358th in Denver one weekend. They held some informal staff talks in a hotel room—one man unfurled a swastika for appropriate décor, and then bought some champagne, in which Hitler was gravely toasted—and discussed joint action, but they didn't decide on anything. Meanwhile, the 620th men continued to mull over unilateral action. By now most of the plans had to do with deserting and simultaneously assisting a few of the prisoners toward freedom. But, for all the blustering and fuming, nobody except Dale Maple—with some aid from

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Kissman, Leonhard, and a couple of others—proved resolute enough to do anything. Maple had been preparing to make a move for quite a while (in December, he had guardedly written in a letter, "There is some reason for believing that I won't be here long"), and on February 15th he made it. He departed from camp without bidding many goodbyes, got behind the wheel of a battered old Reo sedan he had bought a couple of days earlier, took the two prisoners aboard just outside the camp, and set out for the Mexican border.

After Maple was caught, on February 18th, he stated, among other things, that his flight had been motivated by a selfless desire to call public attention to the existence of the 620th, which, as a loyal United States citizen and a conscientious soldier of the old Army, he considered an un-American and unmilitary institution. For a few days, the Army allowed some word of his case to get out, but the closest thing to a revelation of the kind of unit he was in was a description of him, in a Denver newspaper, as an "engineering corps soldier," which was not terribly close. Maple did succeed, however, in inspiring the Army to pay more attention to the 620th, and to the peculiar goings on at Camp Hale. A few hours after he was captured, a detachment of troops bristling with tommy guns and other weapons entered the barracks of the 620th and hauled off a dozen members of the group for questioning and, in the case of Kissman, Leonhard, and Siering, court-martial, conviction, and confinement. (Several of the men in the 620th had anticipated that Maple's departure would provoke violent repercussions, and as soon as he left, they had burned a number of papers of a conceivably awkward nature, such as maps of Central and South America, letters from Camp Carson, documents relating to the administration of the 620th stolen from the company commander's trash basket, and tables of organization for guerrilla forces.) As the camp authorities frantically cast their nets for soldiers whose dealings with the German prisoners had not been altogether soldierly, they came up with five Wacs who had been exchanging fond glances, words, letters, and whatnot with the prisoners. The Wacs were sentenced to the guardhouse for terms of up to six months. Upon learning of their punishment for their misdirected affections, the mother of one of them, a girl named Margie who had a

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

ALADDIN WAS A PIKER compared with some of our Upper Midwesterners when it comes to making fabulous wishes. But then I suppose anyone's imagination would run riot if he had this question tossed at him: "If you had your choice of the headline you'd most like to see in tomorrow's paper, what would it be?" My boss here at the Minneapolis Star and Tribune got a form letter the other day which posed that thought-provoker and he was so intrigued with the idea that he passed it on to our readers on the editorial page with the suggestion that they send in the headlines they would most like to read tomorrow. He also offered a few five dollar bills as prizes for the best headlines. We got headlines by the hundreds and what a fascinating insight into human longings they provided.

★

OF COURSE, THERE WERE THE INEVITABLE GAGSTERS who wanted to read about the discovery of "self-shoveling snow" or see a headline announcing that they had won the Irish Sweepstakes. But in general the headlines boiled down to three main groups. First there were those which pictured world political unity as the best news that could happen. Most interesting to me of that group were these two prize winners:

UNITED STATES OF WORLD CONSTITUTION RATIFIED
Democratic Government Assured; Armies Disbanded Except for International Police Units; Government Debts to Be Eliminated by Selling Atomic Power to Industries

RUSSIANS REVOLT; STALIN IN EXILE!
People's Party in Full Control, Asks U.N. Help in Drafting New Constitution Patterned After That of U. S.

SECOND BIGGEST GROUP OF HEADLINES were those which envisioned world unity in terms of Christian brotherhood. And a thought-provoking group that was, too . . . "Russia and Asia Swept by Christianity" . . . "Stalin Converted" . . . "Christ Returns to Earth" . . . Makes you stop and think a minute about what the world really does need. Still a third group of amateur headline writers pictured the elimination of disease and accident as the greatest boon that could come to man. Scores of imaginary headlines told of cures found for cancer and polio, or of magic drugs, making hearts and souls as well as bodies healthy.

★

YOU CAN EASILY SEE that this game of writing the headlines you would most like to see in tomorrow's paper is a fascinating one. You can argue that unless you happen to have a real live genie hanging around like Aladdin did, headline writing won't do much good, but it might help some of us decide just what we really do want. Try your hand at it, and if you get a headline you like, send one along to me. We've probably got a stray five dollar bill around that we can send on to you if your headline rings the bell with the boys in our ivory tower.

★

OF COURSE, OUR EDITORIAL PAGE DEPARTMENT isn't really an ivory tower, as this story proves. The headline writing contest is a good example of the efforts Minneapolis Star and Tribune editorial editors make to stimulate constructive thought and discussion of the world's problems among our readers. Unusual, thought-provoking ideas like this are among the reasons that the people of the Upper Midwest turn for leadership, guidance and mental stimulation to the best-read, best-liked newspapers of this prosperous four-state region—the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 470,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 590,000).

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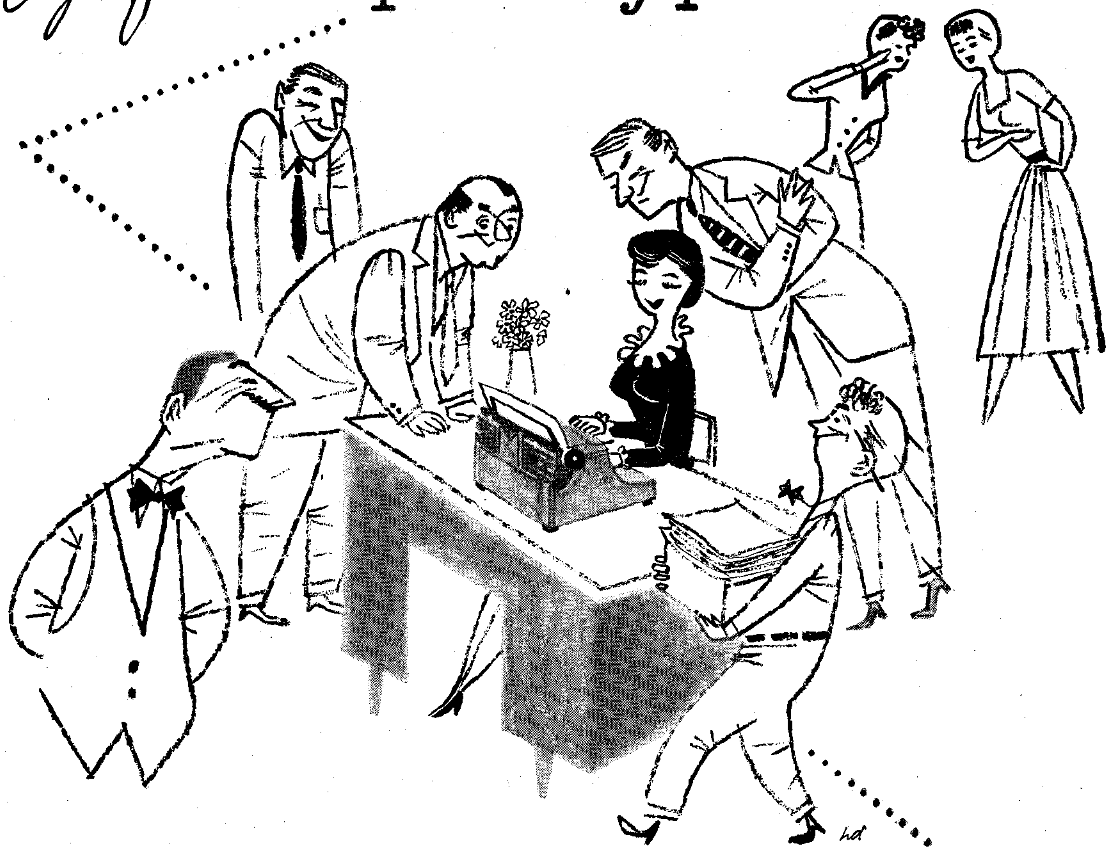

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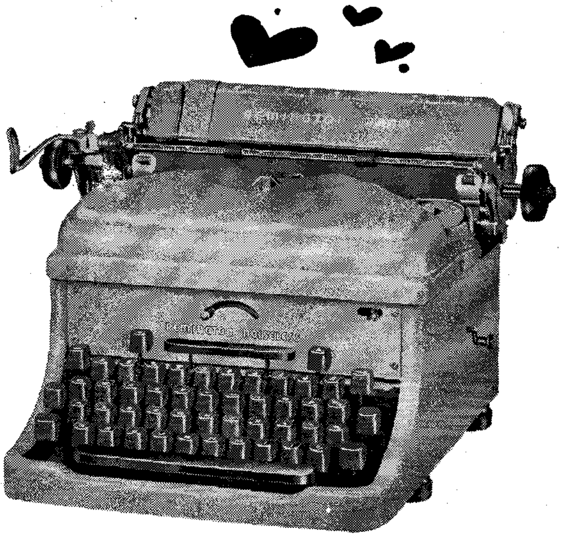

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husband in the Army, expressed the view that her daughter had been treated unchivalrously. "Margie's just a big, good-natured, red-headed girl who would set any camp in an uproar," she said.

Then the Army gave the 620th the new designation of Company A, 1800th Engineer General Service Battalion, and whisked it off to an isolated post at Bell Buckle, Tennessee, where it was attached to the rest of the 1800th. Company C turned out to be the 358th Quartermaster outfit from Camp Carson, and Company B the 525th Engineer General Service Company—the predominantly Japanese unit—which had been at Fort Leonard Wood, in Missouri. Thus were admirers of the three major Axis powers finally merged in one outfit of the American Army. The teamwork shortly displayed by members of the 1800th was perhaps better than that displayed by members of the Axis in any other arena of military activity. At a bar in the nearby town of Lebanon, one night, some soldiers from the battalion got into a heated political debate with some civilians. One of the civilians stabbed a German-American soldier with a knife, and a Japanese-American soldier promptly picked up the assailant, knife and all, and, in a remarkable demonstration of jujitsu and camaraderie, hurled him through a plate-glass door.

The 1800th spent most of its time repairing damage done to farms during Army maneuvers. More men joined it, including a colorful collection of native Americans. Among these were a few members of the Ku Klux Klan, two young men who had been leaders in the Christian Front, a fellow from Florida who had headed up a Fascist organization called the White Front, a schoolteacher from Pennsylvania who in teaching contemporary history and geography had relied on source material furnished him by Nazi propaganda agencies, and a lad from Michigan who, aspiring to be a minister, had prepared for that calling by apprenticing himself to an old, experienced clergyman, the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith. This young man, Lorence Asman, was, like Smith, interested in politics. In 1943, he had sent President Roosevelt a letter in which he said, "If you continue to destroy our wealth and our treasury, and if you continue to promote Jewish Communism, and if you continue to shed the innocent blood of our sons on foreign battlefields, then we, the 100,000,000 Christians of America, will rise up in righteous anger and tear

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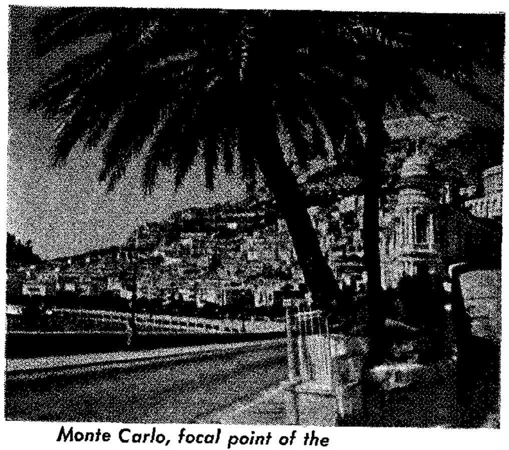

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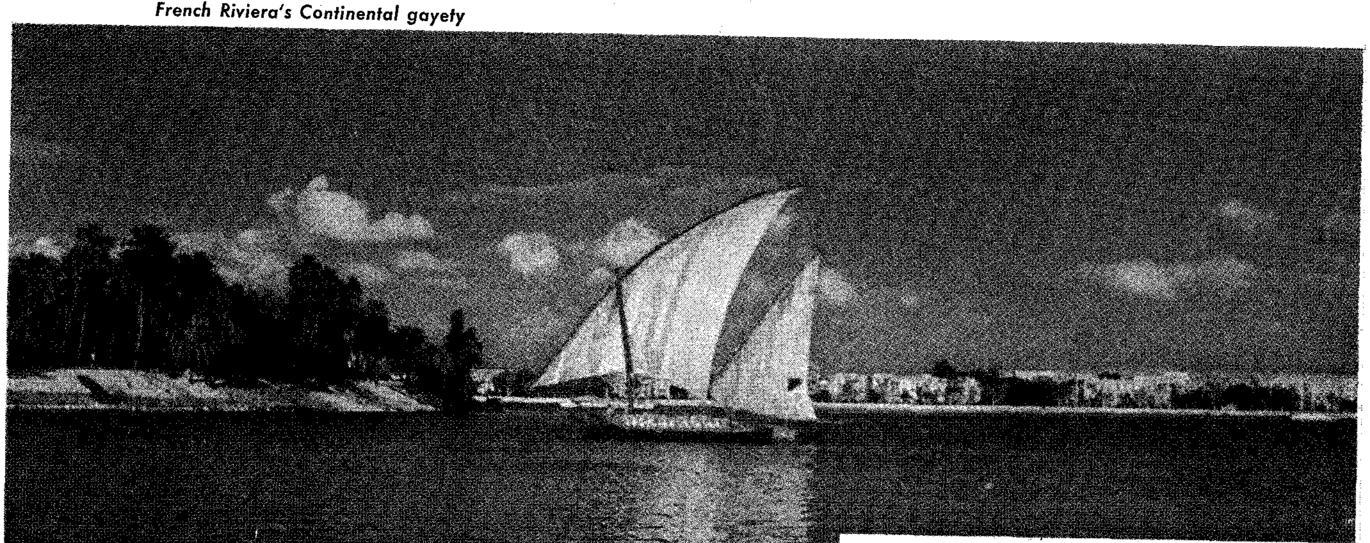

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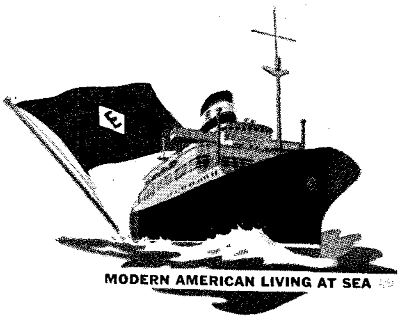
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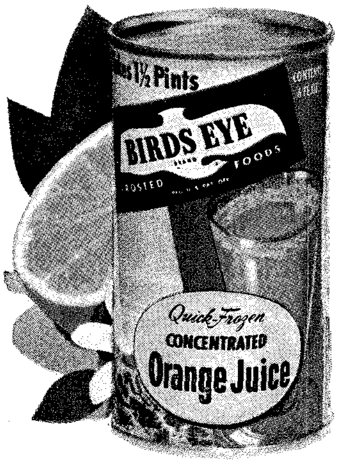

BIRDS EYE-
BOUND TO BE
BETTER!

down your tower of Babel and get you." Asman didn't think he belonged in the 1800th; he thought the Army should have assigned him to Military Intelligence.

Most of the men in the battalion were separated from the Army soon after V-J Day, and quite a few of them got blue discharges, which were neither honorable nor dishonorable but signified that the Army did not consider the recipients acceptable for reënlistment. In 1946, Asman, who had set himself up in Detroit as director of what he called the Christian Veterans Intelligence Bureau, made a determined but vain effort to get the Army to amend its estimate of those alumni of the 1800th who, like himself, had blue discharges, and to give them honorable, or white, papers instead. He wrote to all the ex-members of the battalion whose addresses he could obtain and advised them that two of the objectives of his Bureau, whose letterhead bore a portrait of George Washington, were "to expose the persecution suffered by America Firsters, Christian Fronters, and other anti-Communist elements during their loyal service in the U. S. Armed Forces—discrimination promoted by the disciples of Stalin in our midst," and to "vindicate the political victims of persecution camps like the late so-called '1800th Engineer Battalion,' whose soldiers, and officers, from all branches of the Army were segregated, criminally abused, and branded 'potentially subversive,' whose 'crimes' were alleged 'anti-Semitism,' dislike of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and activities against Communism." "The 1800th fight may seem small," Asman wrote, "but it involves the most dangerous issues of this era—Jewish treachery, Communist intrigue, and Roosevelt treason." In such manner, three years after Maple joined the 620th, did his associates finally get around to a realization of the seriousness of the crime of treason. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the third of a series of four articles.*)

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Adv. in the Bloomington* (*Ill.*) *Pantagraph*]

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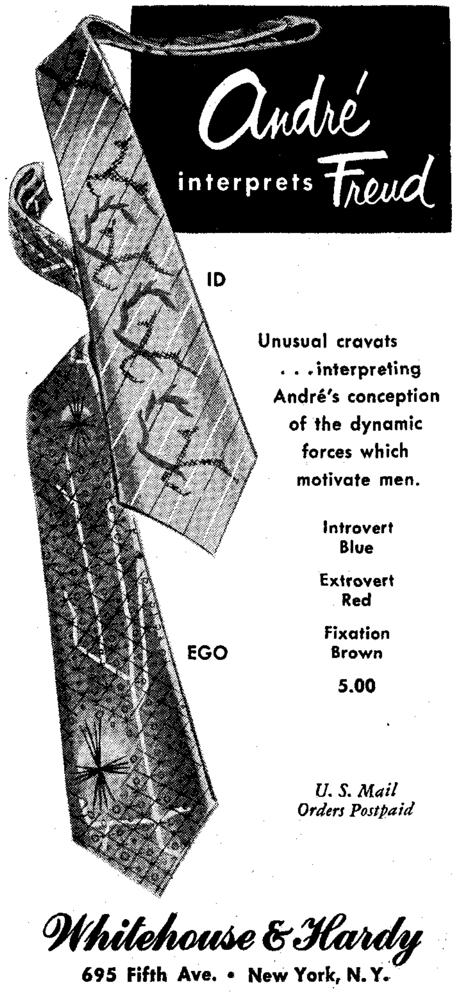
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MUSICAL EVENTS

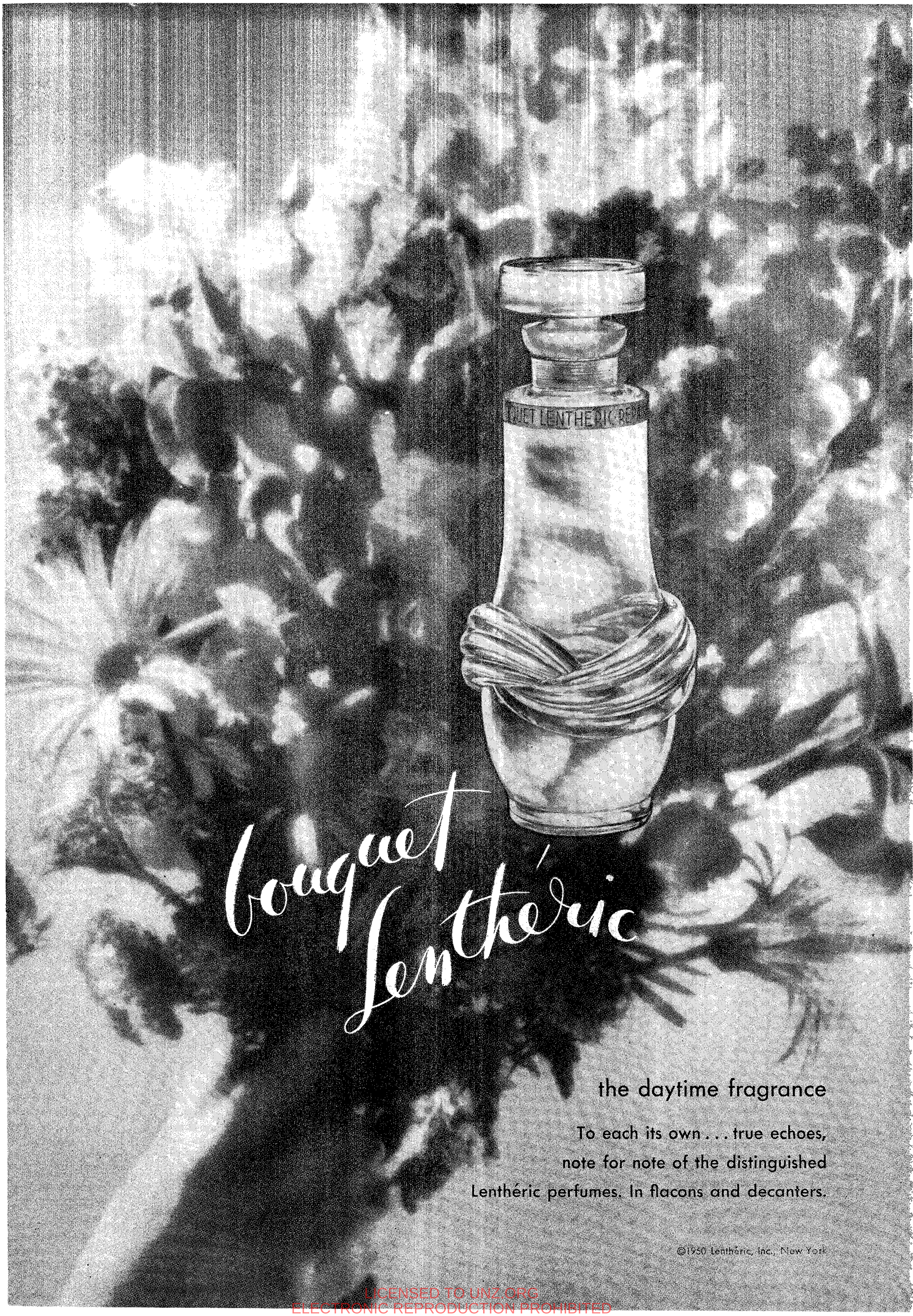
"The Consul"

"THE CONSUL," the musical drama that came to the Ethel Barrymore Theatre last week, is a history-making accomplishment. Although, as I see it, neither the book nor the music—both the work of Gian-Carlo Menotti, who also staged the piece—is of a very high order, they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera. By Broadway, I mean the popular theatre, into whose unstable lap "The Consul" has been dropped; and I am not forgetting Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," which was the first work in the genre to achieve a commercial success but which won popular favor on the strength of its fine show tunes, an enticement "The Consul" doesn't offer. The materialization of "The Consul" has the suddenness of a sort of coup, and that is one reason it's so exhilarating. In a field of more or less standard forms, a fresh theatrical quantity has been arrived at through artful arrangement and balance, and it has been presented in the simplest terms. Menotti set out to write a popular opera and he has done so. The libretto, though serviceable, is coarse in texture, and so is the music, but they have been synthesized into a work of art rather than merely an unsophisticated and patronizing theatrical production.

"The Consul" opens in a drab, characterless apartment in a city "somewhere in Europe." There is nobody onstage. A phonograph in some other flat is playing an insincerely seductive French love song. It continues for quite a while, in its dreamy and deceitful way—through one chorus and halfway through a second—until, abruptly, the door flies violently open and a wounded man stumbles in, knocks over a table, and crashes to the floor. The opening of the door is the signal for the record to stop and for the orchestra to take over with an alarming roll of drums and some baleful chords, and we're off, the drama has begun. The man is a member of the underground in a police state, and he has been found out and almost caught. He has fled home to his wife, their infant child, and his mother, but he can't stay there. He hides when the secret police come to look for him, and after they've gone, he leaves to cross the border into a friendly country, first telling his wife to go to that country's local consulate, obtain an entrance visa, and join him in the new land. The rest of the work, shifting between the consulate and the home, details the wife's futile attempts to force the indifferent and maddeningly complex machinery of the consulate to keep pace with the rapidly mounting tensions of her personal life. Watched by the police, in the event that her husband, who can supply them with the names of his accomplices, should return or get in touch with her, she goes to the consulate day after day, becoming more and more despondent as first her sickly child and then her mother-in-law die. Finally, when she learns that her husband is resolved to come back to her, thereby jeopardizing himself and the other members of the underground, she goes home, turns on the gas, and sticks her head in the oven, not knowing that her husband has been captured a few moments earlier.

There are extraordinary concentration and power in this grim piece. The music comes forward to be admired in its own right only a few times; whenever it does, it is less notable for its beauty and originality than it is for its appositeness, its ability to underline a mood established by the words or to define character. To cite a couple of examples: a poor Italian woman applying for a visa to visit her sick daughter tells her story in a Puccini-like aria that envelops her in an aura of sweet lyricism; and a dapper magician, also bent on leaving the country, boasts of his artistry to the creamy measures of an extravagant waltz. The consul himself never appears. He is represented by a young woman, a secretary-receptionist, who shoves questionnaires at the applicants and who is weary of their being so numerous and of the similarity of their problems. The wife and, next to her, the secretary are the most important characters, and they are excellently interpreted by Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane, respectively. Miss Neway, a tall, bony-faced, and handsome woman, is particularly satisfying.

Menotti's great and unusual talent is his faculty for thinking unerringly in the special terms of his medium, in which words are inseparable from music. (Only a few lines in the entire text are spoken.) All his ideas are musico-dramatic ideas. Thus, "The Consul" has a unity often missing in greater operas, in which somebody's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personal musical style is superimposed on somebody else's words. He is a remarkably well-integrated composite of librettist and composer, his thoughts always lying exactly where their two functions meet. Since he is principally concerned with relating a story, he uses whatever musical devices seem to him to drive his points home most tellingly. "The Consul," therefore, lacks any identifying musical style. Countless other composers have written more worthy music in each of the moods and manners Menotti employs, but few have met the requirements of the stage so aptly and economically. "The Consul" is not an intellectual work; it is a lurid, emotional one. It even seems trashy at times, in its unblushing appeal to the emotions and in its use of theatrical tricks, but then so are half the operas that have ever been written. Menotti exhibits in "The Consul," as he did in "The Medium," a special gift for the macabre. He gives it a wide play in his latest work, in two dream sequences and in a hypnosis scene. It is, except, perhaps, for a modest comic gift, his only individual trait in his chosen field, and in this instance it is not too attractive, cleverly as he uses it, for there is something impure and decadent about it that works against the simple truth of his story. In "The Consul," at any rate, the macabre touches, however fascinating, cheapen the nobility of his characters.

Menotti has staged his opera with a sure hand, and has made his singers appear to be extremely effective actors and actresses. It is obvious that, possibly aside from Marie Powers, who plays the mother-in-law, none of the performers is an experienced actor, but what they have been given to do has been ingeniously worked out, and the result is a smooth, cohesive performance. I admired the work of Andrew McKinley, as the magician; Cornell MacNeil, who played the husband; Maria Marlo, as the Italian woman; and Leon Lishner, as the chief police agent. I also thought that Horace Armistead's two settings were admirable, and that the orchestra, conducted by Lehman Engel, performed amazingly well.

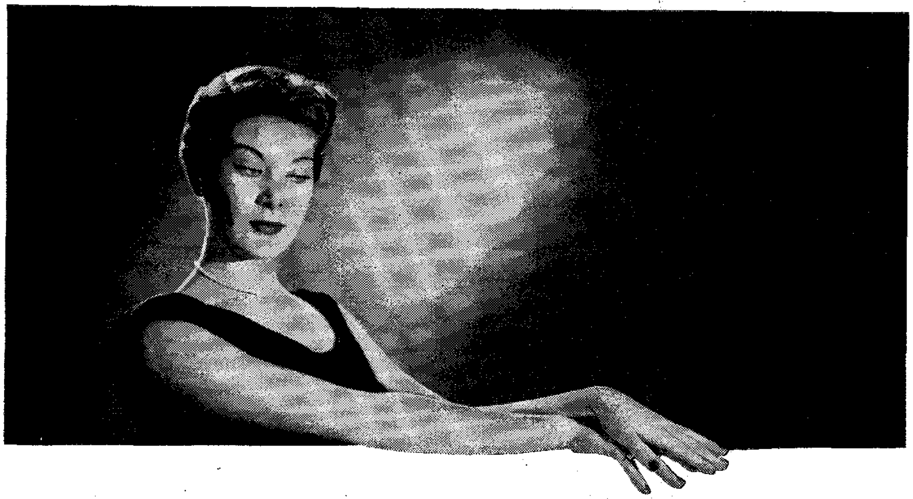
Menotti is a new kind of man around the theatre. It's probably too bad that he's not a more original thinker, but still there's nobody else quite like him.

—Douglas Watt

•

William Howard Taft was the first president of the United States.—*Iron River (Mich.) Reporter.*

Next question.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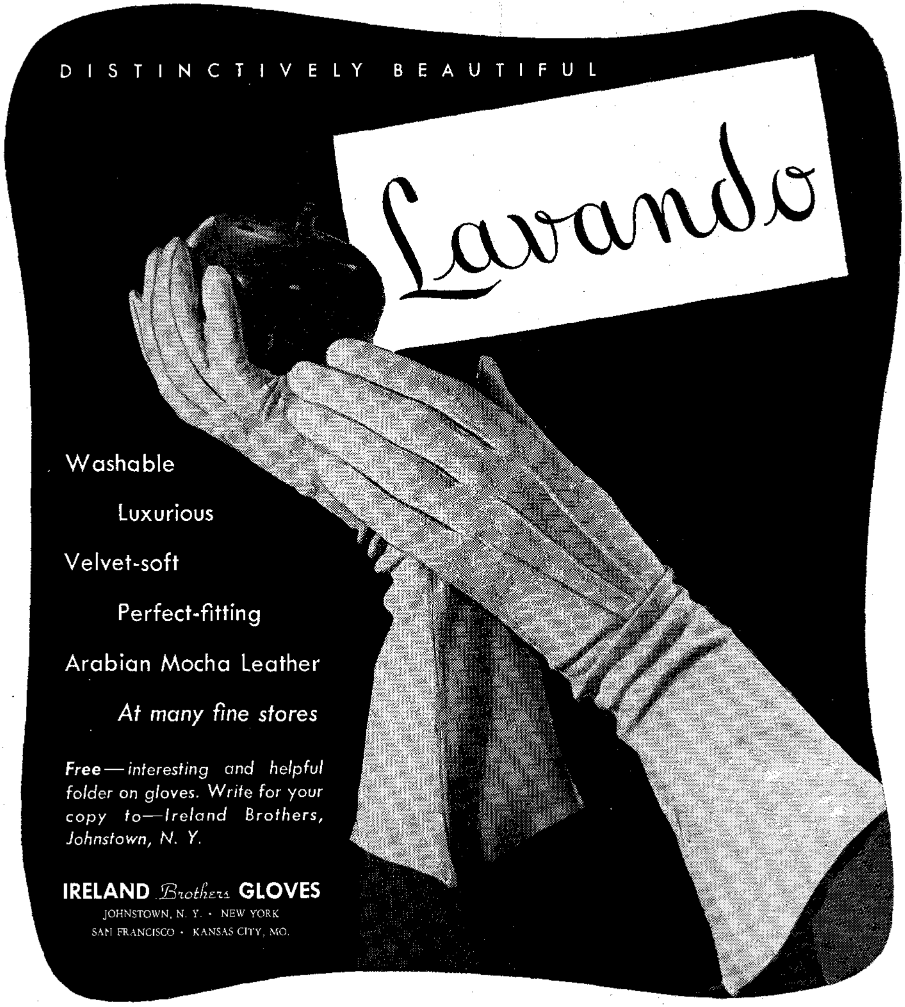

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OF ALL THINGS

IN his speech at Berkeley, California, Secretary Acheson told the Russians how easy it would be to end the cold war. All they have to do is repent of their Seven Deadly Sins.

•

The Soviet Union has proudly announced that the Communist Party vote in the recent election was well over ninety-nine per cent. It is believed that the comrades have broken the purity record previously held by Ivory soap.

•

The Belgian plebiscite on the return of King Leopold didn't settle the matter, after all. It seems that the people invited His Majesty to come home but neglected to say "cordially."

•

President Truman has assured our citizens that information given to the census-taker will not be used against them in any way. The man only wants to get your number.

•

The Chinese are suffering from a terrible famine, just as they did so often during the Nationalist regime. You would hardly notice that the place is under new management.

•

Congress is worrying a great deal about the huge surpluses of farm products. There is talk of amending the Anderson Law, and possibly even the law of supply and demand.

•

Health conditions have improved substantially during the past week. The President has recovered from his seasickness and the taxpayers from their serious attack of Form 1040.

•

We now have further evidence of the spread of the gambling evil. The city of New York is betting fifty thousand dollars that scientists can make it rain.

•

The Treasury reports an alarming increase in moonshining and bootlegging, there is a land boom in Florida, and Abd-el-Krim is acting up in North Africa. In short, our past has caught up with us once more.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE RACE TRACK

Derby Colt

THERE is practically no limit to how far this department will go to look at a horse. Last week, for example, I went down to Virginia to see Hill Prince, and though it is always rash to predict anything about racing, I venture to say that he may be our best three-year-old. Naturally, I have his last year's form in mind. After all, he won six out of seven starts, and was second the time he didn't win. Also, it would be hard to forget his long run through the stretch to take the Cowdin Stakes. But I guess I would like him even if I had never heard of him before. Perhaps it's the way he does things. Horsemen have their own superlative for such an animal—"He never takes a wrong step."

If Christopher T. Chenery, who owns Hill Prince, has done nothing else, he has proved that it isn't essential for a colt being prepared for the spring classics to be trained at the winter tracks or in the fashionable Carolinas. Early last autumn, Hill Prince was sent to The Meadow, the Chenery farm near Doswell, not far from Richmond. There he was turned out in a six-acre paddock, where he could romp and roll from morning till night, which he did. On January 3rd, he was put in active training. By and large, the early handling of any racer follows a long-established routine, much of which is a humdrum walk, jog, and canter business, not worth the bother of trying to describe in detail. Early this month, Hill Prince was sent along a bit faster in his gallops over the mile track on the grounds, and the other morning, when I was at The Meadow, he had a full-dress trial.

Together with three other colts of his own age, he did a turn and a half of the track at half speed, to warm up, and broke into a run at the three-quarter pole. For nearly half a mile, he went along easily with his companions; then, in a dozen or so strides, he scooted into a long lead. He did six furlongs in a minute and fourteen seconds. What impressed me more than his speed was the smoothness of his action. No doubt about it, he's fit and ready to run. Now if he is only lucky, all will be well.

Hill Prince is handsomer than he was last season, and then I thought he was the best-looking colt of his age. He has grown—he is a shade over sixteen hands high—and has filled out in all the right places, but he is so well proportioned that you have no idea how big and powerfully muscled he is till you stand close beside him. His coat has the sheen that comes from good conditioning, and there is considerably more hair in his tail than there was last autumn. Last summer, as you may not know, his tail started shedding all at once, and kept on until it looked as though mice had been at it. Now it is short and fuzzy, like that of a weanling, or like those new hairdos all the women are wearing. Chances are that after Hill Prince wins a couple of races, seventeen sportswriters are going to call him Mr. Short Tail.

Stable plans are, of course, subject to change, but at the moment Casey Hayes, who trains Hill Prince, intends to bring him to Belmont Park this weekend and start him at Jamaica in the Experimental Free Handicap No. 1, on April 5th; in the Experimental Free Handicap No. 2, ten days later; and in the Wood Memorial, on April 22nd. After that, he will be shipped to Churchill Downs, where he may have a winding-up gallop in the Derby Trial before he runs in the Kentucky Derby, on May 6th. Incidentally, Arcaro will ride Hill Prince at Jamaica, but he hasn't made up his mind about the Derby. He has a number of offers, and, obviously, he's going to take the mount who looks most likely to win. If he should pick Hill Prince, it would be all right with me. Arcaro or not, I fancy Hill Prince's chances—and don't think I'm laying claim to any distinction in this; even the bookmakers like him. He's their third choice, at 10–1, in the opening line of Derby odds. Oil Capitol is the favorite, at 7–2, a short price, if you ask me. (Speaking of Oil Capitol, a trainer who is as observant as any I know said the other day, "He's a very fast horse, but I watched him in the Flamingo Stakes and he was bearing out a little all through the last furlong of the race, as though something might be hurting him.")

Hill Prince is easy to handle. He is good-tempered and willing, sleeps a lot, and has no phobias or parlor tricks. He eats heartily—quantities of hay and such, and he dotes on carrots, but he has never had a lump of sugar in his life. The Chenery stable doesn't believe in sweets. Well, neither does Calumet.

The setup for training at The Meadow couldn't be better. The track is shaped like that at old Horse Haven, at Saratoga, but runners can step along over it as fast as they can at Jamaica, or at the training track at Belmont. The soil is sandy loam, which makes a cushioned surface that can't be beat, and it drains quickly. It was raining the morning I walked over it, and there wasn't a puddle in sight. Hill Prince didn't miss a day outdoors all winter, because the weather was good, but if it hadn't been, he could have been transferred to an enclosed circular training shed, in which he could have galloped at a fair clip.

As you would expect, all the people at the farm are pretty excited about and proud of their Derby colt. Especially Bryan Gentry, the manager of The Meadow stud, who remembers what an unconscionable time Hill Prince took being foaled. Gentry, who assists at such things, says it was almost three hours. Hill Prince is quite a hero to the countryside, and on workdays a crowd is always out to watch him gallop. Virginians haven't had such a horse to cheer about in more than twenty years.

I was so taken with Hill Prince that I can, I fear, do only indifferent justice to the other members of Mr. Chenery's string. Altogether, there are twenty-four horses, most of them two-year-olds. My pick of the young stock is a bay colt named Tripoli, by Bossuet, who ran so gallantly for the Belair Stud half a dozen years ago.

THERE hasn't been a spate of racers from the Argentine lately, as there was some time back. Trainers say the beasts take too long to acclimatize and school to our way of racing. An exception is Chicle II, who won the Gulfstream Park Handicap at Gulfstream Park on Saturday. Last autumn, a Florida doctor, taking a flutter in horseflesh at Buenos Aires, purchased Chicle II for around $2,500, a fair price for a colt who hadn't won a race. The first time Chicle II ran in this country was in a claiming race at Tropical Park last December, and he was bought out of it for $7,500 by the Palatine Stable. It was thought then that the doctor had done all right on the deal. However, in January, Chicle II got good, as the horsemen say, and since then he has won six of his last seven starts, and $34,000 in prize money. Curiously, the only time he was beaten in this period was by Wynford II, another Argentine. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Termites, when eaten, are said to taste like roasted chestnuts.—*Binghamton (N.Y.) Press.*

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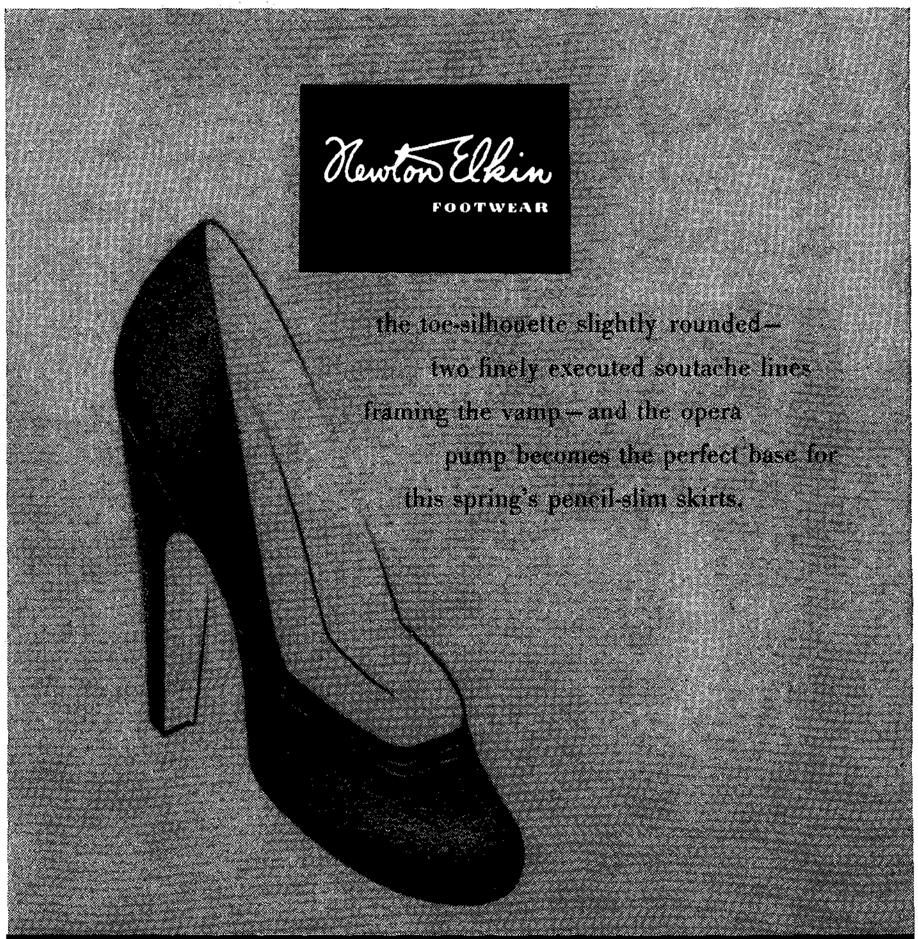
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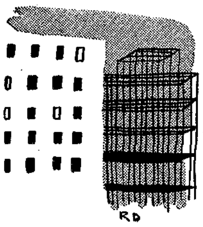

DURING the past year there has been an eruption of tall office buildings in midtown Manhattan. Once more, office buildings, at least those under thirty stories high, are profitable investments, or, at all events, a lot of people seem to think so. To an old New Yorker such an outbreak is quite commonplace, and it is a shock to realize that except for Rockefeller Center and the postwar Universal Pictures Building, at Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh, these are almost the first tall office buildings to go up in New York in twenty years. Twenty years is a long time, and architecture everywhere has advanced rapidly in that span. Naturally, this spate of construction makes one wonder how much New York has learned in that time—whether the people of the city now understand the forces that are making Manhattan unlivable, whether investors and builders have contemplated the limited achievements of Rockefeller Center and considered how far they are prepared to go beyond it. The answer is that nobody seems to have learned anything. The new skyscrapers are being built by people who reason like the mud wasp; their chain reflexes will not let them do anything their ancestors have not done a thousand times before. Fortunately for the mud wasp, his humble dwelling is still habitable; unfortunately for New Yorkers, the skyscrapers they persist in building will ultimately ruin the city almost as effectively as any H-bomb.

Let us examine in detail three of the new crop of buildings—the one at the northeast corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, which I shall call Buff, after the color of its brick facing; the white whale of a building, No. 488, that raises its hump over the west side of Madison Avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Street; and the Crowell-Collier Building, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. Like the Universal Pictures and the McGraw-Hill Buildings, Buff and 488 differ from the skyscrapers of the boom period in that they stress horizontal and not vertical lines; none of these buildings was conceived, to recall Louis Sullivan's famous description of the skyscraper, as a "proud and soaring thing." The continuous window without any visible columns or walls to interrupt its flow was first used, if memory does not betray me, by Eric Mendelsohn in his design for the Schocken department store in Chemnitz, Germany, a generation ago. That façade carried a step further Hans Poelzig's robust treatment of a Breslau office building in 1912. When the interior of an office or a factory is so shallow that sunlight can penetrate its full depth, there is good reason for using this system of fenestration. In the case of Buff and 488, strip windows are used apparently just because they are fashionable; after all, these buildings are so deep that sunlight cannot completely penetrate, and they have to rely upon artificial lighting at all hours of the day. The one good reason for using this type of window in such structures has been ignored. Kahn & Jacobs, in their design for the Universal Pictures Building, excellently expounded that reason. Using the narrow columns in the frames of their strip window for vertical support, these architects did away with bulky columns in or near the outer wall. This permits a most flexible use of floor space, since partitions may be placed almost at will. Neither Buff nor 488 takes advantage of this innovation in construction. The supporting columns from which the floors are cantilevered out are only a couple of feet from the windows, and the floor space is even less adaptable than it would be if the designers had kept to the old-fashioned practice of placing big supporting columns in the outer walls. Unless the strip window is a building's major source of light and air, there is nothing in particular to be said in favor of using it instead of more conventional fenestration; in this city of torrid summer temperatures, the balance is a little on the side of the latter. The one thing that can be said for the strip windows of Buff and 488 is that they seem to have tempted the architects to turn their corners with a curve rather than a right angle. But why this aesthetic effect should appeal to hard-headed businessmen I do not know, since it causes them to lose a small yet appreciable amount of floor space at the most valuable part of a building, where the light and ventilation come from two sides. The strip window also can have a tricky optical effect, one that was first noticeable some years ago in the McGraw-Hill Building and that is quite plain in 488: While 488's topmost setback, which houses the elevator and air-conditioning machinery, is rather

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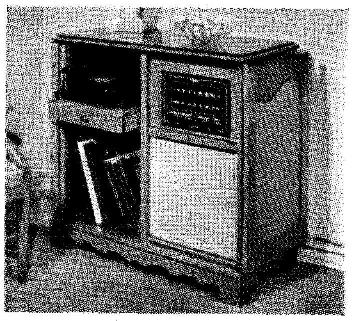

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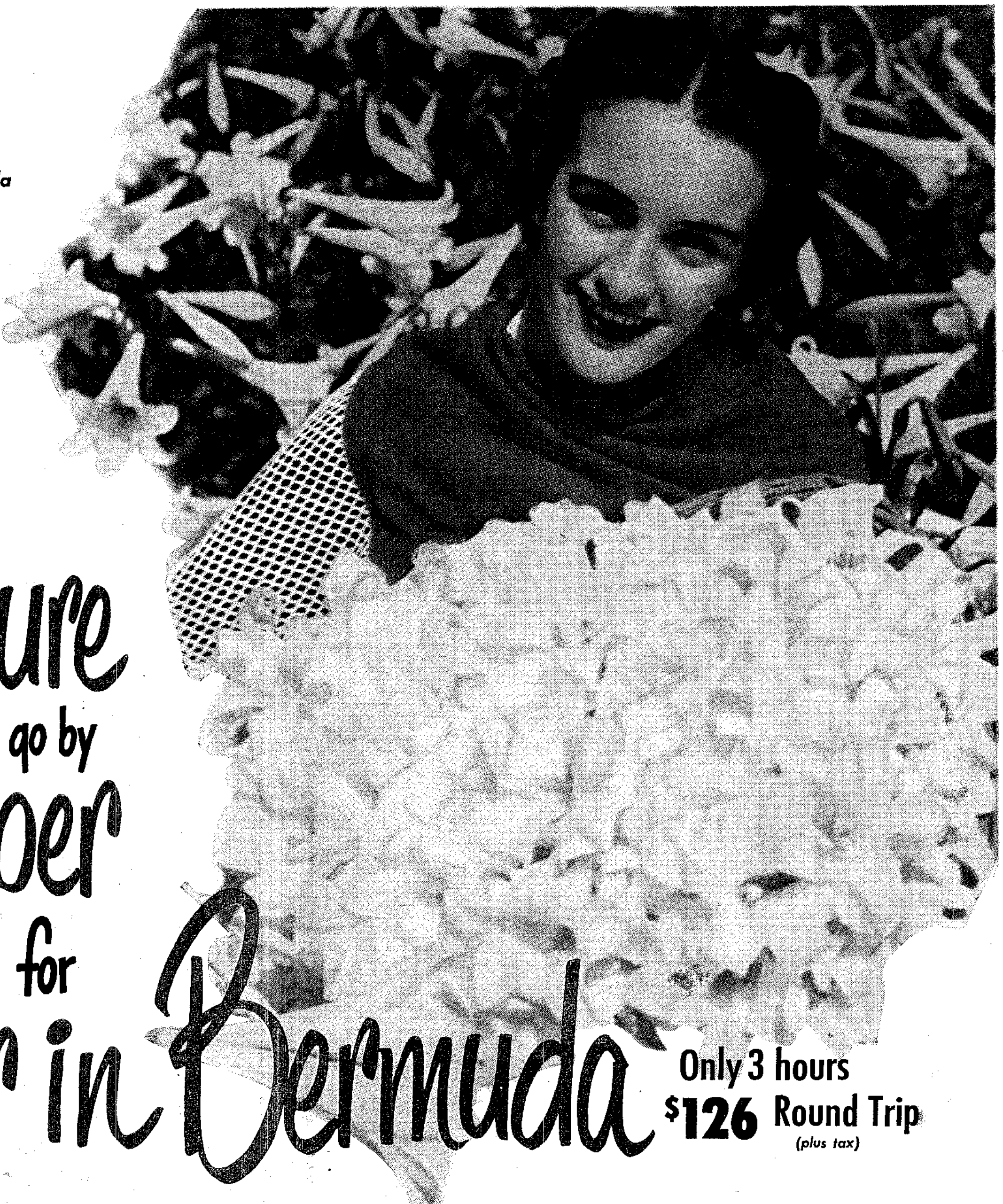

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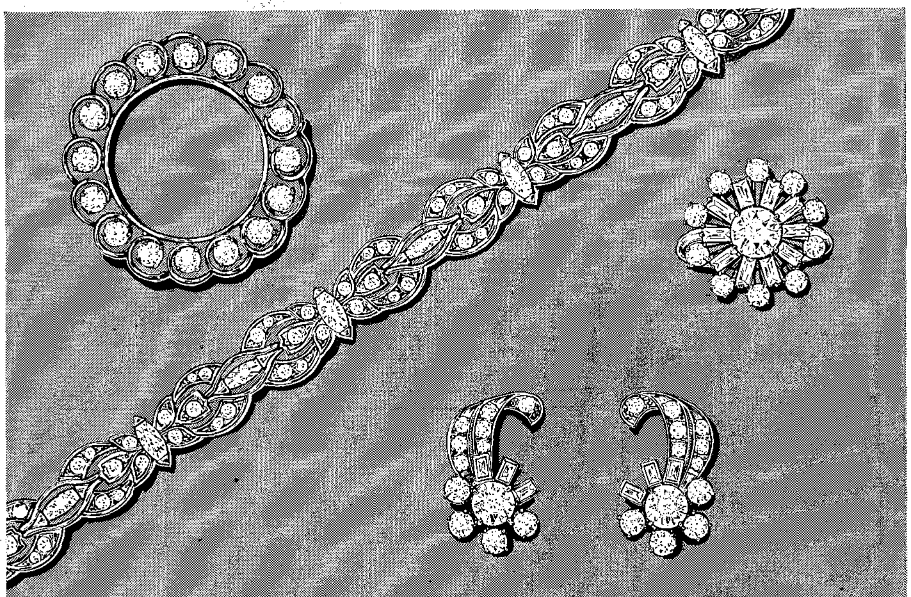
PAN AMERICAN World's Most Experienced Airline well done, the strip window beneath creates the illusion that the setback is leaning over. Happily, the building offers some photogenic passages in compensation. On the Fifty-first Street side, the smooth black-and-white walls break into a series of setbacks; visually, these curving waves of black and white dash against the smooth, unbroken rear walls of Best's. In bright sunlight, the effect is exhilarating, but like so many good subjects for photography, it is almost innocent of architectural intention. If there were no zoning restrictions to establish setbacks, the façade would have been unbroken.

Externally, as a piece of metropolitan stage decoration, 488 is "clean," unlike most of the city's skyscrapers between 1908 and 1931, or from the Singer Building to the Irving Trust Company. But that mere absence of insipid or irrelevant detail, which in the mid-twenties would have been a triumph, is by now a minimal requirement of large-scale urban architecture. The architect has thoughtfully used for contrast with his continuous glass windows smooth horizontal bands of cream-white brick rather like the brick used in the neighboring Best's, and he has most delicately underlined the horizontal accent by inserting two bands of headers—bricks laid with their ends showing—for the bond. He has, I think, carried the principle of unity too far by employing for the lowest band of masonry, above the big show windows of the ground floor, a granite of almost the same tone and textural reticence as the brick. Here a treatment much richer in color or texture might have been used to separate the great mass of 488 from its base. Verdict: a good architect pitted against a problem of site incapable of a sound organic solution.

THE Crowell-Collier Building is another matter. It is indecisive in aesthetic intention, confused and contradictory in detail, lacking in visual relation to its Rockefeller Center neighbors, and embellished (over its side entrance) with some extremely depressing ornamental sculpture. I have looked at this building repeatedly without discovering what the designers were doing, or even what they thought they were doing. The base of the building is dedicated to the National City Bank: great oblong upright windows, opening on a very spacious interior—an interior that is classicism without Corinthian columns, dignity "humanized" by some insipidly colossal and colossally insipid wall paintings, of the kind indigenous to insurance calendars and banks. The architects are



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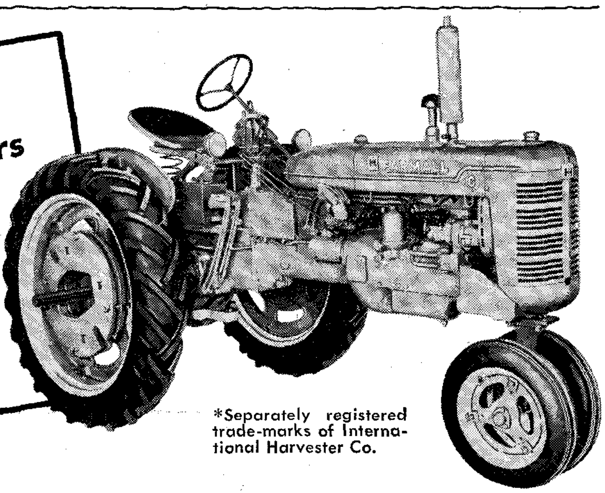

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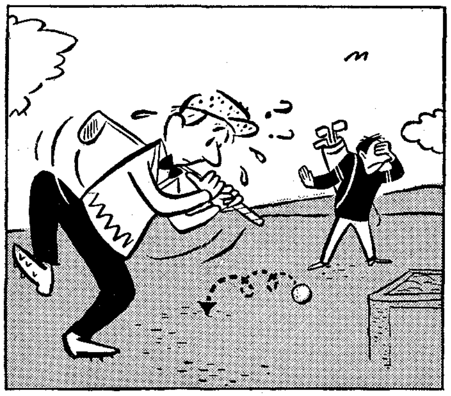

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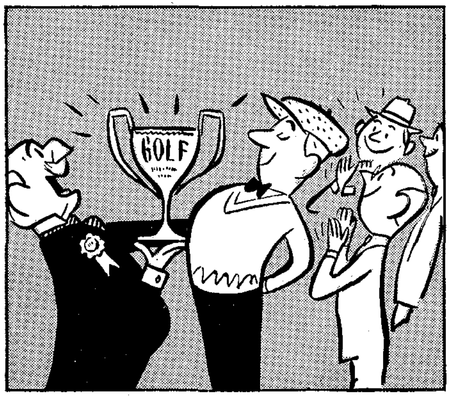

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not to blame for these last embellishments, but they are nevertheless in keeping with the side-entrance sculpture.

Viewed a few blocks away, from the south, the profile of the building is rather handsome, but its planes and setbacks seem all awry when approached from the east. The facing is a fine-grained limestone, almost smooth enough to be called marble. At certain points, the blocks are shaped and laid to emphasize the horizontal, but the uprights between some of the window panels are carved to emphasize the vertical. This aesthetic indecision characterizes the whole structure. The best feature of the Crowell-Collier Building is probably the lobby—smooth, unostentatious, wholly consistent. In sum, this building is an example of eclecticism without conviction. In attempting to reconcile the traditional and the modern, it has managed to combine the saddest features of each.

BUT my most serious objections to these buildings are not aesthetic objections, and the blame does not lie with their architects. These buildings fail as sound architecture, philosophically speaking, because their builders committed themselves to an obsolete program of land development based upon getting hold of a few lots, originally plotted for single-family residences, and covering them completely with buildings designed to afford the maximum possible amount of rentable space. That is the formula that produced New York's present chaos, and though it still seems to suit the investors it has become a headache for everyone else. As long as land values are what they are in the midtown section, there is no way of making a fresh start; in fact, no one investor can afford to do anything but what he is now doing. Unfortunately, every new building that follows this obsolete pattern imposes new burdens upon the city as a whole: traffic delays, increased cost of delivering goods, higher taxes to pay for all the fresh engineering palliatives that must be introduced to repair the immediate effects of congestion without ever bringing about a cure—in short, economic waste and human frustration. Inevitably, some drastic step must be taken to nullify the damage that is being done. Our zoning and heights-of-buildings regulations are almost farcical because of their failure to deal with the acute problems of overbuilding, but their existence has long lulled people into thinking that something has in fact been done. There are no effective laws to restrain builders and

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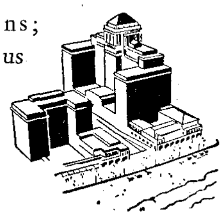

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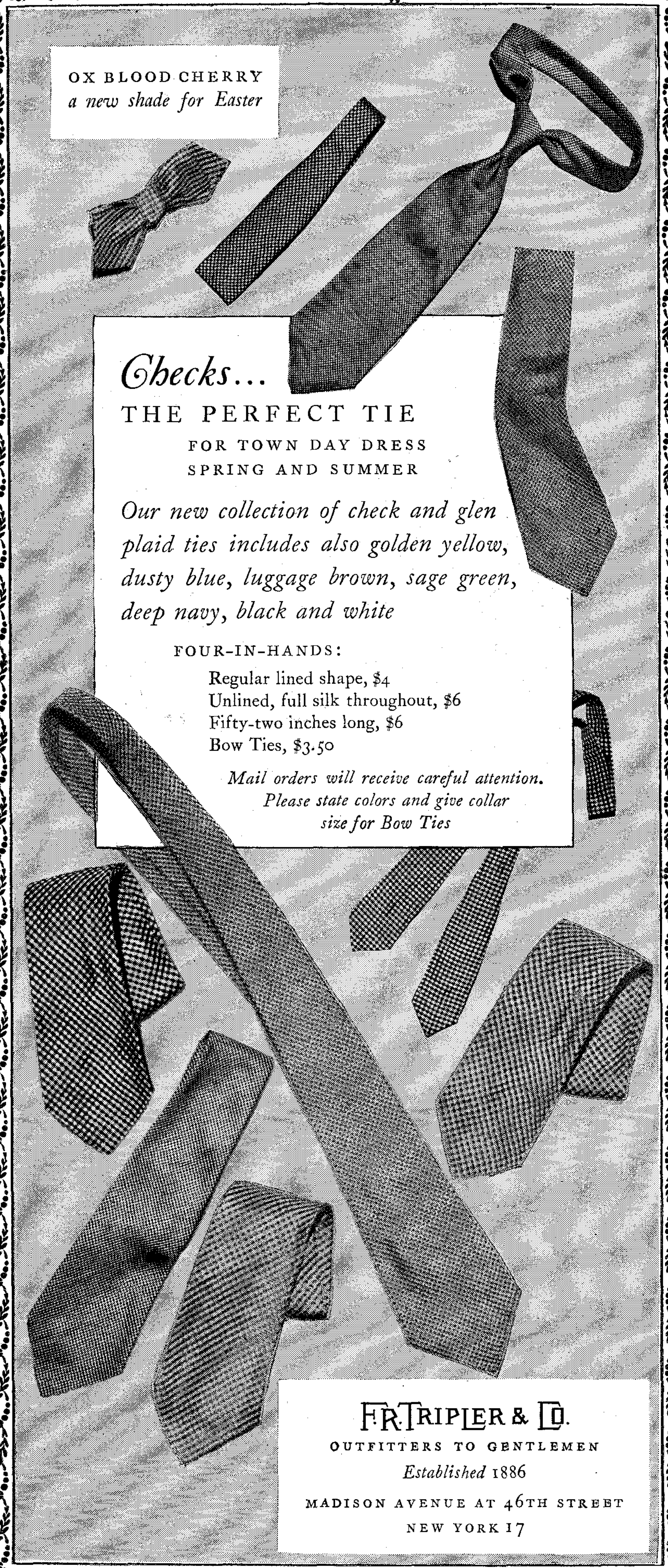
investors from overcrowding the land; the City Planning Commission, though it has the legal power to control heights, can in practice do this properly only where land values are low, and it hardly makes more than a pretense of doing it anywhere. The city's whole tax structure is based on congested densities and high land values, so the city, no less than the investor, is caught in a vicious circle of our own making. Furthermore, there has been no private or public effort to assemble parcels of land the size of Rockefeller Center on which an efficient group of office buildings, more conducive to successful business as well as to successful architecture, could be erected. Only the mud-wasp mind has been working. The result is neither architecture nor civic order.

If we wish to keep traffic from complete coagulation in Manhattan, we shall have to impose strict limitations on the height and plot coverage of all future office buildings. They may, perhaps, have to be less than ten stories, at least along the midtown streets. The place for new office groups is on the outskirts of our overcrowded business districts, in the derelict areas east of Third Avenue, west of Eighth Avenue, and south of Washington Square. The City Planning Commission has always had some able men, but as a body it has lacked the courage and the imagination to buck the tide that is rapidly undercutting the foundations of the city. The Commission should ask the state legislature for the power to condemn land for business purposes, and it should then replan the proper sections of town expressly for office buildings of the proper height and size. This would do more to overcome the strangulation of its activities than a dozen Robert Moseses pushing through a dozen more super-colossal arterial highways.

In the midtown area, between eleven in the morning and six in the evening, it is often quicker to walk anywhere than to take a taxi or bus. If the custom of overloading the land with twenty- and thirty-story skyscrapers persists, even walking will be reduced to the best speed one can now achieve on Broadway during the theatre rush—a mile an hour. Though there has been little construction of buildings for twenty years, the multiplication of motorcars has been enough to bring on a creeping paralysis, and now that this congestion is being aggravated by a series of new office buildings in mid-Manhattan, the grim end is in sight. As the city nears strangulation, because of the congestion of its streets, the overcrowding of



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its transit lines, and the lack of off-street parking space, our builders are cheerfully tightening the hangman's noose by creating buildings that not only augment the traffic on the streets they abut but do not provide any off-street parking space for the vehicles of their occupants and visitors.

Some weeks ago, in these columns, I pointed out a minor example of intelligent long-term planning and canny business acumen—the Parke-Bernet Galleries Building, owned by the City Investing Company. Our midtown business district desperately needs an even bolder and more imaginative approach. Instead, someone will soon be tearing down the Ritz to supplant it with a temporarily more profitable office building—replacing a fine hotel in the right place with a plethora of offices in the wrong place. That process will go on until the citizens of New York decide that they must begin planning for their own survival. —LEWIS MUMFORD

●

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*Letter received by a doctor in Malden, Mass., from a pharmaceutical firm in New York, N. Y.*]

Dear Doctor:

Time and again after lunch I stroll for a few blocks around some of New York's midtown streets, many of which just teem with human interest. I have a special yen for soapbox orators. I even heard Trotsky years ago.

The other day I came across one on 14th Street who was quite entertaining. Just what his harangue was about was not apparent to me but it had to do with politics because several times he shouted, "I'm not a Commie; I'm a different kind of a 'Red'—a red-blooded American."

It is my conviction that regardless of political differences, our people will always remain red-blooded Americans at heart. Incidentally, the term, red-blooded, reminds me that at this particular time of the year the blood of a goodly number of your patients may not be quite as red as it should be. These virus infections that seem to be fairly prevalent everywhere apparently cause a drop in hemoglobin.

If you are not already prescribing Hemosules 'Warner,' you are . . .

●

That the Cub Scout movement is growing by leaps and bounds can be seen from the fact that there are 15 den mothers who devote one afternoon or evening a week to the eight boys in their den, in addition to attending the regular organization meetings. These den mothers are real mothers who are vitally interested in the youngsters having from one to four children of their own.—*Palatine* (*Ill.*) *Enterprise.*

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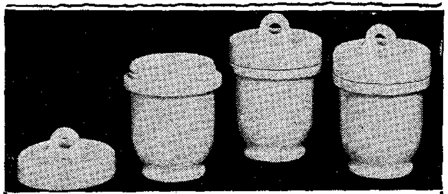

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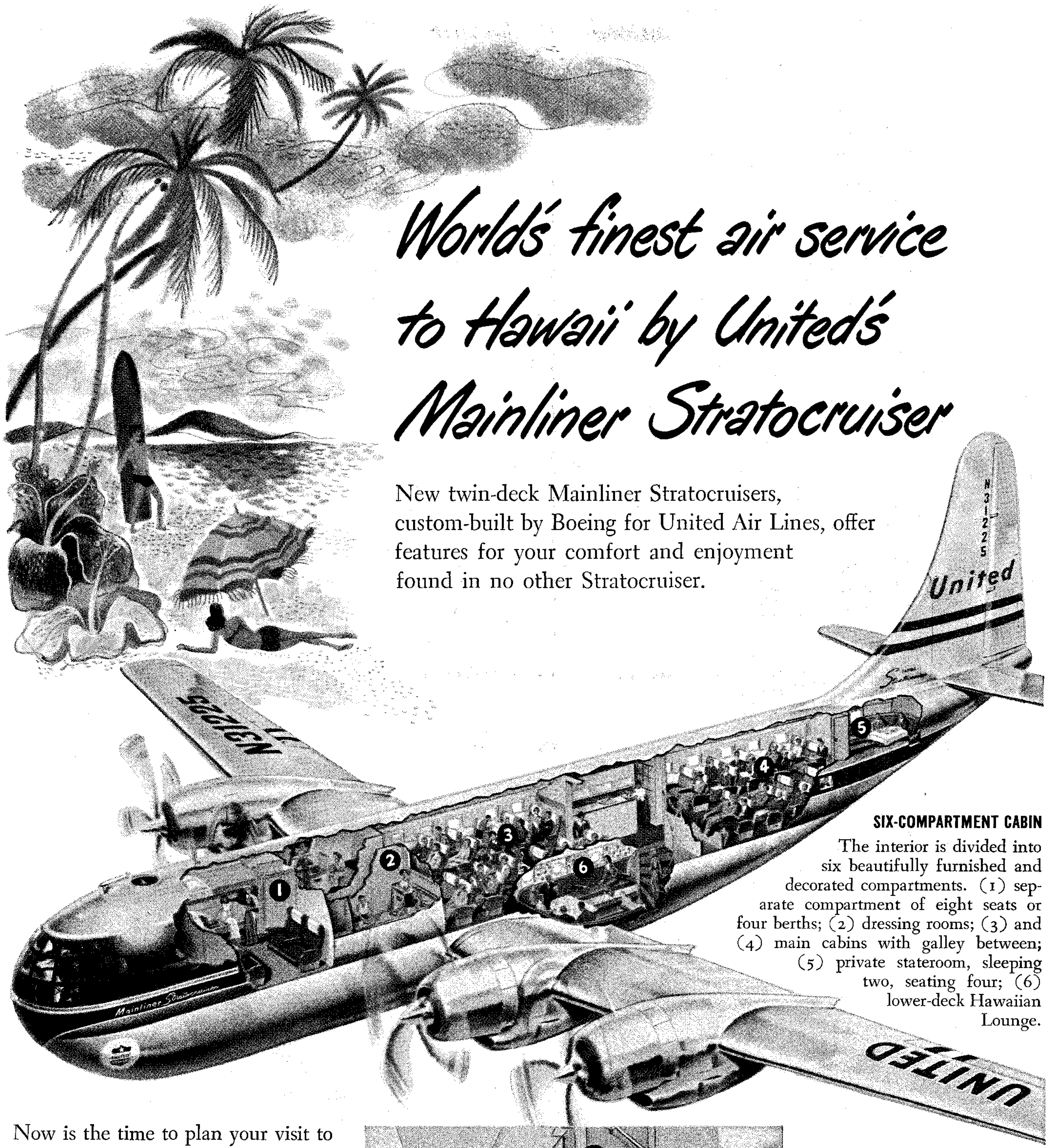

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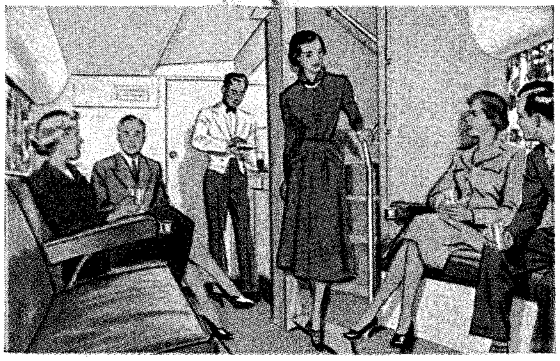

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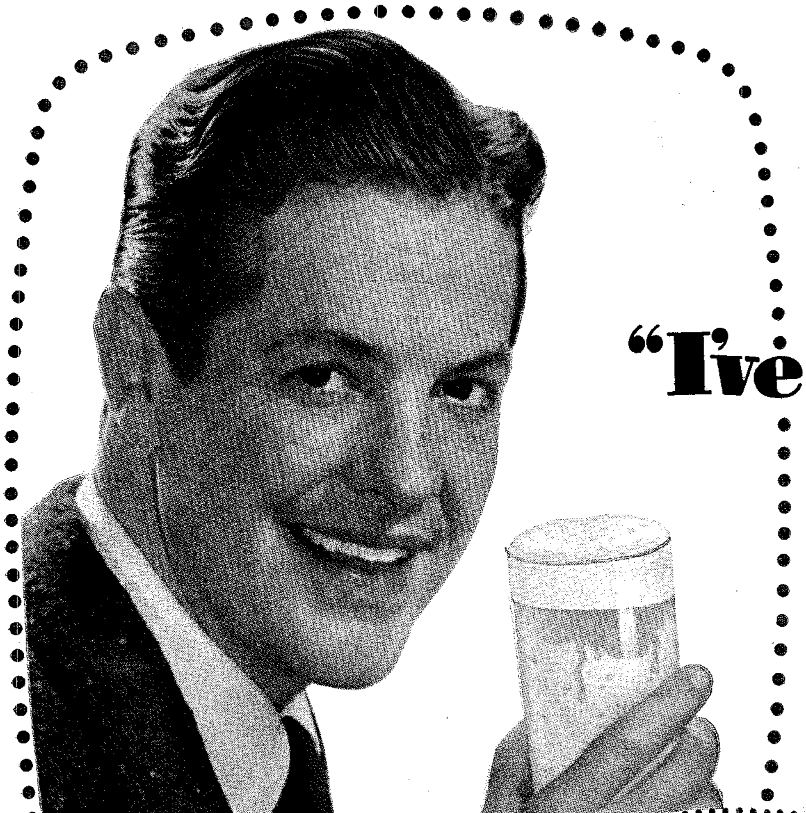

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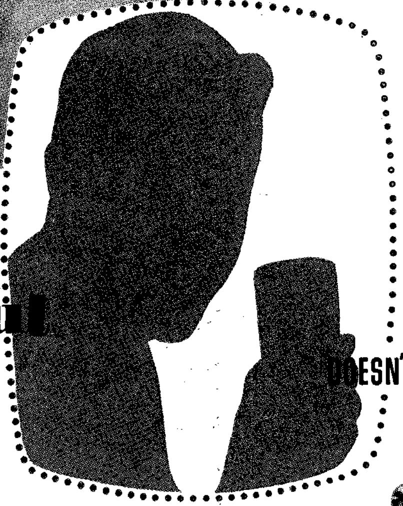
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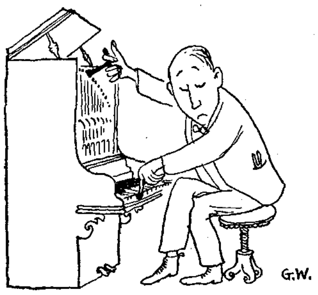
THE PENNSYLVANIA'S JOKE BOXES

FOR most people, the lockers in railway stations are probably what they are advertised to be—receptacles for hand luggage. For me, however, they are practical-joke boxes, which, when sprung open, emit something unexpected, unattractive, and not funny. I've used them only twice, which perhaps isn't a fair trial. Though they returned my bags safely, they gave me each time, in addition, a horrid surprise package.

Their first offering was a three-foot string of slippery Vienna sausages that tumbled out when I opened a lower-tier locker in the Pennsylvania Station to remove the suitcase I had deposited there a few hours earlier. I don't know how the sausage string got into the locker, but I was unpleasantly startled when it fell into my lap as I squatted on my haunches to unlock the door.

This was several years back and I had no occasion—or it may have been that I had some reluctance—to use a luggage locker again until not long ago, when I went to Norfolk, Virginia, for a lecture engagement. I doubt now whether I shall ever try a locker again, but at the time it seemed like a good idea—a way of simplifying a slightly complicated departure.

My train was scheduled to leave the Pennsylvania Station at 12:30 A.M., and I had been invited to go to the theatre and a late-evening supper party before I boarded it. I decided it would be awkward to carry my suitcase, banging away at my knees, all evening. On the other hand, I didn't dare risk putting it in one of the station checkrooms ahead of time for fear that, catching the train at the last minute, I might be held up by a line of travellers ahead of me at the checking counter when I wanted to claim my bag.



On the morning of my departure I remembered the lockers as a possible solution to my problem. So, that afternoon, I sent my secretary to the station with my bag. I explained to her how the lockers are operated, because she had never used one. If a key was in the lock, I said, it meant that the compartment was empty. All she had to do was find one with a key in it, open the door, put in the suitcase, close the door, and insert a dime. This would lock the door and release the key, which she would then bring back to me. She accomplished this maneuver without any particular incident, at least none that she reported when she handed me the key.

AT twelve-fifteen that night, I was on the escalator moving down into the main waiting room of the Pennsylvania Station; I had taken the locker key out of my pocketbook and was holding it in one hand. I was, as a matter of fact, *running* down the escalator steps, because I had cut the time fine by staying at the party a little longer than I should have. It was at this moment, while I was looking down over the great central hall of the station, that I realized how much space there was there and how many sets of lockers, and that I'd neglected to find out from my secretary where *my* locker was located. There are lockers in all the waiting rooms, and I don't know how many tiers of them in the outer room where the train gates are.

At the foot of the escalator, I held the key close to my right eye, which is the sharper, squinting at it anxiously in the dim light and turning it over and over; I hoped it might carry a map or some sort of location guide, but there was nothing on the key but the locker number.

I started running back and forth hunting for a redcap. Not one was in sight. This paucity of redcaps was a factor I'd taken into my time calculation. With one light bag, checked in a locker, I wouldn't even need a porter, I had thought. But now I needed one more than at any other departure I'd ever made. I could even have carried two bags, if I'd had to, and if I'd had three or four, I still could have managed, because the sight of a woman with more than two bags always seems to arouse the chivalry of some passing masculine traveller. But chivalry and muscular strength could not help me that night. I needed the geographic knowledge that only a redcap, or the head of the installation department of the locker company, could give, and at that moment one seemed no more remote than the other.

Finally, I spotted a solitary elderly redcap, lurking in the shadows outside the public-telephone room, near the train gates. I ran up to him waving my

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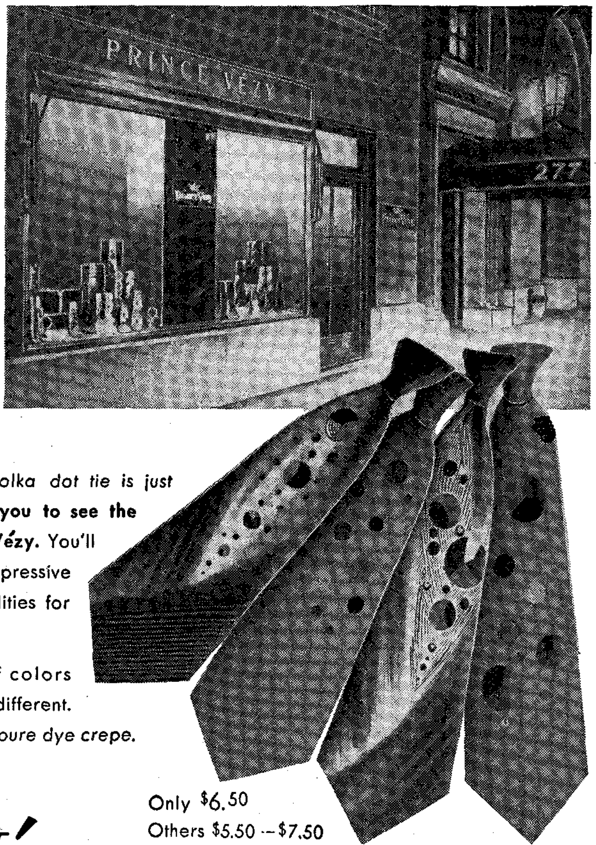

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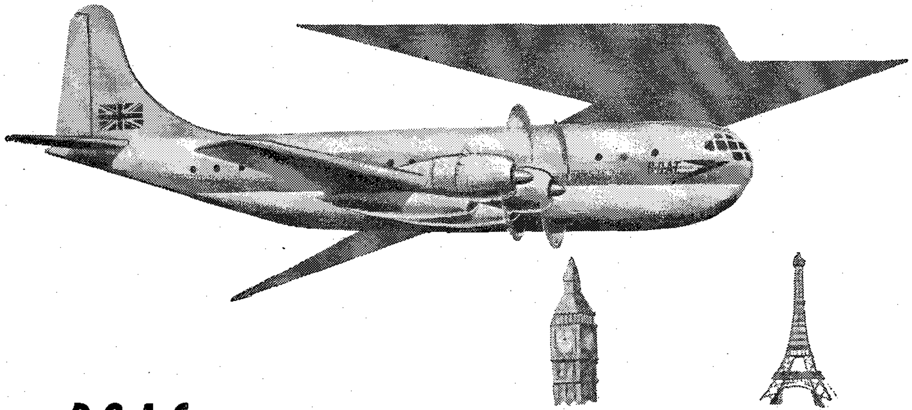

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key, and used what little breath I had left to chide him for being the only porter there, and for hiding, besides.

"I'm waiting for the Mayor," he said with dignity when my breath was entirely spent. "Station got word he may be going out tonight to Washington, and I always take care of him. You going to Washington?"

"Norfolk," I wheezed, and shoved the key at him.

He took it and nodded. "I'll get your bag," he said. "I got other luggage for that train. Give me your space number."

I plunged my right hand into the big pouch bag hanging over my shoulder and on the third try pulled out my case of tickets, after I had transferred my first two catches—compact and cigarette case—to my left hand. My lecture bureau does up the railroad tickets for its speakers in a fancy cardboard case, very neat and easy to carry, but always a trial in time of need, because the railroad and Pullman tickets are secured inside the covers by staples, and even when one has plenty of time, it is not easy to peek inside and read the Pullman slip. For someone in a hurry, it's still harder. The porter and I each tried it, but he said to let it go when I told him I knew I had a roomette.

"I'll find it," he promised. "There's only one car with roomettes. You go ahead."

I ran.

The Pullman conductor at the foot of the stairs took my cardboard case, studied my tickets, and identified my roomette. "You're O.K.," he said. "Got a couple of minutes still. Take it easy."

In my roomette, I took it easy enough to catch my breath, but I didn't feel that a couple of minutes was much leeway for a porter who had my locker to locate, and the Mayor on his mind, too.

We had about thirty seconds to go when the redcap showed up at my roomette. He was pleased. "Told you I'd find you," he said.

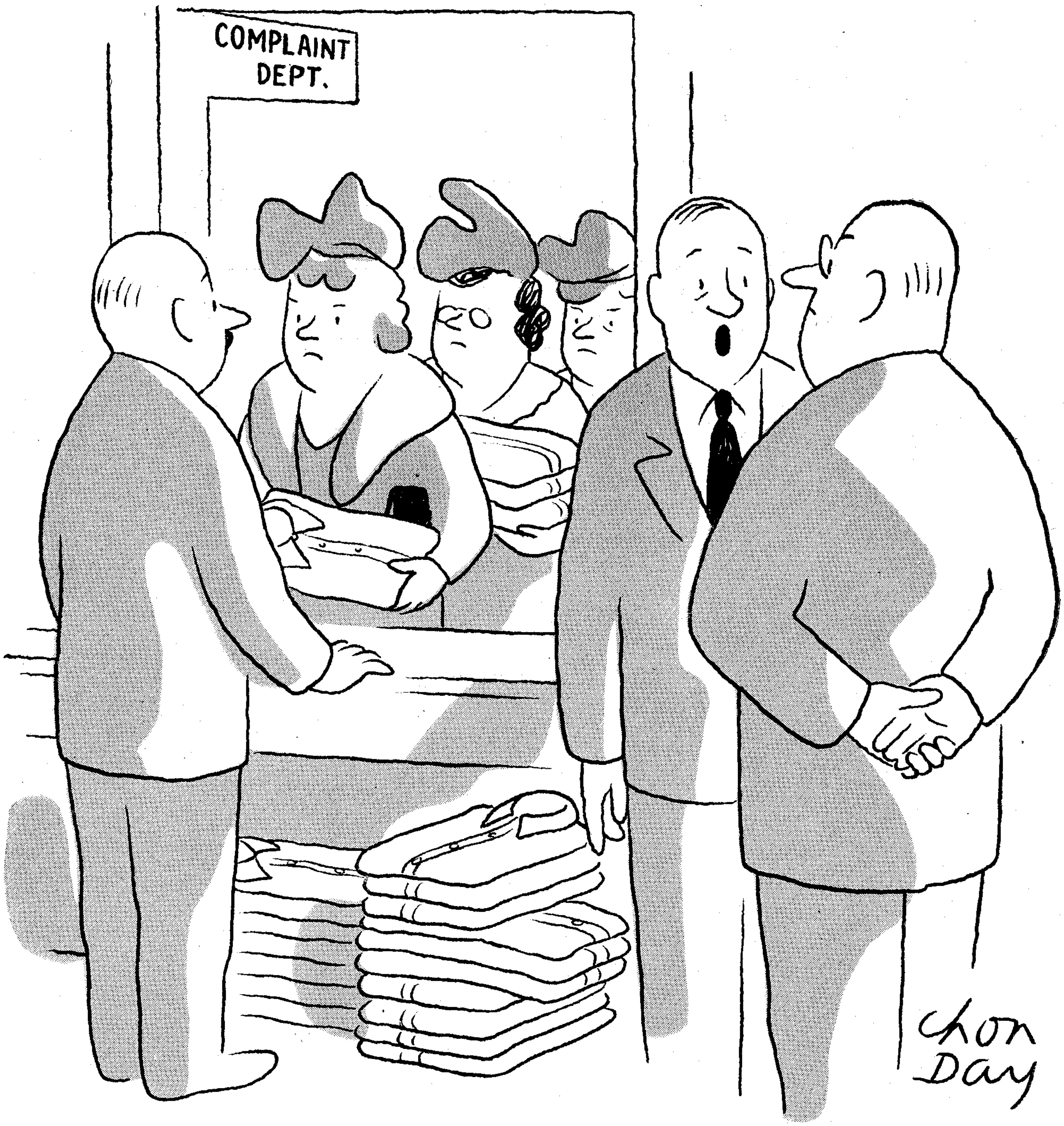
He set my bag down proudly, and, with it, a large black bowling ball. I tipped him, and he thanked me hurriedly and started off.

"Wait," I said. "You forgot this." I pointed to the bowling ball.

He paused, astonished. "Why, Ma'am, that's yours. It was in the locker with your bag."

I had a sudden, curious feeling of panic, which is probably the reason I replied in a loud voice. "It is *not* mine! I never saw it before! You'll

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



"They all say their husbands ***don't want*** *bargains— they want their regular brand."*

*In the retail sale of men's shirts, it's the MAN who dictates the brand bought—66 times out of every 100.**

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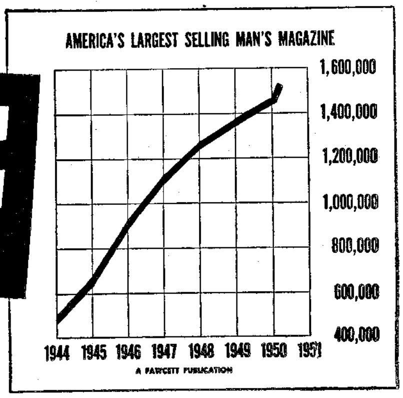


*According to a survey of brand buying habits made by A. S. Bennett Associates have to take it back!" I cried hysterically.

He edged out the door as he answered me. "I got no time to fool with it," he said. "All I know is it was in your locker. I got other bags to deliver. This train's pulling out." He turned away and ran out of the car.

THE ball rolled back and forth under my berth all night. About three o'clock, I thought of trying to lift it onto the luggage rack over my head, but I decided that it was going to roll wherever I put it and that the floor was the safer place.

After I was dressed in the morning, I pushed the heavy plaything into the far corner under my berth for someone to find and dispose of after I left the train. I had no inclination to take it with me, and I was too tired from lack of sleep to get into a discussion about it with the porter. But when he came to get my bag, the train took a curve and the ball rolled out to his feet. He bent down and lifted it with both hands. "Pretty near forgot that, didn't you?" he said. "Mighty important thing to have if you're down here on a team."

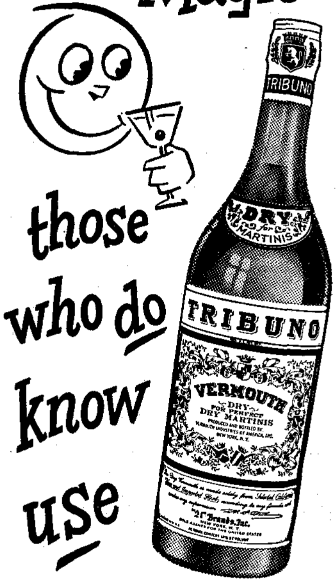
"I'm *not* on a team!" I exclaimed, and I took a deep breath. "Look," I said, "it's not mine. It got in here by mistake last night when I boarded the train." I could see that in the porter's mind this was not a very likely kind of mistake, but we were coming into the station—the story about the locker would take too long to tell. I skipped to the point I cared about.

"I'd like to leave it with you," I said sweetly. "It's very inconvenient to me. Just put it somewhere on the train, will you, please?"

"Not on this train, lady," he said. "This train's our very newest model—all compartments, bedrooms, roomettes, and drawing rooms. No ladies' or gentlemen's rooms, where I might have space to stow something. Got no space at all. Train's in, Ma'am." He wedged the ball into the crook of his right arm, picked up my bag with his left hand, and led off down the car.

The ball was beside my bag on the platform when I came down the train steps. A number of redcaps were waiting to carry the luggage. I hung back until I saw my train porter diverted by the receipt of a tip from another passenger, and then indicated my suitcase to one of the redcaps and hurried off, calling over my shoulder, "I'll be at the taxi entrance."

I was one of the first passengers to reach the entrance, but almost the last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Atlantic City

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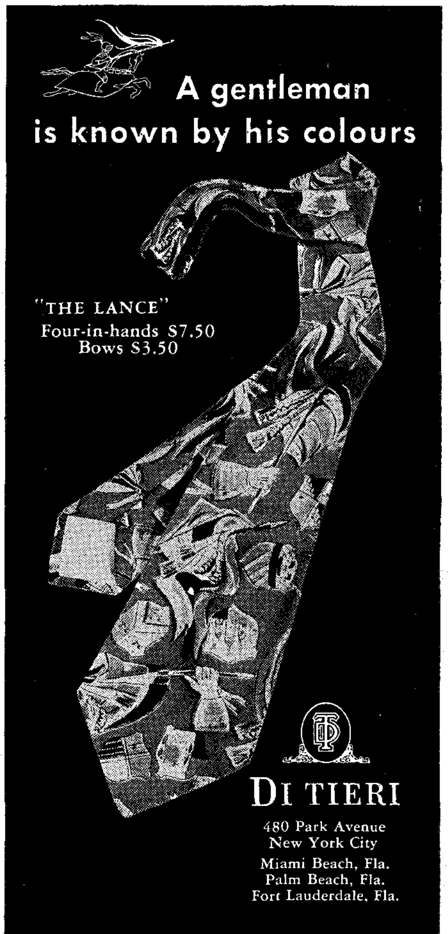
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to leave, because my redcap took so long getting there. When he came, he had the bowling ball under one arm.

"Had to go back for this," he explained. "Train porter sent one of the boys after me. Don't know how I came to miss it—you're not apt to miss something like that."

"Porter," I said, and I handed him a dollar, "I would like it *very* much if you would take—"

The taxi starter broke in. He was holding a cab door open. "Here's a cab, lady," he said emphatically. "Better get in while you can—we've got a convention on."

"Thank *you*, Ma'am," my porter said, as he took my dollar and helped me into the cab. "I'll just put this on the seat. Could break your foot, pretty nearly, if it got to rolling on the floor." He shoved the ball into a corner of the seat and slid the bag in along the floor. The starter closed the door.

I must have been abstracted as we drove off, because when I became aware that the driver was talking to me, he was saying, "I said, 'Where to, lady?' "

"Oh," I said, "just a minute. I'll have to look."

The lecture bureau provides, along with its cardboard case of tickets, a typewritten itinerary that includes the name of the hotel at which the lecturer is to stay in each city. I fumbled in my pouch for the leather folder in which I carry this information sheet, and as I found it, I remembered that this time I wasn't going to a hotel. In four years of lecturing, the times I have not stayed at a hotel total, I'm sure, not more than five. I am reluctant to invade anyone's house, where I must ask if I may have my dress pressed, and say that I drink Sanka instead of coffee for breakfast and that I would love a bottle of soda with lots of ice when I get back from the lecture, and where I must find out tactfully whether there is hot water available

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at night, because I take a hot-water bottle to bed, no matter how warm the weather is. In a hotel, these are idiosyncrasies not worth noticing, but in a house they not only are a nuisance but are likely to be taken as symptoms of a very peculiar character.

Miss Eugenia Parke, who runs the series of lectures in Norfolk in which I was appearing, had written a charming letter inviting me to stay with her and her mother. She said that she'd heard from friends of my reluctance to go to a house—and my reasons for it—but after all, she said, I was to be in Norfolk only for the day. She could have my dress pressed without inconveniencing anyone, and no matter what I did, she and her mother would not consider me a peculiar character. It was a charming invitation and I had accepted it.

I took the letter out of my leather case and read Miss Parke's address to the driver, but as I pronounced the words, I felt that I *could* not go to the Parke house with that ball. So I told the driver I had changed my mind—I'd just remembered some important long-distance telephone calls I had to make and it would be better to stay at a hotel. Just take me to whichever hotel he thought was the best, I told him.

"Can't get into one of them, good or bad," was his answer. "Convention's got this town filled up." And he drove off toward the residential district.

AS we drew up in front of Miss Parke's house, I saw two ladies come out the front door onto the porch. They were, I guessed, Miss Parke and her mother. A long flight of steps led up from the street to the porch. Leaning forward in the cab to pay the driver, who came around and opened the door when we had stopped, I could see only my hostesses' feet and their skirts as far up as their knees, but I knew that they could see me. I gave the driver my fare and a very large tip, pushed the bag toward him, and hopped out. I said with what I hoped was significant emphasis and a nod back at the bowling ball, "That will be fine, driver. You can have that."

"Thank you, Ma'am." He looked pleased as he leaned in past me and tucked the ball under his arm. I don't know whether he missed my nod and thought that when Northerners give a tip they say "You can have that," or whether he simply didn't care for a bowling ball, which I could well understand.

Carrying the ball and the bag, he

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preceded me up the steps. I did not hurry, because I was trying to decide where to begin my explanation. While I was thinking about it, I smiled up at the two waiting ladies. I immediately felt that I was expanding my smile too far. I saw that Miss Parke was slim and dark-haired and that her mother was white-haired and stood very straight, with the beautiful carriage and bearing always described in novels about Southern gentlewomen.

As the driver got to the porch, the two ladies looked at the bowling ball and then, for an instant, at each other—but only for an instant. Miss Parke put out her hand as I reached them. "How do you do, Miss Kimbrough? I hope you have had a comfortable journey," she said graciously.

Mrs. Parke waved the taxi-driver on into the house, and turned to watch the luggage as he passed her, before she put out her hand to me. With a warmth in her voice that conveyed the traditional Southern hospitality, and along with it a note of unflinching courage, she said—all in one breath and with no slightest change of inflection—"How do you do, Miss Kimbrough? We're delighted to have you with us. Is that a cannon ball?"

If Mrs. Parke did think, fleetingly, that the Yanks were on them again, and that once she had got me to my room, she would bury the silver in the garden, she did not falter. Nor did she quail when I rushed in with my explanation that it was only a bowling ball I had got hold of by mistake.

A bowling ball one has got hold of *by mistake* is, I found, a difficult object to explain. Mrs. Parke accepted my explanation politely and remotely. She would be happy, she said, to take the ball off my hands—*she* could dispose of it, of course. I flinched; it was a tempting offer, but I decided at once that I could not burden her with getting rid of the thing. I would return the ball to the station Lost and Found when I got back to New York, I told her.

The curator of the Norfolk Museum, where I spoke that day, volunteered, when he was told the story of the bowling ball, to keep it, and he even said he'd like to exhibit it. I was firm with him, too. I had got it this far, I said, and I would get it back to its owner.

I TOOK the train to New York that evening and brought the ball into the Pennsylvania Station early the next morning. Again it had rolled back and forth under my berth all night. I did not explain to the train

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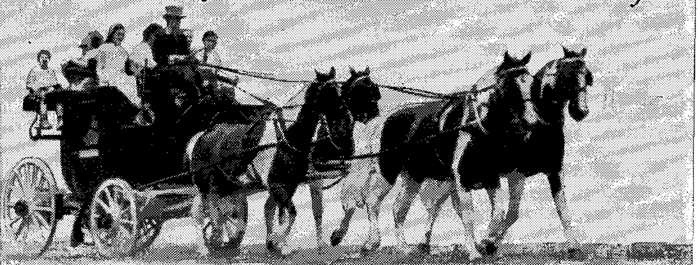

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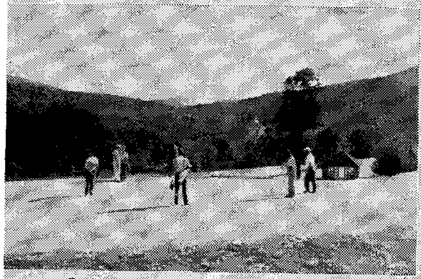

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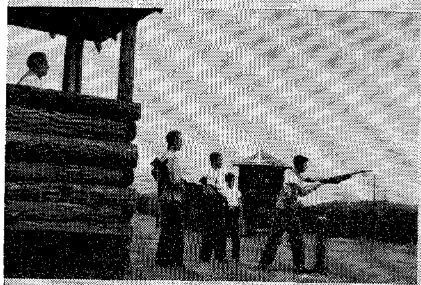

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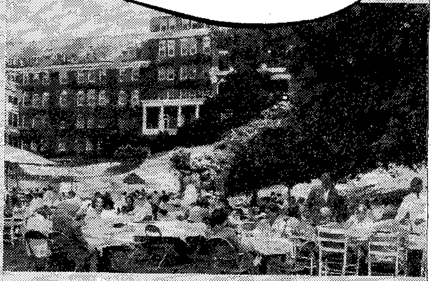

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porter or the redcap how I happened to be travelling with a bowling ball. When the redcap asked if my team had won, I said yes. I did not ask him, either, to take me to the Lost and Found Department, because I thought that at seven o'clock in the morning it probably wouldn't be open, and I didn't want to wait around. Moreover, having brought the ball as far as this, I had a sneaking wish to show it to my family as a trophy of travel, a *souvenir de voyage*, before I turned it over, once and for all, to Lost and Found.

The elevator man in my apartment house was astonished by the ball, of course, and required an explanation. When I told him I had picked it up by mistake, he was even more astonished. He put it down in the hall of my apartment, just inside the front door. I said that would be all right—I wasn't going to keep it long.

On my desk, I found a telephone message from my college roommate, a dear friend who lives in Pasadena. She was passing through New York on her way to Bermuda, the message said, was staying at the hotel across the street from my apartment building, and was sailing at noon.

I waited until half past eight and then telephoned and asked her if she would come over and have breakfast with me. She agreed to come as soon as she had finished dressing.

A little after nine, my doorbell rang, and I went to let her in. At the door, I found my roommate and also my secretary, who had happened to come up in the elevator with her. Both of them stopped short at the sight of the bowling ball. My roommate was intensely eager to know whether I had taken up the sport. At college, my athletic ineptitude was notorious. Not being able to learn to swim the length of the pool and back, a requirement for a Bryn Mawr A.B., had very nearly cost me my degree. I finally achieved it by putting my foot down in the shallow end of the pool and giving myself a boost.

I told her, shortly—I was tired and a little edgy—that I had got the ball by mistake from a Pennsylvania Station luggage locker.

My secretary broke in. "I saw it there!" she said. "I saw it there! I kept trying to figure out what it was for. I'd never used one of the lockers before and I decided it was a weight put in to keep the whole section of lockers from tipping over."

My roommate poked the ball with the toe of her shoe. "You might be interested to know," she said, "that on the

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train coming from California, I read about a particularly grisly murder in Denver that the police thought might have been committed with a bowling ball. They haven't yet been able to locate the murder weapon."

THE bowling ball is still with me. It now rests on the floor in a corner of my bathroom. I took it in there to weigh it on my bathroom scales. It weighs exactly sixteen pounds. Each day, I think that I must turn it in to the Pennsylvania Lost and Found Department, but I don't seem to get around to it. I keep putting it off, hoping to think up a more plausible explanation than the truth. If anyone who isn't a murderer cares to claim the ball, he is welcome to come and get it.—EMILY KIMBROUGH

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. PRESTON. Mr. Speaker, as a representative of the Empire State of the South, Georgia, and the home of Coca-Cola, I protest the recent action of the French Chamber of Deputies which in effect barred the sale of Coca-Cola throughout France. It is a calculated affront to the people of this country. If the French persist in this arbitrary movement, then I say that we should retaliate by taking proper action against certain French commodities, namely, wine, champagne and perfume. It is more than ridiculous to require the Coca-Cola company to prove that their product is not harmful before being allowed to resume distribution in France. In fact, it is such a healthful drink that doctors prescribe it for babies only a few months old. Mothers have found it to be a very effective colic remedy for their babies.

The French would have a more stable population if they drank more Coca-Cola and less wine and cognac. In my opinion it would do the French a lot of good to drink an abundance of this refreshing beverage for it would give them something they have needed since the war ended and that is a good belch.

•

ERIE, PA., (AP)—Did you ever get a whiff of one million dead fish?

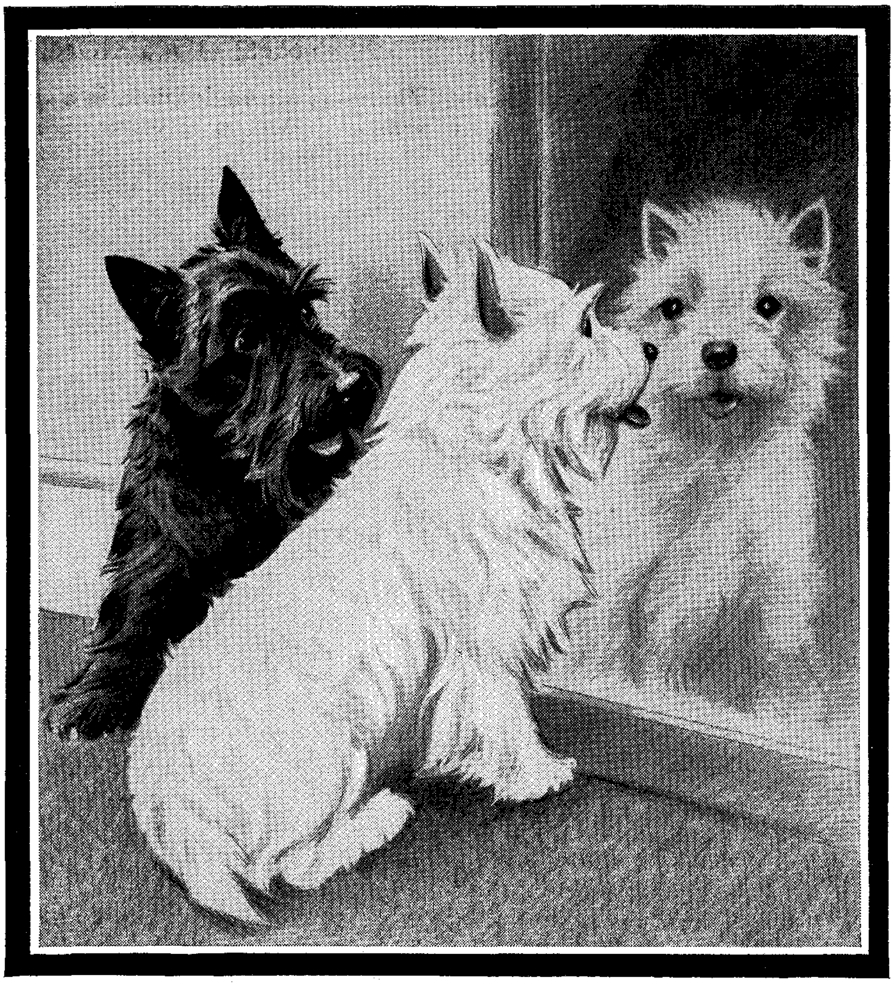
Residents living near Lake Erie have been having that "pleasure" and they don't like it.

Since Jan. 24 more than 1,000,000 dead mooneyes or gizzard shad—a non-edible fish shunned even for fertilizer—have piled up on the waters and beaches of the west slip of Presque Isle Bay.

A number of the fish are killed each year by the uncleanliness of the water, but this year's crop is larger than ever.

The action follows a nationwide trend by members of the clergy and church organizations condemning the Ingrid Bergman picture and the publicity accompanying it.—*Visalia* (*Calif.*) *Times-Delta.*

Well, it's a fresh idiom, anyway.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

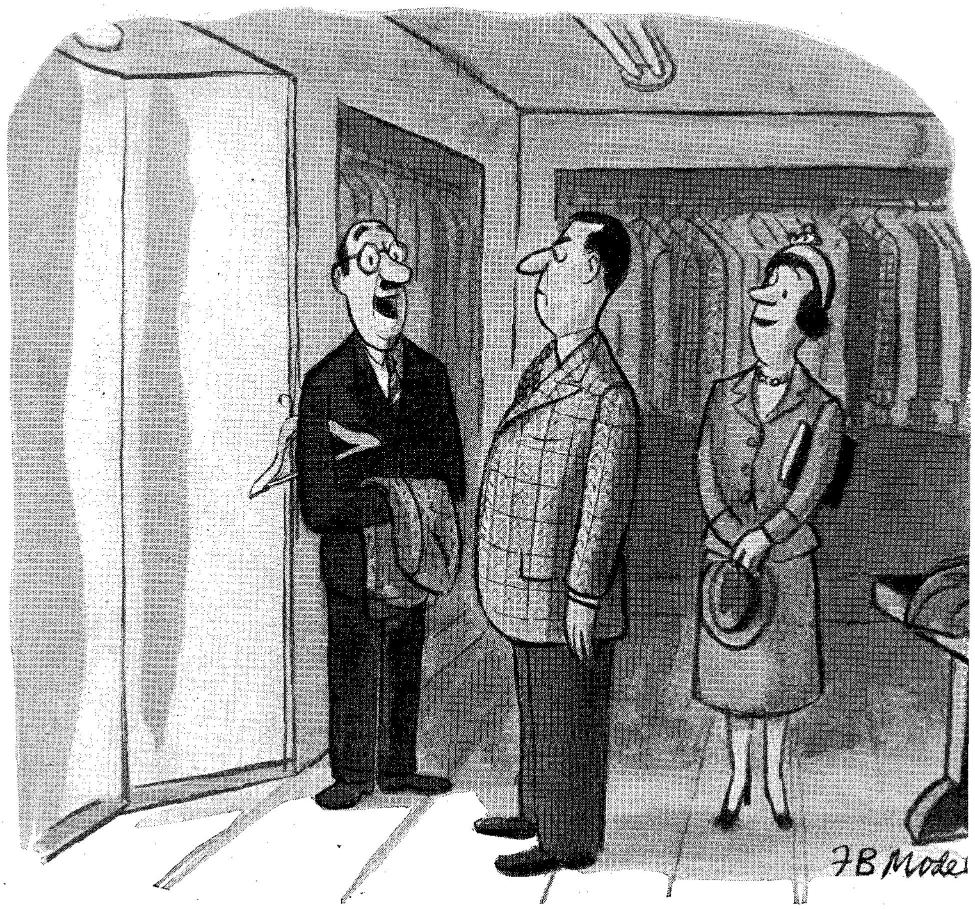
LAST week, in my monograph on the peculiarities of La Mode as evidenced by the spring custom and ready-to-wear collections around town, I lapsed into a rhapsody about the sheath dress, which, though intrinsically austere, can be made to appear less so through the use of rich fabrics and to look mobile with flaring capes, pleated panels, and other distractions. I have seen many more sheath dresses since then, but there are other things to report upon, too—things that are inevitable consequences of the resurgence of chiffons and laces. Such fabrics are hazardous. There's always the danger that, no matter what you pay, you may look as if you'd gone out and bought yourself a slip and then hung loads and loads of chiffon and lace over it with your own clever little hands. The vagueness of lace and chiffon tempts all designers; I suppose that they operate on the theory that no errors of commission will be visible through the misty haze. Bendel's new custom collection is full of trailing, slinky sheers that are superlative for just the right person; Adrian (ready-to-wear, at Gunther Jaeckel) keeps his shoulders square and his basic silhouette neat, though he goes in for all sorts of dangling fripperies. Yet every spring collection contains sheers that can make any but the trimmest and most poised woman of the world look as if she had just fallen out of a sandwich. Irregular hemlines are another product of the revival of sheer fabrics. Everyone shows hemlines that dip, more or less abruptly, in back. And there are other irregularities—sidewise sweeps in skirts (all the way from the most blatant poufs on the hips to Dior's ingenious and devious side sashes), sidewise necklines, and bias cuts, whether the material is soft and meek in nature or highly opinionated.

Petticoats and linings are the devices used by some designers to give a semblance of form to sheer dresses. Sometimes a day dress of chiffon print gets no more than an organdie petticoat to give it shape without bulk. Sometimes horsehair or taffeta stiffening is employed. (Even the slim, sheer navy wool dresses in Bergdorf's collection of original ready-to-wears have taffeta linings.) Sophie, at Saks Fifth Avenue, backs sheer cottons and chiffons with taffeta. The result is a single fabric, in a sense, with a fragile surface but a tailorable underpinning.

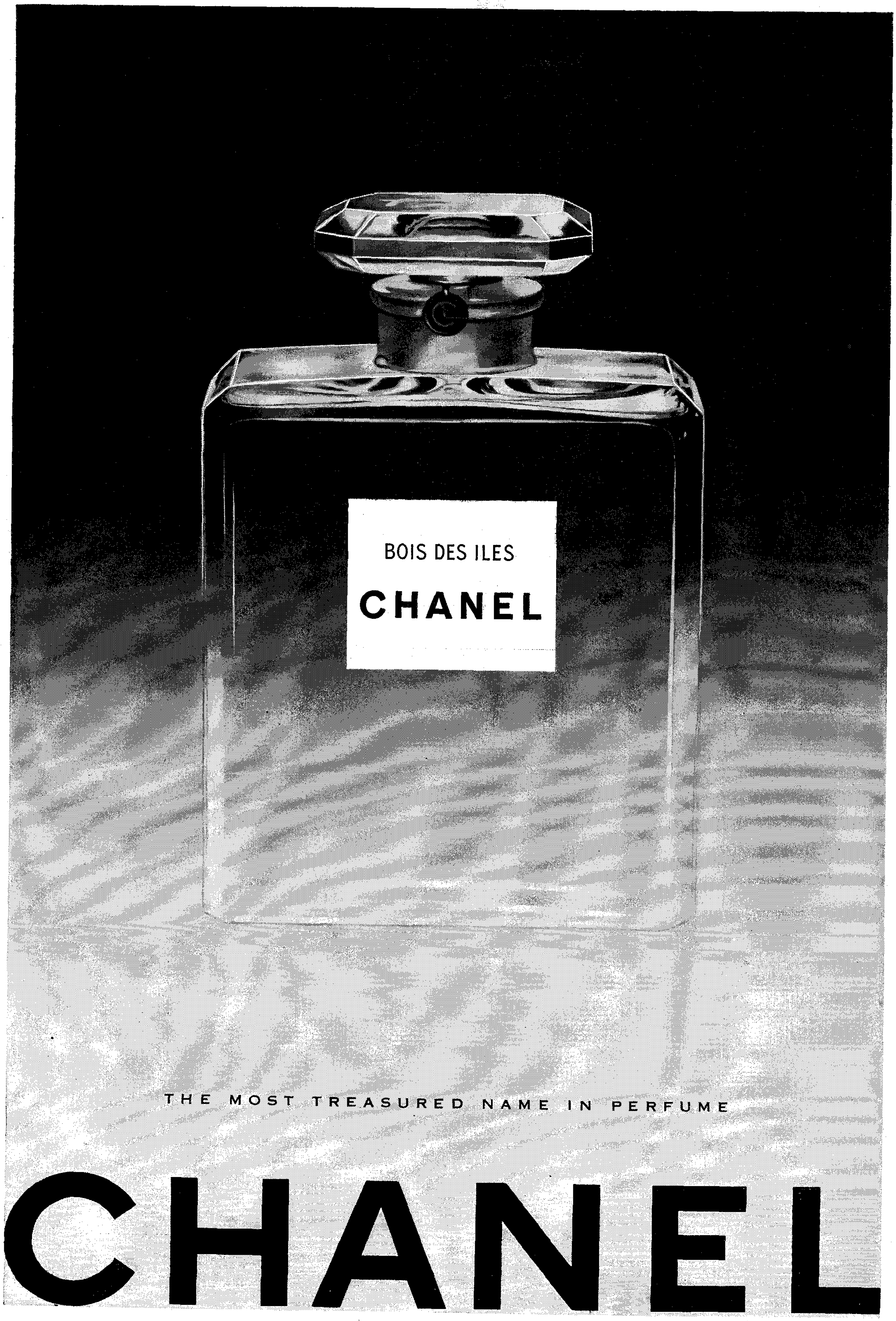
There are indications that, along with the sheath skirt, the longish waistline has returned, but these indications are not yet ominous. There are hints of it in the box jackets, *not* flaring in back but quite snug instead, in Bergdorf Goodman's custom collection, and in the Bergdorf middy over a skirt that has pleating starting well down on the hips. And quantities of dresses elsewhere, though they have a belt in the usual place, are fitted tightly down the hips before any fullness is released.

What *is* ominous is the sudden slump in mannequins. They seem to have reverted to the unmourned débutante slouch of another generation, and to be leading with their chins, in more ways than one. A couple of them actually look hollow-chested, which should cheer no one except reverent survivors of the old Boyshform outfit, which used to turn out the brassières that made the hollow chest not only fashionable but possible. The recent throwback to the clothes of the twenties has begun to affect the girls. And there is also a renaissance (at least in the fashion-magazine photographs) of the cavernous, ravenous, uptilted eyes that belonged to the Sirens of the Silents. This shouldn't worry you, though. After all, no one *has* to use black eyeshadow and pencil nowadays, when you can get soft grays and blues and greens for the asking. I well remember the jeers when young girls started painting the Joan Crawford sneer on the corners of their upper lips, and how quickly people got used to that hideous idea. Perhaps the eyes will become important again, and perhaps the rosebud mouth is on its way back, too.

ONE of the most beautifully balanced spring collections in town is in the custom department at Bergdorf Goodman. From the Paris showings (which a great many people in the trade here privately denounced as mostly junk), Bergdorf picked sixty models that are surefire bets for women who are leaders in style, not followers. Bergdorf's



"It's an exact duplicate of the jacket worn by Bradshaw Crandall in his Lord Calvert ad."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Those who seek extraordinary
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FOR SOME TIME, connoisseurs have been eagerly searching out a particular group of wines — wines of California bearing the name of the wine *grape varieties* from which they are made.

These are California's *varietal* wines now becoming more plentiful and so available to everyone whose taste appreciates distinctive character and personality in wine.

These wines bear the names of the world-famed wine *grape varieties* from which they are made. Nurtured with knowledgeable care and patience, their personalities are highly individual. For they reflect the unusual qualities their grapes have derived from the fortunate soils and climate of this California winegrowing region.

Taste, for example, such **red table wine varietals** as the California Pinots, Gamays and the Cabernets.

Pinots, the world's great Burgundy grapes, are a prized wine grape in California. Sunny hillsides are dotted with moderate size vineyards of **Pinot Noir** and **Red Pinot.** Harvested with fondness, their grapes are turned with pride into wines of aristocratic bouquet, surpassing fragrance and smooth, velvety taste.

The **Gamay,** as grown in California, offers another enticing taste-discovery in wine. Somewhat lighter than the Pinots, the Gamay is lusciously soft in tone yet well-rounded in body and with a classical aftertaste that marks this wine as a perfect mate for roasts.

The **Cabernets,** of which the **Cabernet Sauvignon** is the most renowned Claret grape, do exceedingly well in California. Here they produce medium-bodied wines of forthright character, noted for keenness of balance, provocative bouquet and suave, lingering taste.

We winegrowers of California are sure you will find great pleasures in these *red table wine varietals* — and further pleasures in our *white table wine varietals*. When you try them, we believe you will thoroughly agree our "Wines of California rank with the world's finest." Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

own designers have chipped in with graceful adaptations of current fashions for cautious women who nevertheless insist on provocative lines.

The French day clothes are rife with versions of the deep, wide Dior "horseshoe" décolletage, except when Fath steps in with his mannish starched collars and cuffs, or when Molyneux puts schoolgirl collars of glazed pink or blue linen on his easygoing pleated dresses and suits. Dior offers daytime examples of his sideswept line, such as a black wool sheath with white moiré slanting across the front, bulging a trifle on one hip, and then descending into a sash that dangles well below the brief skirt. Or such as something in navy wool with a huge, cufflike fold across the front from low on one hip to high on the other. A sash of red chiffon encircles the waist, disappears under the fold on the low side, and reappears in a casual bow below the fold. Balenciaga's dress of red tissue taffeta, which has a cape collar rippling in back and a big jabot of drapery low on the skirt in front, parts as you walk to reveal your legs up to the knees. Another Balenciaga, all of lace, has a modest bateau neck and below-elbow sleeves. Under all this dignity, the bell skirt has five rows of ruching at the hem, and lace pantalets are clearly visible beneath. (You *could* order this one with a slip, of course.) Molyneux has done a dress with a big skirt of sheer coarse horsehair, banded with rows of ruching, to go over a narrow underskirt. Fath and Dessès have both put pointed V panels at the front and back of daytime skirts that jut a little at the hips. Balmain has tried something really new in coats—a double-breasted one of red shantung, with a panel that looks like two gigantic box pleats swinging free from the back of the neck all the way to the hem. There are many reminders of Schiaparelli's sidewise line. For example, an ankle-length evening sheath of navy shantung has an off-one-shoulder décolletage. White organza in a navy men's-handkerchief block print dribbles from the covered shoulder, and a king-size panel of the stuff trails from the other hip to the floor. Grès's contribution to the current fondness for changeable color schemes is a full-skirted evening dress of geranium organza shot with green. The underskirt is of plain geranium organza, and this material also makes a wide collar coming across the throat in front but split into points astern.

In Bergdorf's own designed-on-the-premises custom collection—the authors are Leslie Morris and Mary Gleason—

Here is a sale you made last night

At the end of each day's work, there is a period of rest and reward — with time to sit peacefully, to talk and dream. Then you'll find a man and wife reading, talking over things they want—things maybe you have made them want.

It is here the shopping, the deciding is done. When they agree, *"We'll get one this week"*— a sale is rung up.

Most purchases are a family matter and start like this, in the home. A striking number of them start from advertisements in Better Homes & Gardens.

Because this magazine is read with live and searching interest, read with conviction—and it's read by *more than 3 million* leading families.* They turn to it for news and stimulating fresh ideas on those things closest to their hearts—their homes, their needs, their family problems.

Better Homes & Gardens is edited with a knowing touch. Readers have built up a warm and friendly faith in it. They study each page—for answers to their own wants and ways of living. Each editorial *and advertisement* is part of its 100% service content.

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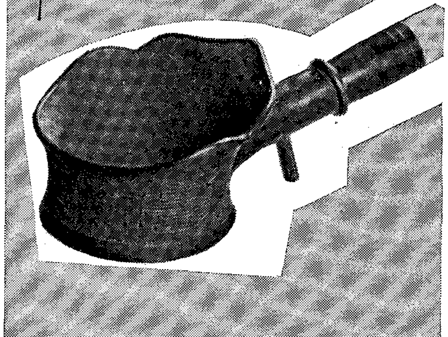

Originally, this antique iron was filled with hot coals . . . today it's an ash tray. A white jade archers thumb ring ornaments the wood handle. No two are exactly alike. 18.00 including Federal tax.

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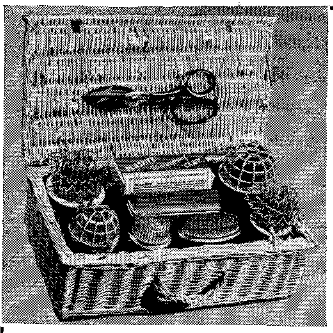
you'll see instances of the long, wrapped line down the hips (the waist, though, is indented, as a saving grace). It's especially noticeable in a strapless dance dress of black chiffon whose fullness is pulled up to a diamond horseshoe spotted low on the back of the right hip. Such drapery occurs frequently in this collection. Tie silk is prevalent. A green afternoon dress of it has pleating running down the sides of the skirt and then burgeoning into panels below the hips. On another, patterned tie-silk lining inside plain side panels helps accentuate the flare. Among the full-length formal offerings, some of which are slinky and some of which are bouffant, one of the loveliest robes-de-style I've seen shows up—all café-au-lait batiste, with matching lace making ruffles, inset medallions, and other delights. This, too, is smooth down the hips, then swirls out full toward the hem. Any woman who can't find something within Bergdorf's portals must be unconsciously looking for a basic little dress of sackcloth.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S Mr. Castillo is at his deft best in his new custom collection. (His ready-to-wears are also on hand in Miss Arden's salon.) One silhouette, which he calls Montgolfier, dips slightly in back. A big cuff along the hem there ascends, billowing like giant panniers, to end at the waistline in front over an underskirt of marquisette. The rest of the dress is navy taffeta. Castillo loves to use layer on layer of sheers, so arranged that it's hard to tell where daring ends and protective opaqueness begins. One stunt of this nature is a strapless sheath entirely of pleated net, with which you need nothing but your very best emeralds. It can be covered with a coat of sheer marquisette that has long, full sleeves, or you can add a lace apron and a lace stole, or a black bolero. Boleros, naturally, appear in every Castillo showing. Some are of tucked red wool, to go over the narrow navy wool skirt of a trim day dress; others are of black taffeta, to go over a starched white lace evening dress that has a sash of navy taffeta running through inverted Vs of lace around the waistline and ending in a mammoth bow back of one hip. Castillo is a most ardent exponent of white piqué. It makes vests to wear with navy-and-white checked suits done man's-dinner-jacket style; in crisp folds, it fills in deep décolletages; it flares out around the necklines of simple day clothes, many of which have double-breasted buttons below the belt. There are two stunning coats—a widely flaring, street-length



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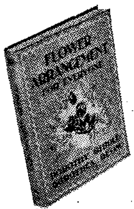

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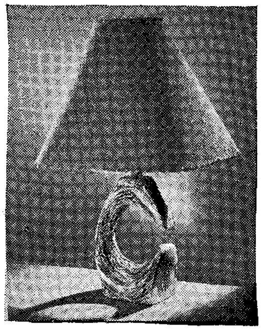

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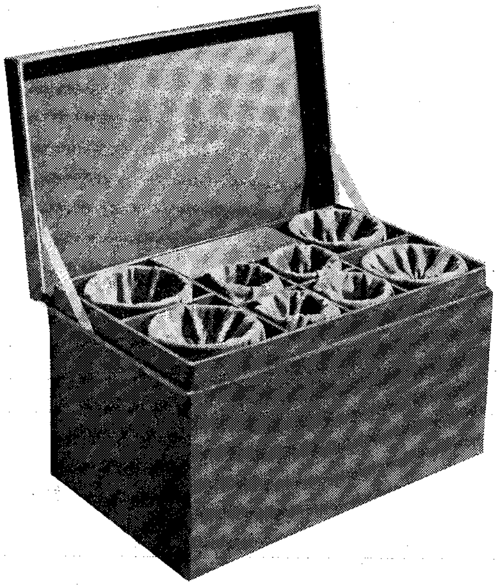
one of red faille, and a shortie of pale-blue wool with brief, cuffed sleeves. They have no collar in back, for a change. There is a tuxedo front on the second one, with very wide lapels, the tops of which are folded forward, the way nasty people dog-ear a book. There is also a hint of that cupped-under-the-hips-in-back line, now only a cloud on the horizon. Castillo's skirts, before I move on, are easily fifteen inches from the floor, which doesn't startle me quite as much as it would have a couple of weeks back.

BENDEL, you will not be astounded to hear, has some French treasures around the house. Dior's wrapped navy wool dress has a horseshoe neckline whose depth is accentuated by an edging of white piqué. The piqué proceeds then to the left hip, behind which a white chiffon handkerchief floats in thin air. Fath's strapless dress of polka-dot faille has an enormous pouf on the right hip and a peplum that looks like part of the waist-length jacket when that is superimposed. Layers of black net make a magnificent flaring Piguet dance dress. It has leaves of pink satin and a lifelike rose on the strapless décolletage, and there is a tiny jacket of pink satin that just covers the décolletage in back and is cut away to show most of it in front. A Balenciaga version of the harem skirt, a mass of puffiness, is rather straight in front but goes loopy at the sides, where its fullness is pulled up to a point four inches below the waistline. This goes with a simple buttoned top, and the material is dotted black taffeta. Balenciaga, too, is the inventor of a collarless yam-colored faille evening coat with a tuxedo fold that is very narrow at the shoulders and widens as it descends. The coat ends just below the knees in back and at the hips in front.

Bendel's own custom clothes (the shop's ready-to-wear originals are thought up by the same designers) go in heavily for chiffons that in general disdain reinforcements. The results are sinuous indeed. Chiffons in muted stained-glass prints produce sleeveless dresses with bateau necks, full skirts, and tops sprinkled with beads. Ombré chiffons—shading from, say, steel gray to pink—are the basis of dresses with vertical fan pleats in the skirts. Wide stoles of pink chiffon cross the neck in front and then are caught by a bunch of flowers low at one side of the décolletage. Print crêpes are on hand for many occasions. The beaded-top idea is used again on, for one, the plain



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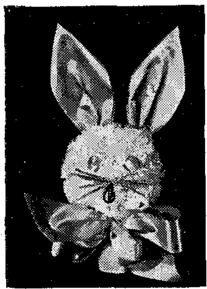

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crêpe-de-Chine jacket of a day-length dress, of the same material, that has self-appliqué around the neckline. If Bendel's clothes get bouffant, however, they do a good job of it. Witness some very short Degas dance dresses, with tight, brief bodices and exceedingly full skirts, nice and round and definite.

I'VE already spoken of Sophie's quiet skill with sheers, and of her taffeta-lining trick to give them body. A chiffon that is backed with pale-blue taffeta bears a print that looks like pebbly gray granite. This makes a coat-dress with a flare low in back. White English cotton in a black lace print makes a formal evening dress with black-sequinned shoulder straps and a jagged design in sequins around the hips, below which the skirt becomes circular. And a red English cotton in a multicolored lozenge print makes a day-length dress with a flare at the front of the skirt. Over this goes one of Sophie's short, bunchy lumberjackets. Beading is plentiful. All the white parts of a street-length blue-and-white crêpe-de-Chine dinner dress are beaded, and so is all of an evening sheath of crêpe de Chine. Beaded capes accompany a number of formal dresses. Sophie doesn't care for starkness at the shoulders, anyway. Her favorite neckline, for both afternoon and evening, is oval, and extends over the tips of the shoulders. Her approach to back interest has many variations. One is an arrangement of beige bengaline, lined with black taffeta, that is attached above the hip pockets on the front of a jacket of beige bengaline. This arrangement curves down over the hips and ends in a rear apron longer than the skirt, which is of black bengaline. What she calls "waterfalls"—cascades of bustle drapery—add interest to the backs of all types of clothes. In its most exaggerated manifestation, this drapery reaches the floor on some street-length tubular dresses. No matter how trim the suits and dresses here are, there is playful detail in back, such as buttoned-up change pockets on the short peplum of a black-and-white checked wool jacket and at the back of the narrow wool skirt that goes with it. When Sophie abandons the crisp lines she insists upon for daytime, she abandons them with abandon. One evening dress is an ankle-length tube of olive-green chiffon with stripes of many soft colors at the back of the skirt and violets at the base of the deep, square décolletage. Then, she uses slate-gray chiffon over a slip of a lighter hue to give an ombré effect when its

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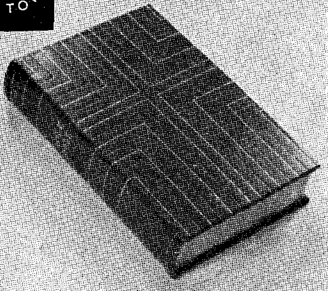

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owner moves about. For dramatics, there's another evening dress, of heavy satin, with navy and green stripes worked into intricate patterns. The short-sleeved top is shirtwaist in style, and the skirt is all cartridge pleats down the hips, below which, as I'm almost weary of saying by now, there is tremendous fullness.

Adrian, whose ready-to-wear clothes are at Gunther Jaeckel, is known for the clean cut of his suits, but he has a tendency to become slightly feverish when he does less forthright garments. This year, his collection is still lively, but it is far more wearable. Either that or I am gradually getting adjusted to him. He, too, is a dipped-in-back-skirt man. Over and over again, his slim, tightly wrapped daytime sheaths of black sheer have panels or tiers or handkerchief points that descend in the rear to the floor. One street-length dress of black taffeta actually has a train of pleated tiers. Hmm! Adrian has always been a champion of the sidewise movement; many of the clothes in an assortment of full-skirted, colorful things for day or evening are more or less off one shoulder, and there are lots of sidewise capes and side-draped boleros to accompany them, to say nothing of trailing scarves that flutter as you move—majestically, I hope. Some of his late-afternoon-or-dinner dresses, in black taffeta, have thoroughly involved drapery around the shoulders, rising to frame your neck and often as high as the top of your head; this drapery can also be pulled down to show plenty of your pearly shoulders and bosom. He uses some fabrics printed especially for him, including his tiger-skin print and his romantic taffetas and chiffons and organzas in Early American bedspread patterns. These patterns are apt to be delicate and wandering rather than massive, and even the quilting of the originals appears in the print. These make supple or bouffant evening dresses, often with the high shoulders Adrian dotes on.

I like a considerable share of Mr. A.'s work this year. But when he starts proclaiming, as he recently did, that fashions have settled down into a mold that will endure for fifty years, I wonder, I just wonder. —Lois Long

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Academies

FOR the last several years, the National Academy, that venerable institution, has been trying to liven up its Annuals, and, perhaps because of a realization that its membership could hardly be counted on to help much in that direction, it has been inviting an increasing number of non-members to join the showings. In its current affair, the one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Anniversary Exhibition, eighty-two, or practically half, of the hundred and sixty-six artists listed in the oils section are non-members, and after a quick check of the rest of the catalogue—sculptures, black-and-whites, water colors, and architectural designs are also included—I should say that the proportion in the grand total of exhibitors would be about the same.

Unfortunately, even this heroic ladling in of leaven doesn't help a great deal, and the show is much like all the other Academy collections I've seen through the years. There are minor differences, of course, and in several cases they are improvements. One identifying feature of Academy shows is the Exhibition Landscape. This is ordinarily a snow scene (for the contrasts of rocks, tree trunks, and so on, against the snow dazzle) or (for atmosphere) a tile-roofed, red-stucco-walled foreign village, and it is generally so stridently painted and so huge that it's hard to imagine where it could be permanently hung except in a high-class hotel lobby. I'm glad to report that there are fewer of this species in the show than usual. Of those on view, I would say that W. Lester Stevens' "Beginning to Thaw" and Ernest D. Roth's "Todi" are most typical, in that they combine the highest percentage of the features I have mentioned, and that Eliot Clark's dark, wintry study of a grove of trees called "The Leafless Screen" is the best, which may not be a wholly enviable distinction. Waves, too, are a subject that academicians love—waves breaking on rocks in a lather of foam, combers curling and toppling, and so forth. But this time the artists have held themselves in check, and there is only a handful of these, while in the matter of nudes (another major preoccupation) they have been similarly parsimonious. There's a nice "Nude in Profile," by Raphael Soyer, and among the marines a study of the moonlit ocean—"Black Rock," by Henry Mattson—that is pleasantly Expressionistic. But the Soyer nude is hardly glittering and fleshly enough to meet academic standards, while the fact that the Mattson breaks all the house rules is the real basis of its interest as a picture.

As I've already said, there are enough deviations of this sort, by non-members and members alike, to make the show slightly better than the average one of the series. I shan't try to do much listing here, and yet there are a number of pictures that deserve attention. Among these are Louis Bouché's sparkling study of a group on a lawn called "Summer of 1949;" Kenneth Davies' amazingly skillful exercise in the *trompe-l'œil* technique, "Academic Procession;" Carl Gaertner's almost too startlingly sinister "The Erie Street Boys;" and Hazel Janicki Teyral's gently Surrealist "Morning on the Dock." I liked, too, Joseph di Martini's bold and solidly handled "Monhegan Moon," Eugene Berman's romantic "Viva Mexico," and Robert Vickrey's appealing "The Window," as well as Ture Bengtz's simple but effective "Pasture Scene" and the crisp, neatly painted "The Harbor Master," by Zsissly. The sculptures I found almost uniformly bad, and the architectural section (a small one) is too sketchily put together to permit one to have much opinion about it. Among the black-and-whites, I enjoyed Stow Wengenroth's small but accurate "Grand Central," Carl M. Schultheiss's evocative "At the Town-Farm," and the lively beach scene called "Approaching Storm," by Stephen Csoka. Among the water colors, I liked especially Andrew Wyeth's cleverly designed "Sunday School Room," the sunny "Sheepshead Shore," by W. Emerton Heitland, and the suavely painted "Nude Eating Fruit," by Gertrude Schweitzer.

THERE has been a tendency lately to refer to the abstractionists in this country as "the new Academy"—the implication being, of course, that they are getting to be as fixed in style and as uninventive as the academicians—and it was partly with the idea of checking on that notion that I went down to the Annual of the American Abstract Artists, at the New School for Social Research. I must say that I found little

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evidence to support the theory. A good many things are wrong with contemporary American abstract painting. As a number of pieces in the show reveal, it frequently inclines either to the splashy and nebulous or to the overly elaborate and confused. Sometimes, too, it lacks compactness, and there's an air of superficiality about a good deal of the work that argues a failure really to come to grips with the subjects. But if the idea of an "academy" suggests the rigid and the categorical, and the adherence to any set body of principles, this show offers a disclaimer, for the range is wide indeed—from, for example, the Kandinskyesque "Un Coup de Dés," by Alice Mason, through the flat-patterned "Variations on a Theme," by Perle Fine, and the "intra-subjective," rather Expressionist "Mardi Gras," by Max Spivak, to the completely non-objective "Rectangular Space," by Ilya Bolotowsky—and the work shows an impulse toward healthy experimentation that is encouraging. In a good many instances, the experiments don't come off. But there are plenty that do, and among these I include, in addition to the ones I've mentioned, the crisp and colorful study of organic forms called (perhaps pretentiously) "Synchroformic No. 11, Crescendo Vibrato," by John Sennhauser; Suzy Frelinghuysen's boldly organized "Opus," in blacks and greenish browns, and the equally commanding "Composition," by Fritz Bultman; Josef Albers' intricate, exact "Transformation of a Scheme No. 11," incised in black masonite; and the curiously expressive "Canyon Image," done in bright yellows and browns, by Irving Lehman. The setting isn't all it should be, for the layout of the New School's gallery is a trifle awkward, but the show is lively and interesting.

—Robert M. Coates

•

COMMUTERS

My train companion labors at
Detective-story sales;
At night, when he's at home, he reads
"The Canterbury Tales."

By day, I lecture on the Knight,
Squire, Miller, Prioress, Pardoner,
And then improve the evening hours
With Erle Stanley Gardner.

But on the train he dreams about
Some murdering psychopath,
While I look round the passengers
In search of Wives of Bath.

—H. Nearing, Jr.

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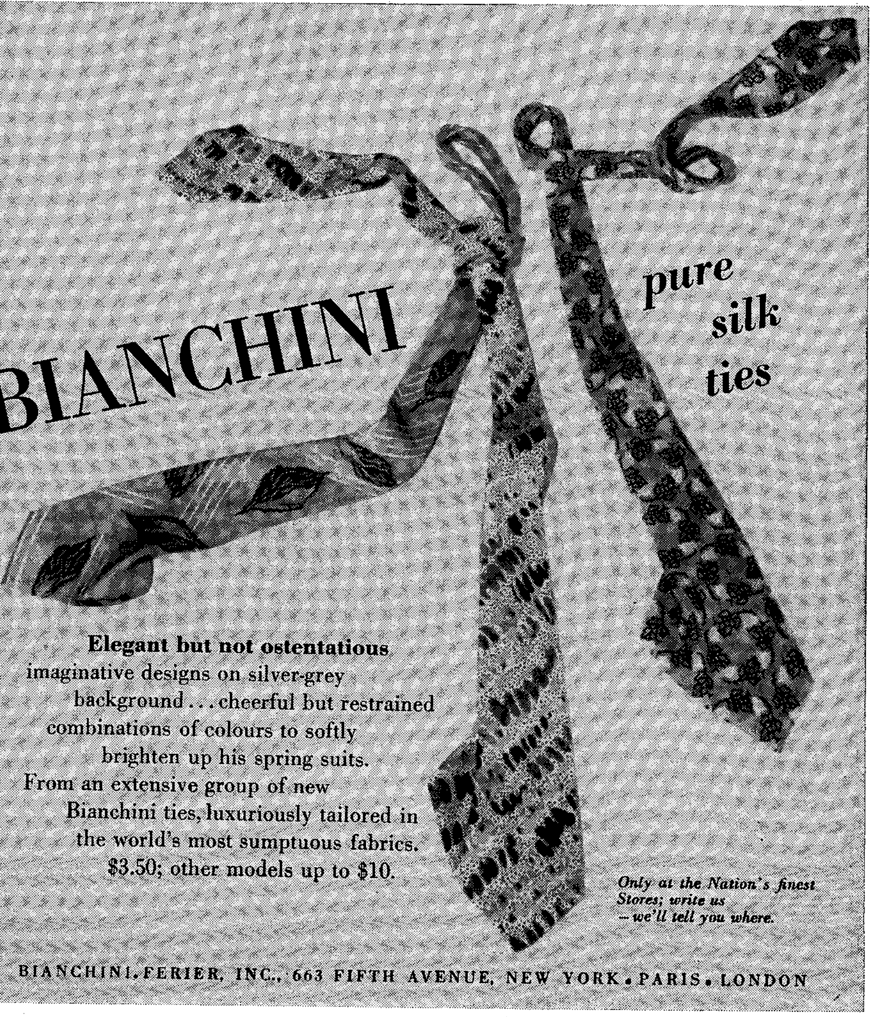

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THE COLONEL LOOKS ON MARATHON

PERIODICALLY, Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, publisher of the World's Greatest Newspaper, quits his atomic-bomb-proof eyrie in his Symphony in Stone, the Tribune Tower, in Chicago, to soar off into the Wild Blue Yonder on a mission of aerial reportage. These missions are flown in a converted Flying Fortress named, in honor of the World's Greatest Newspaper, the Chicago Tribune. The Colonel bought the flying Chicago Tribune—as distinguished from the printed one, which he inherited—out of government surplus, in 1948. There had been overproduction of Fortresses during the war, he told *Tribune* readers at the time, and he had got it for less than the price of a small new plane. From the points where he alights, the Colonel tells *Tribune* readers what the world outside looks like to him (pretty dismal, except for a few bright spots, such as General MacArthur's Japan and General Franco's Spain). The proprietor of Dick Tracy, Moon Mullins, and John O'Donnell does not permit the syndication of his own contributions. By reserving them for the *Tribune*, he may feel that he is protecting that publication's position *as* the World's Greatest Newspaper. Whatever his reasons, as I have discovered while making Chicago my temporary headquarters, he is unjust to readers in less favored regions. For the Colonel is a travel writer in the great tradition, like de Tocqueville, Lemuel Gulliver, and George Borrow, and he brings back memories of Tom Sawyer and his balloon. The countries he visits merely provide background.

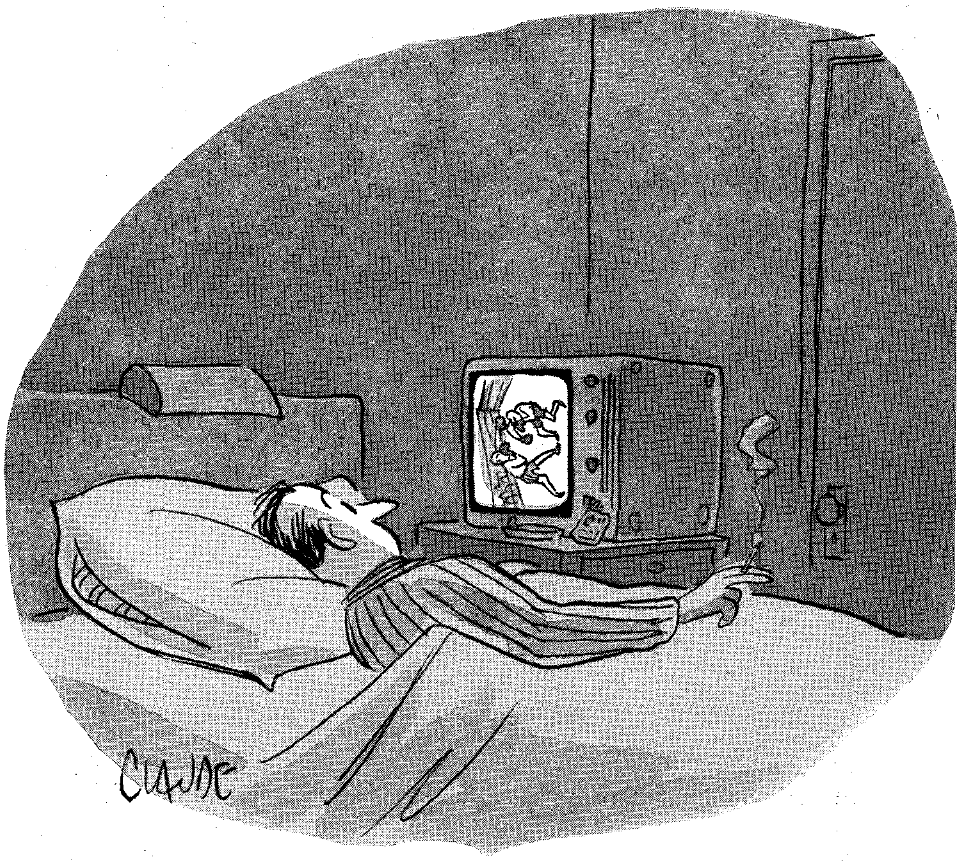
The Colonel is currently abroad on the fifth reconnaissance of importance he has made since the recent war. His entourage includes his wife, her daughter by a former marriage, a woman secretary, and a lady's maid, in addition to five crewmen. On the Christmas card that the Colonel and his lady sent to *Tribune* employees last December was a photograph showing the couple standing beside the flying Chicago Tribune with their luggage. In the upper right-hand corner of the card was the line "To the ends of the earth we go, go, go—Kipling." Although he was British, and an Empire man at that, Kipling is one of the Colonel's favorite poets.

A map and timetable of the Colonel's itinerary are published in the *Tribune* before each departure. On the present journey, which has been called by WGN, the McCormick radio station, "a three-continent fact-finding flight," the Colonel was scheduled to inspect Bermuda, the Azores, Spain, Greece, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, India, Burma, Thailand, Iran, Turkey, Italy, France, Denmark, and Iceland, in that order. On March 4th, however, at which time the Colonel had reached Karachi, it was announced that he would skip Burma, because of "discouraging reports," and the *Tribune* of March 11th let it be known that he would also omit Iran. The latter news was carried in a modest Reuters dispatch, datelined Teheran, that read: "Col. Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, has notified the American embassy here that he has canceled his visit to Iran scheduled for March 14. He had already had 'satisfactory talks' with Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlavi in Pakistan, where he attended a dinner in the Shah's honor, he said."

The same day's *Tribune* carried the following Associated Press item from Bangkok: "Col. Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, left today in his private plane for New Delhi, India. Col. McCormick, who during his two-day visit here had talked with Premier Pibul Songgram, said he believed the premier is conscious of the Communist threat to his country. He added that Thailand appears relatively prosperous."

These are not outstanding examples of the Colonel's knack of reaching and communicating conclusions rapidly. In an interview granted to Percy Wood, a *Tribune* correspondent, and some Egyptian newspapermen, in Cairo on March 2nd, the Colonel engineered a scoop of sorts by reporting on the condition of France, which he was not scheduled to visit until March 24th. "France is atheist and anarchic," he said. "Her greatest hero, Pétain, is held in prison by his political opposition."

There is, though, evidently some limit to the Colonel's power of reporting by anticipation—a journalistic innovation, incidentally, almost as important as the method of judging newspapers by their gross weight, which the *Tribune* revealed in 1946. He can report on a country three weeks before he goes to it, but not a full year before. "Asked to comment on the British election results," Mr. Wood wrote, "the publisher said, 'Ask me a year from now. I'm go-



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ing to England next year to find out.' " It would be interesting to know the Colonel's precise premonitory range.

In the same interview, the Colonel said that a Truman-Stalin conference would be useless, because "no statesman ever keeps his word." "The publisher added, however," Wood continued, "that 'we can lick everyone, including Russia.' Declaring that individuals bring on war, Col. McCormick said, 'The last one was caused by Hitler and Roosevelt; maybe the next one will be brought about by Truman and Stalin.' " (Colonel McCormick then went in for one of those historical digressions that are his specialty. "Empires, except the Roman, don't last," he told Mr. Wood and the Egyptians, whose land was once the seat of a fairly durable empire itself. "The Turkish empire didn't last, nor did that of Louis XIV, nor Hitler's. The British Empire didn't last, and the Russian empire won't." This marked a slight switch in the Colonel's historical line. On February 20th, he had told the Associated Press in Newark, "There has never been a successful empire since Charlemagne's." By March 2nd, he had apparently decided that Charlemagne was a bust.)

In Madrid, on February 23rd (I'm making no effort here to keep Colonel McCormick's observations in chronological order), the publisher told Spanish reporters and the Associated Press that he believed the dangers of atomic warfare to be overrated (despite his preparations for protecting Tribune Tower workers against atomic radiation). "It would be hard on little, concentrated countries like England," he said. "In the United States we have lots of space."

On March 6th, in Karachi, Reuters reported, and the *Tribune* duly noted, Colonel McCormick invited Liaquat Ali Khan, the Pakistani Prime Minister, to have lunch with him at Cantigny Farm, the publisher's estate near Wheaton, Illinois, sometime this spring. After lunch on the forthcoming occasion, according to the dispatch, "a number of Pakistani women in the Prime Minister's party will go shopping in Chicago with Mrs. McCormick." The Colonel was reported to have "commended the self-reliance, energy, and high purpose of Pakistan's statesmen." (It was Liaquat Ali Khan who arranged the dinner with the Shah, a providential visitor in Karachi, and thus made the Colonel's trip to Iran unnecessary.) The Egyptian statesmen didn't come off so well. Once he had left Cairo, the Colonel, a Reuters man wrote, "denounced the new Egyptian constitution as a complete phony." In Bombay, the Colonel, as filtered through Reuters, "denounced President Truman's civil-rights program as a new form of slavery." He said, "I believe every employee must have freedom to choose his employer and every employer freedom to choose his employee." (He did not say, as far as I could make out, what happens when the choice is not reciprocal.) The *Tribune* headline on this story read

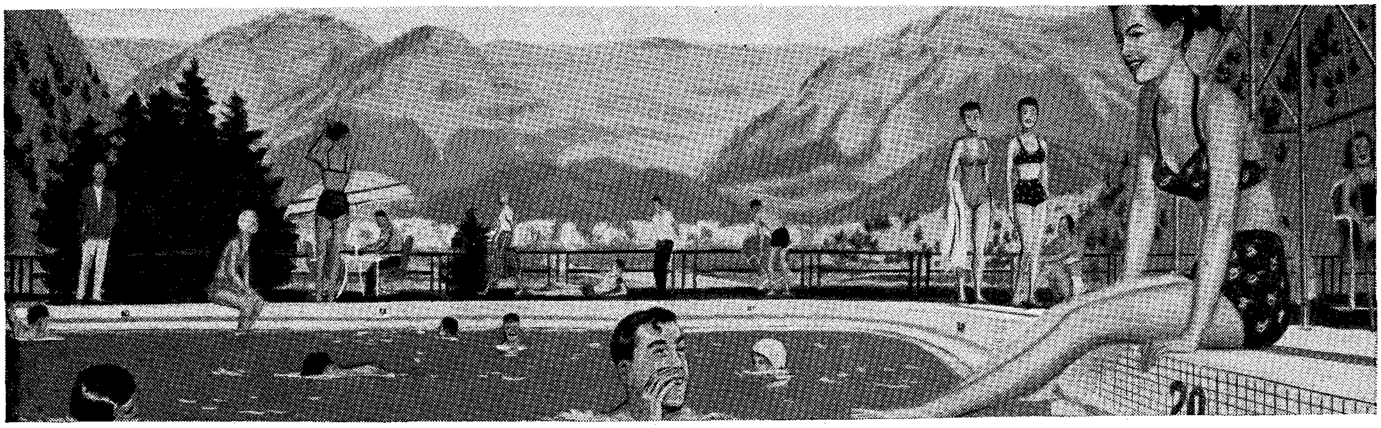
COL. McCORMICK
HITS AT TRUMAN
ON CIVIL RIGHTS

and must have made many of that newspaper's readers think the Colonel was already back home.

ALL these third-person dispatches, even though most of them include quotes, are dilute stuff for straight-McCormick addicts, however. We prefer the species of first-person journalism that he sends along under his own bylines—"By Col. R. R. McCormick," to fit in a single column, and "By Col. Robert R. McCormick" when he has a double. This, for us, is the Real McCormick.

The Colonel, as a travel writer, points for one big Sunday piece each week, which is also read over WGN at nine o'clock, Central Standard Time, on Saturday evening, as part of a radio program called "Chicago Theatre of the Air," which he has sponsored since 1940. The reading is sandwiched in between halves of a cut-down version of some operetta or musical comedy, the director accelerating the tempo of the performance if there is an unusually large amount of McCormick to be squeezed into the middle. When in residence, the Colonel appears at the studio, and generally reads an address on some historical incident in British-American relations—the Battle of New Orleans, for example. When he is on the wing, he carries on by recorded voice or by deputy. Collections of the Colonel's addresses, well printed on heavy paper, are to be had free of charge at the Tribune Tower, but a request for them there, I have found by personal experiment, elicits a certain amount of astonishment.

Colonel McCormick's weekend piece does not always absorb all his creative energy while travelling, and he sometimes can't wait to jack up the standards of the World's Greatest Newspaper. The first McCormick byliner of the present *tournée*, under the head "COL. McCORMICK TELLS ABOUT HIS BERMUDA FLIGHT," appeared on



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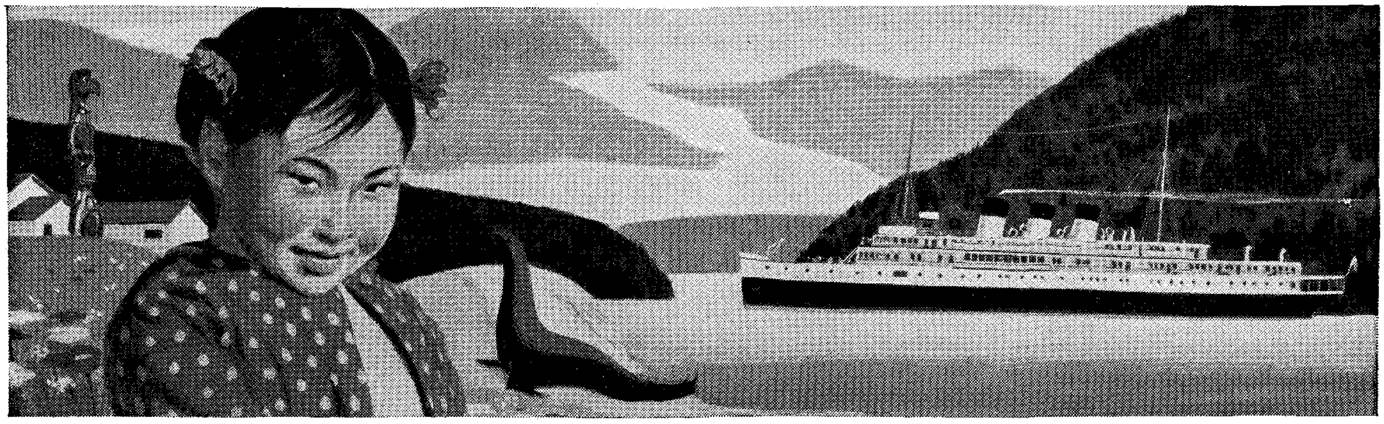

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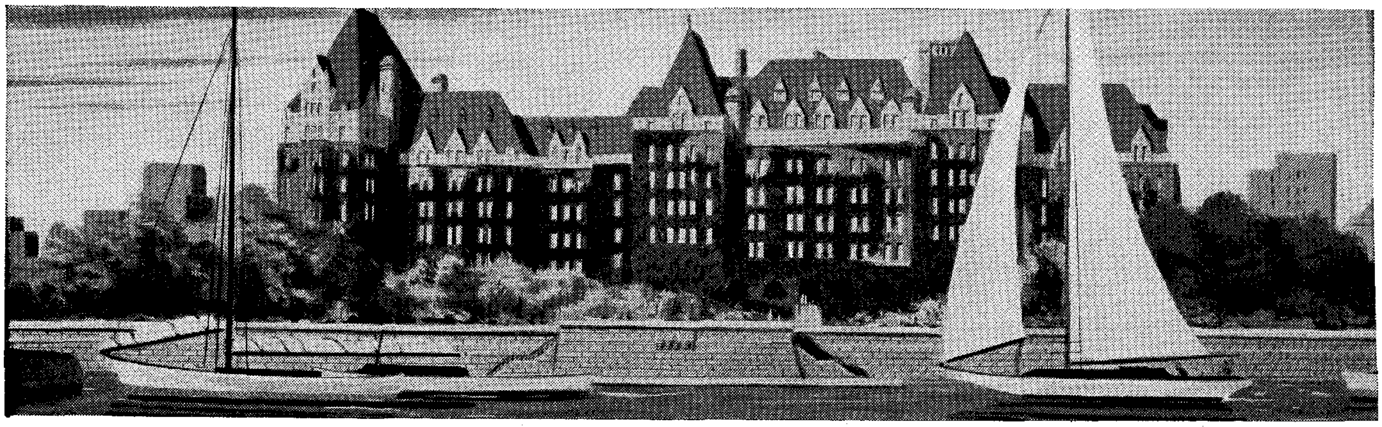

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Wednesday, February 22nd. It was briefer than many, but it set the mood for a trip through space with the man who has admitted introducing the machine gun to the Army, light opera to the American public, and aspirin to atomic warfare. It read, in part: "After a tiresome delay which one experiences only from New York customs officers and posing for a few pictures in the cold wind [a *Tribune* photographer, Al Madsen, is also a member of his party], we took off yesterday for Bermuda at 4:30 P.M. . . . Followed by a 55-mile an hour wind, we lost sight of land in 15 minutes more. . . . Over the ocean, of course, there are no landmarks, but we passed four checkpoints where the navigator pinpoints his position by triangulation. From above the clouds we could see no ships. After dark, the northern lights came out. I have not asked whether they are used as navigational aids. . . . The lights of Bermuda appeared at 8 p.m., New York time, and I said what I had not mentioned before—that, with a 55-mile per hour wind, our survival equipment would not be any better than a 5 cent cigar."

The Colonel is intrepid, but he knows *Tribune* readers worry about him. In 1948, when he bought the winged Chicago Tribune, he sought to reassure his public by devoting most of a "Chicago Theatre of the Air" address to a review of the safety factors involved. "Hot and cold food and coffee will be taken on at the different stops, as we do not propose to risk the additional hazard of a stove," he said then. "Neither will there be any smoking on board, and matches taken along for emergency will be in hermetically sealed metal boxes. . . . Calculations indicate that in a four-engine plane two engines will fail together once in 250,000 flights. The same odds are that one could make a million flights before three of four engines would fail simultaneously. . . . If one or two of my engines go out I can make port on the others. Stationed in the North Atlantic Ocean are seven weather-rescue ships on a full-time basis and another on a half-time basis. . . . All these ships have experienced crews aboard . . . constantly standing by for rescue, should their assistance be required. . . . If it were conceivable that both of the pilots should become incapacitated, any one of the other crew members [radio operator, engineer, and navigator] can make a safe landing on an airfield. . . . If all of the crew should become incapacitated, I can hold the plane on an even keel and hit Europe somewhere, in which event the passengers and crew will have to bail out." Happily, the assistance of the rescue ships was not needed. Since then, *Tribune* readers have grown accustomed to the Colonel's flights, and now, when he takes to the air, they are able to bear the strain.

THE Colonel followed his dispatch from Bermuda with a byliner, twenty-four hours later, headed: "COL. McCORMICK REACHES MADRID." The piece ran about two columns. The Colonel did not miss the chance for another shot at Gomorrah. "After New York City . . . it was pleasant to get here where there is plenty of water and you don't feel you are depriving someone else when you take a bath," he wrote. "The first stop on our aerial tour was Bermuda," he continued, by way of recapitulation. "Everybody knows that Bermuda is a first-class winter resort." After a short disquisition on the geology of the islands, the Colonel noted, with perhaps a wistful thought for Chicago: "There is segregation of races in the schools and a rather small minority of white people keep control of the legislature by a heavy property qualification. All of the police are white. On the other hand, the colored people are contented and extremely well off." With this matter cleared up, the Colonel went on: "The American air base is a splendid thing and excellently run. . . . In talking over the problems of the air force at the officers' club with the commanding officer and his chief assistants before a roaring fire, I told them some of the old-time things—the days before smokeless powder and what difficulty we had getting machine guns into the Army—while they told me that all the present implements might soon be obsolete and give way to such things as rockets and controlled projectiles and, somewhat humorously, that pilots might soon be obsolete."

The Colonel then took occasion to teach a bit of history, pro and con: "In the Revolution we obtained gunpowder from Bermuda. It was at Bermuda that a British flying squadron was located to coerce us in 1896. Of course, Bermuda got its start financially from blockade running in the Civil War." (Score: 2–1, con.)

"We had a little turbulence as we left the island," the report from Madrid also noted. "Then it became extremely cold. . . . From this, and from habit, I was up several times in the night. Of course, legally, I was only a passenger and all five [members of the crew] were vastly superior to me in air knowledge, but the years of responsibility could not be shaken off." The Colonel got the plane safely to the mainland, after a stopover in the Azores, with which he was not greatly taken, finding the peasants poor. "Our soldiers make the best ambassadors we have, with their polite manners, their high education, and high standard of living," he wrote. "The Portuguese, however, are suspicious of their intentions, due partly to the fact that when the English came to Portugal to fight Napoleon they shipped all of the Portuguese industries to England and kept them there, and also because they learned of Roosevelt's plan to occupy the Azores in times of peace."

The Colonel said nothing about Madrid in that dispatch (aside from announcing that he had arrived there), probably because he wanted to save his best stuff for the Sunday paper. But an Associated Press interviewer at the airport there quoted him as saying his present tour would be the end of his travels. "I have been everywhere else," the Colonel declared. "This will be my last big trip." I was sorry to hear it, and glad to read a week later that he had apparently reconsidered and would be going to Britain in a year. The A. P. story from Madrid also recorded for *Tribune* readers the embarrassing mistake about the Spanish Republican flag that had been painted on the Colonel's plane instead of the Franco flag. The Colonel had evidently forgotten to read copy on his fuselage.

IN Colonel McCormick's first Sunday piece from Madrid, he wrote that he had had an interview with General Franco, whom he called "the originator of war as we have known it for the last fifteen years." Franco, according to the Colonel, "originated the maneuver of moving troops by air." (This innovation, by the way, has also been credited by the Colonel to Ulysses S. Grant. At the time he gave Grant the laurels, he explained that the Civil War general had moved troops by train but pointed out that the principle was the same.) The Colonel also wrote that Franco had invented dive-bombing. (Colonel McCormick never cites authority, being it.)

Elsewhere in his report after interviewing Franco, the Colonel executed two journalistic maneuvers that were as innovational, in their way, as the martial ones he attributed to his subject. For one thing, he began his story, "I have just come from an interview with Gen. Franco," and then didn't tell any-

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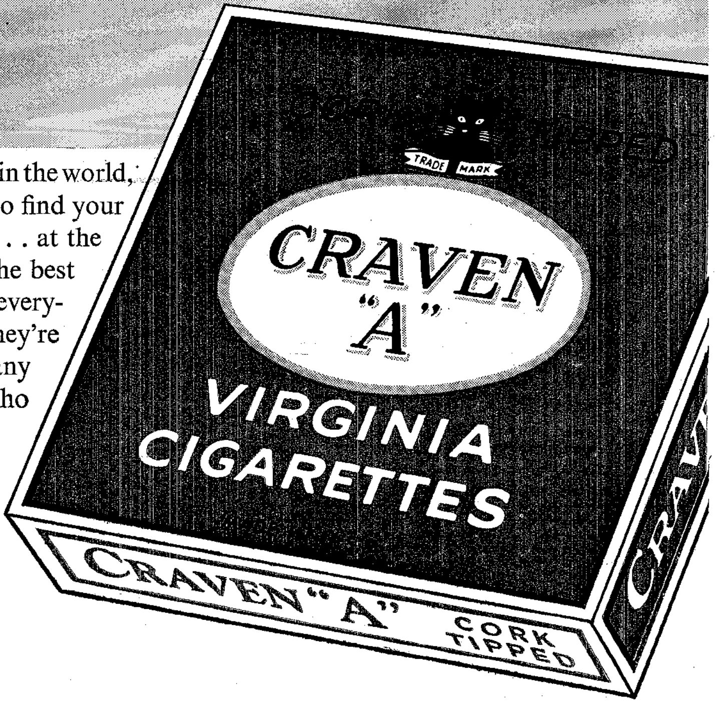

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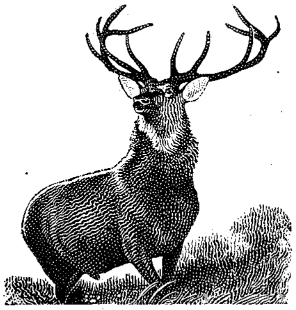

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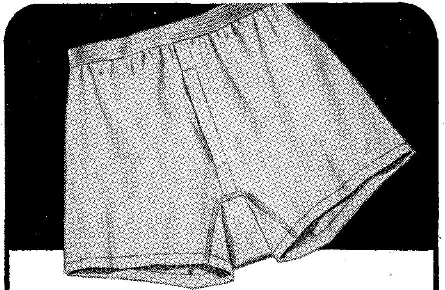

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thing the General had said. And he displayed even more originality in facing a problem that has long baffled many other reporters—how to present a colorful introduction without pushing the main part of the story down to the bottom of the page. The Colonel accomplished this by simply leaving out the introductory material and running it a week after what it was supposed to lead up to. His first piece, the main part of the story, consisted of an account of the Spanish Civil War as the flying publisher sees it in retrospect. The American government, he said, sent "a Communist brigade, outrageously named Lincoln, to fight with the Spanish Communists. These men fought well, but did as much harm to their cause by their cruelty to civilians." Despite the presence of this expeditionary force, the Colonel continued, Franco, with some German and Italian assistance, "originated the original blitzkrieg, broke through the defense, and rushed on without stopping to the capture of Barcelona. This practically ended the resistance. Franco granted amnesty to all nationalist soldiers who were not convicted of atrocities. Perhaps his trial of those guilty of atrocities furnished the example for allied trials of war criminals after the World War, but not for Justice Jackson's legalized murder of German political leaders. Franco's strategy was in the best tradition. His tactics were original. Whether Guderian or Patton improved upon them is open to question, but no one denies that they imitated him. [No one except the Colonel, so far as I know, has even suggested it.] So Franco remains the greatest general to appear on the European scene. MacArthur's great strategy of the Pacific was of a different nature. . . . Whatever we think of [Franco's] political principles, no one can question his idealism or his patriotism. In addition to being a great general, he may turn out to be a great statesman."

The second weekend piece from Madrid, in which Colonel McCormick presented the introductory material about his visit there, was entitled "Spain and Greece" and shared the WGN bill with "No, No, Nanette," after which it went a double-and-a-single on the editorial page. With it, I thought, the Colonel really hit his stride. "The time of the last broadcast did not permit me to give my full impression of Madrid," he started off. "The approach to Generalissimo Franco's home presented the most dramatic peacetime picture I have ever seen. He lives in a former royal hunt-

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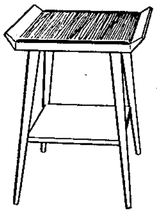

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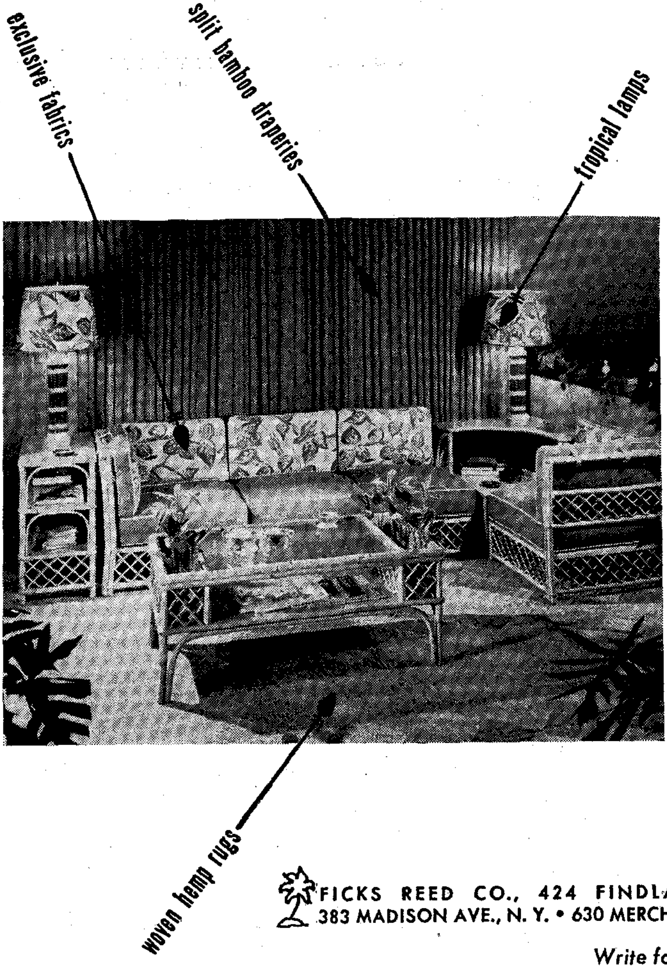
ing lodge, I should say about the size of the late Potter Palmer mansion. [The reference is to a large and hideous Chicago residence that has just been torn down.] Following a straight avenue, we [I assume he means himself and Mrs. McCormick] first perceived two horsemen who, on closer approach, were seen to be two Moorish cavalrymen on Arab horses. On their heads were octagonal steel spiked helmets. Their robes covered the lower part of their faces. Reins and accoutrements looked like the middle ages. Two flags were at the ends of the lances which they dipped in salute as we passed by." After describing three more sets of guards and some tapestries, the Colonel reported that he had been "introduced into the presence of the Generalissimo, who, in his capacity of chief of state, was in civilian clothes." He then continued: "Last week, I told of the interview. [He had apparently forgotten that he hadn't.] As we departed, the guard of honor was dismissed. . . . How different it was some years ago when I called on King Alfonso at his massive palace in Madrid." Alfonso had been guarded by "pikesmen in shabby clothes who clashed their halberds on the floor as they had done in the time of Henry V," the Colonel reminisced, and this had given him the tipoff on Alfonso—"an energetic, clever man who, however, could not resist the changing times."

But the Colonel is a teacher who does not believe in marking anybody a hundred per cent. "An exception to the favorable impression I received in Spain were the pictures of the torturing to death of bulls, a practice that does Spain unutterable harm in the world of public opinion," he stated, thus illustrating the futility of censorship.

"Taking off for a night flight, we passed first over Barcelona and then over Rome—the grandeur that was Rome," the second Sunday report continued. "The ghosts of the Caesars are grinding their ghostly teeth that their capital has become a checkpoint for airplane flights." En route to Athens, the Colonel learned that his pilots had received some faulty weather information from the Azores. "When we come back across the North Atlantic, I hope the same joker will not be on duty," he said, and then, "Returning to Athens after 30 years, I recognized only the old palace, much like a New England summer hotel, the Stadium, and, of course, the Acropolis. The Acropolis, obviously, has not changed. Except for when it was blown up by the Venetians in the 17th



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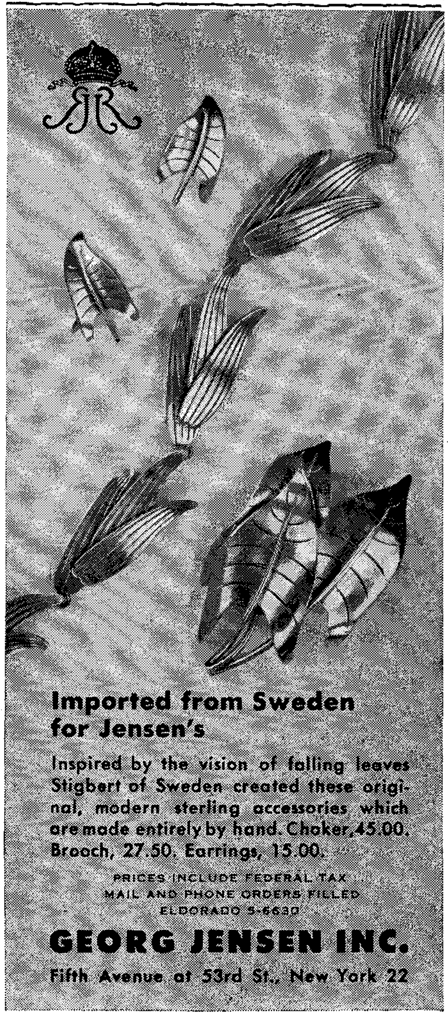

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century, I do not suppose it has changed since Pericles built it with money from the subject states that should have been used for self-defense and caused the fall of Athens. . . . The ECA (Economic Coöperation Administration), anxious to brief me on its efforts, pointed out the roads it had built, so superior to those of Illinois, and the railroad it had rebuilt with money taxed from American railroads. . . . My informants appeared intelligent and were clearly sincere. Like others, they have taken the best jobs they could find and were performing them to the best of their ability. It is at home that the 5 percenters are doing the collecting. Our [nation's] presence in Greece was the work of the English wing of the State Department. . . . The Hitler plan to get control of the Suez Canal route to India was being adopted by the Russians. . . . The State Department plan to use the American Army to protect this British pipeline was, of course, backed by the beneficiaries of ECA expense. . . . How futile it has all been is perceived when we see Egypt, India, Ceylon, and Thailand all free and the Suez Canal of no further use to a vanishing empire."

Some good may yet result, though, the Colonel decided. The Greeks, he observed, are learning from the Americans "a way of life they could not have learned otherwise."

"The [American] Army has shown them the power of the Republic," the Colonel said. "The navy, also in the Mediterranean to protect the lifeline to India, points out to the nations along its shores that Columbia rules the waves. . . . The elaborate plans under a clever deception, to return our Republic to European control, are defeating themselves. The Republic is pushing forward in Europe.

"And so, as I take off across the ancient battlefields, I recall the words of Byron:

The mountains look on Marathon
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free."

Maybe Colonel McCormick is going to become a convert to the Truman Plan, after all. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Of Human Bondage," by W. Somerset Maugham*]

She [Mildred] put her thin arms around his neck. "You have been a brick to me, Phil dear."—*Page 393.*

"It's just like old times, Phil," she [Mildred] said. She had never called him Phil before . . .—*Page 510.*

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ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS

WHEN Dan and Mary Warren, after years of dreaming, were at last able to break the ground for their "little home in the country," Dan was overjoyed that Mary readily agreed to his suggestion that the flower garden, or perennial border, as she called it, should be his responsibility. Dan's life had been spent in cities, and he had long had a yearning to mess about in the good brown earth. While the house was being built, he acquired a vast library of books on flower-raising, and when the time came for the border to be dug, he was able to talk knowingly to the local nurseryman about lime, peat, humus, and ashes. He and Mary moved out from New York in September, and for the next two months Dan spent every weekend on his knees, planting clumps of perennials and boxes of bulbs. In November, he finished a complete chart of the garden and began making tactical notes, and at Christmas his present to Mary was three handsome vases, of different sizes and colors. Later on, he added to this collection.

If Mary thought that Dan was being optimistic, she tactfully gave no sign. "It'll be wonderful to have flowers around the house all the time," she said.

"Well, you're going to have them, dear," Dan asserted confidently.

And, sure enough, with the first flush of spring the grape hyacinths, scillas, and daffodils appeared, followed by tulips, violas, and forget-me-nots. In June, the delphiniums and phlox arrived, and before they faded, the zinnias and snapdragons, which Dan had set out as seedlings as soon as the frost left the ground, brought more color. No one in the neighborhood, Dan thought proudly, had a border that yielded half as much bloom as his did.

Each morning, Mary gathered a bucketful of flowers and filled all the vases that Dan had given her. Each afternoon, he hurried out from town on the earliest possible train, and when he wasn't working in the garden, he was gazing admiringly at those many containers of blossoms with which she kept the house ablaze. Their life centered on the perennial border, and they were completely happy until their second spring in the country, when Mary became a member of a garden club.

THE Tinker Lane Garden Club was regarded as the most select in the community, and it had never occurred to Mary that she might be invited to join it. To be sought by Tinker Lane's president was both a social and a horticultural distinction, and when Celeste Pennicott announced the purpose of her call at the Warren home, Mary grew pink as a Picture rose with pleasure. In a moment, however, she looked dispirited. "I doubt that I'm eligible for Garden Club membership, Mrs. Pennicott. You see, my husband does all our gardening. I don't do a thing except arrange the flowers," she confessed.

"Tinker Laners aren't required to go out and *dig!*" said Mrs. Pennicott, smiling tolerantly. "Flower arrangement is quite as important as flower-growing. In fact, we're concentrating our *entire* attention on arrangement these days."

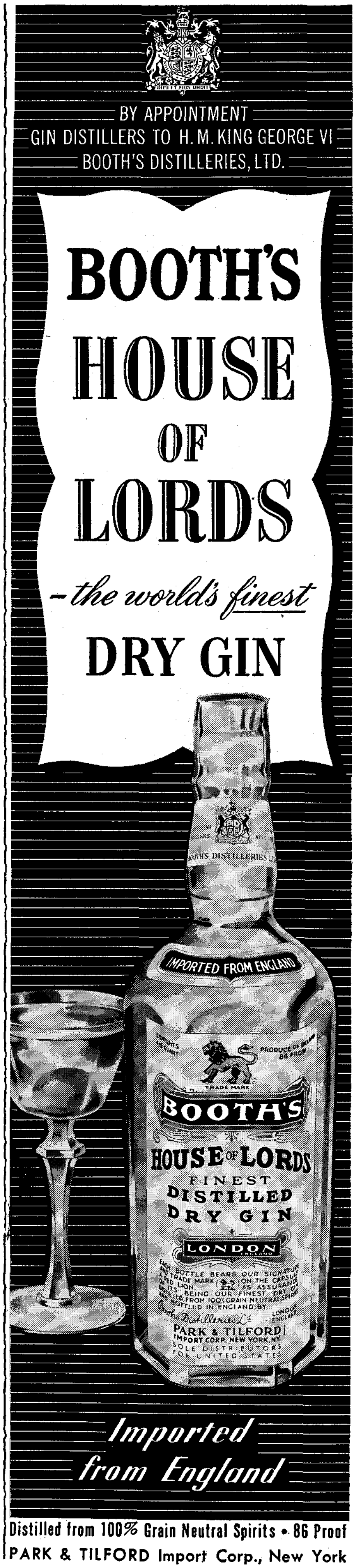
Something in the way Mrs. Pennicott looked at the bowl of mixed blossoms at her elbow told Mary that it must be a very inferior example of arrangement. She gratefully accepted the invitation to join the club, and promised to attend its next meeting.

NOT long after this, Dan came down to breakfast late one rainy Sunday morning. He thought the house looked strange—there seemed to be something missing—and he called to Mary. She answered from the pantry, where he found her at a table surrounded by empty, unwashed vases. Piles of discarded flowers were scattered about, and Mary's attention was fixed on a flat bowl, beside which lay a few sprays of pussy willow. She had an open book propped up alongside the bowl.

"Hello, dear," she said without looking up. "Do you want to help me measure these pussy willows? I'm doing an arrangement in Kikwa." She handed him a ruler.

"Kikwa?" said Dan.

"Kikwa. Kikwa," Mary repeated impatiently. "It's—well, *you* know, the Japanese art of flower arrangement." She read aloud from the book: " 'The longest line is known as the Heaven Line and must be one and one-half times the diameter of any shallow dish used. The secondary line, called Man Line, must be two-thirds the length of the Heaven Line. And the tertiary line, called Earth Line by the Japanese, must be one-third the length of the Heaven Line.' I've got to get these three sprays



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of pussy willow into this bowl in those proportions, and you know my arithmetic."

"Nothing else?" Dan asked. "None of my flowers? No color?"

"Color is of incidental importance in flower arrangement. Mrs. Pennicott says it's a mere point of accent."

"Well, most living rooms need some accent. Look, I'll put on my raincoat and get you a mess of fresh flowers. The tulips—"

"But I don't *want* tulips," said Mary. "They'd ruin the whole thing! Don't you understand, Dan, I'm trying to break away from the wrong ideas I've had for years about flowers? I'm trying to *create* something—a composition, a synthetic design, let us say—in which line, not mass, is the important thing. I want to arrange these three pussy willows so they'll *say* something to you! I want you to feel that they're reaching toward Heaven when you look at them!"

Dan was slightly embarrassed at the thought of intruding on a pussy willow when it was in the act of reaching toward Heaven, but he dutifully said, "O.K. by me, honey, if you say so," and went to work with paper and pencil and ruler.

The Warren garden outdid itself in prodigality of bloom that summer. From the side gate the house took on the appearance of a Raphael Tuck postcard of an old English cottage lost behind spires of foxgloves, delphiniums, and mammoth Canterbury bells. Dan had not dreamed that a small garden could produce so many and such beautiful flowers, and he would have been a man fulfilled if it had not been for Mary's changed attitude. Slowly, it was borne in on him that Mary had come to regard a profusion of flowers as not only unnecessary but vulgar. One iris in a shallow dish, accompanied by a china mandarin; three pansies in an old canister of black tôle; a spray of nasturtiums in a small tray inlaid with mirror glass and set on a black marbleized base; three violets and two wisps of lily of the valley—these were the floral effects on which Mary slaved happily. When the regional garden clubs had their show, she exhibited an arrangement of cryptanthus (one spray) set in an oblong copper bowl, labelled "Jewel Box," and won first prize. Dan loyally congratulated her and admired the unique arrangement when she duplicated it for the next meeting of the Tinker Laners at the Warrens'. He was upset, however, that almost all the flowers he picked were barred from his home and

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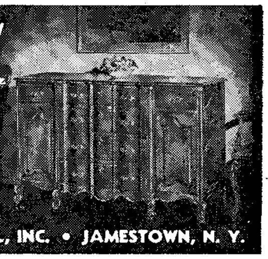

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had to be given away—to non-Tinker Laners, of course.

WHEN autumn came, Dan had twenty-nine varieties of chrysanthemums in the garden. He thought they would look wonderful in the house, but Mary shook her head. The Tinker Laners had turned to achieving new and thrilling effects without using flowers at all! A couple of kale leaves and a bunch of beets appeared one evening in the center of the Warren dining-room table. Burrs and seed pods supplied the décor when Mrs. Pennicott and her husband came for dinner. Dried okra pods and a pineapple bud became objets d'art when used in an arrangement with Tokay grapes on one occasion and with banana leaves on another. Artichokes were no longer eaten but were on the table to provide an exotic contrast to a handful of Brazil nuts. Dan braced himself every time he entered his dining room.

With the onset of frost, he put his garden quietly to sleep under a winter mulch. Mary had ceased to take any interest whatever in it, but he brooded over it during the long, cold evenings, thinking of all the gay little flowers that were innocently getting ready to be born into a suburban world that did not want them. He grew melancholy in contemplation of their fate, and wished that he could figure out how to get even a few of them into his house once more.

Late one March afternoon, he was sitting in the living room when Mary returned from a Garden Club meeting with a volume under her arm. "We got our new gardening books today," she remarked as she put hers on the table. When she went upstairs, Dan, feeling like a convicted man about to hear sentence pronounced, stood up and sneaked a look at it. To his astonishment, he saw that it was a brand-new treatise on Japanese flower arrangement! He sat down again, thumbed unbelievingly through the pages, and came across a sentence that gave him a start.

"*Nageire*," it said, "means Flowers Stuck in a Container."

Dan grinned. If I'm just patient, he thought, the Tinker Lane Garden Club will get around to *Nageire* one of these days.

—MARION STURGES-JONES

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

And They're Off!

As a man interested in improving the breed of both horses and movies, I am pleased this week to report on "Under My Skin," a film based on a Hemingway short story, called "My Old Man," about a crooked American jockey and his son. It's too bad that the producer and script-writer, Casey Robinson, saw fit to alter the perfectly good Hemingway title, but apart from this acquiescent gesture in the direction of Hollywood and perfume-counter nomenclature, Mr. Robinson and his associates have done fairly well by Ernest.

The action of the picture, and there's plenty of it, begins in Italy and ends in France. At the start of the piece, we meet the jockey (John Garfield), who has been set down more often than Don Meade, loping on foot along an Italian road under the goading of his young son, who is determined to make his old man sweat off his surplus poundage; at its conclusion, we see the jockey riding in a four-and-a-half-mile steeplechase at Auteuil—a race that gave me more entertainment than any such event I can recall in the movies since Ramon Novarro beat Francis X. Bushman in the seventy-fifth running of the Chariot Sweepstakes in "Ben Hur." Between times, the jockey is justifiably badgered by a trio of international horse-players he once crossed up by winning when his contract called for him to lose. These chaps are much like the gunmen in "The Killers," and even though the hero of "Under My Skin" is a self-confessed "one-hundred-per-cent heel," it would be a cold-hearted spectator indeed who could watch him being tracked down by such ruffians without feeling some sympathy for him. Fortunately, however precarious our jockey's life may be, it has quite a few compensatory moments—the more rewarding of which involve a lovely French girl, who admits that "if there's a stinker around, I get in weeth heem" and promptly takes the jockey to her bosom. She is also kind to the jockey's son, a motherless lad who is anxious to revisit the United States someday, despite the fact that Daddy is under a cloud in his homeland for pulling horses so hard that many of his mounts have crossed the finish line sideways.

As the boy, to whom his father is a great man, even when his uglier aspects get too clear to be ignored, Orley Lindgren is more prepossessing than most of the children who turn up on celluloid, but I still preferred his elders in the picture. Micheline Prelle, a French actress new to Hollywood, would be agreeable to behold if she did nothing except stand around; she does a lot more than that here, though, singing as well as acting. Luther Adler, as the chief international thug, is thoroughly and properly nasty, and Mr. Garfield plays the jockey as if he'd been born in a tack room. The film owes its largest debt, however, to its director, Jean Negulesco, who has certainly kept things going at a hell of a clip.

"Black Hand" is a moody affair that tells of the struggle of a young Italian immigrant to avenge the death of his father, who was rubbed out in Manhattan by extortionists. A pair of fine performances are registered by Gene Kelly and J. Carrol Naish, who move along against some convincing sets designed to represent the Italian section of Manhattan fifty years ago, but the picture is too lumbering to keep anyone absorbed by its concatenations for very long.

"A Woman of Distinction" consists of old jokes ("You look like an unmade bed"), tired slapstick (man dressed in ill-fitting riding clothes pedalling a bicycle), and a wheezy plot (prominent schoolmarm accused of loose conduct with astronomy professor). The thing is played with gawky enthusiasm by Ray Milland and Rosalind Russell. Why, I can't tell you.

—John McCarten

•

Much has been written on the subject of rose cultivation, but boiled down and stripped of all fanfare, it consists of: Preparation of the soil; planting and protection of the rose while growing.

Let us take the soil preparation first. You will want a loam containing plenty of humans and good drainage.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

In that case, maybe a bit of fanfare wouldn't be amiss.

•

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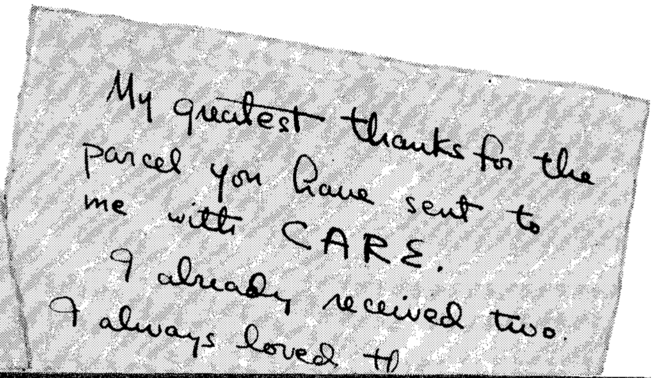

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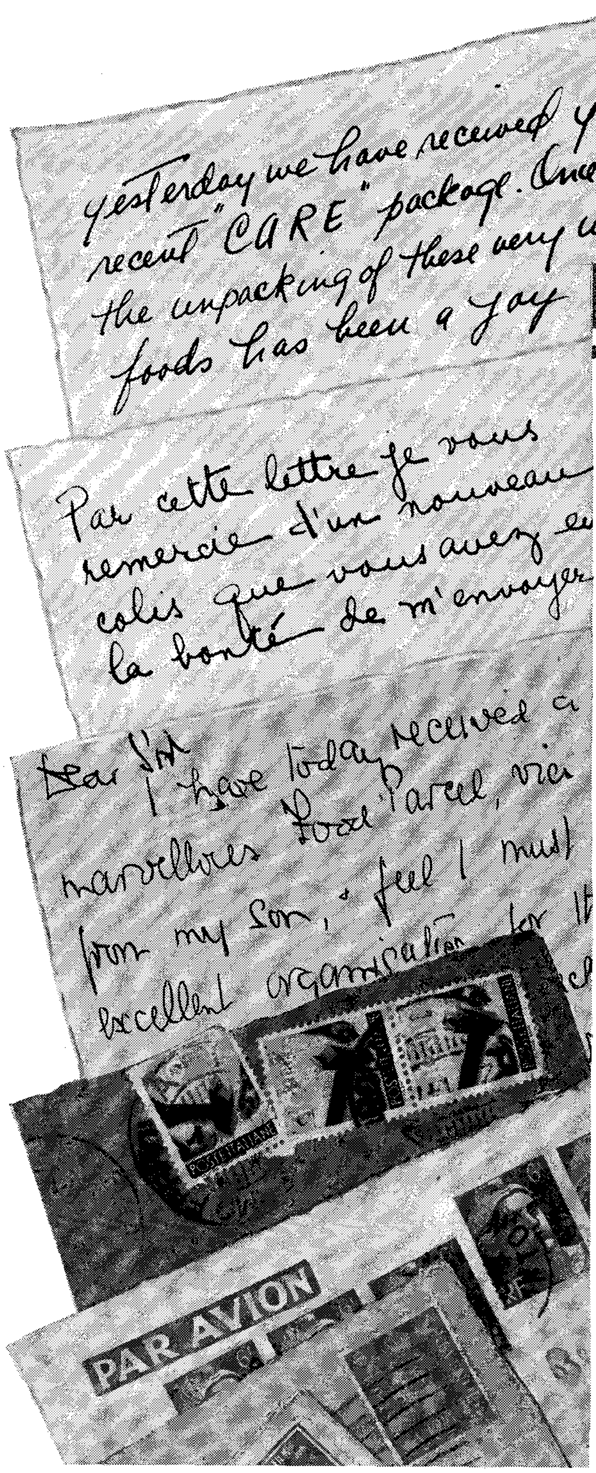

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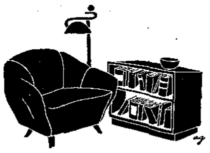


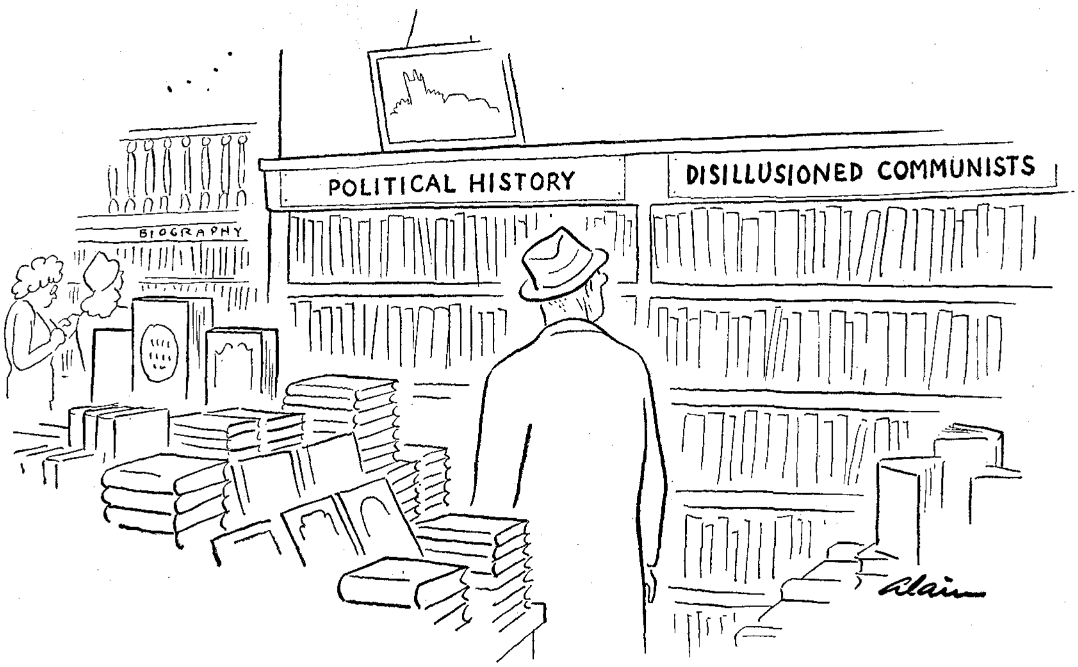
Henry Green, an English manufacturer whose name is not Henry Green, is a writer only after business hours. At forty-five, he is the author of several thoroughly unbusinesslike novels, among them the well-nigh perfect "Loving." His latest novel, "Nothing," is being published here this week by Viking Press. To judge by "Nothing," Green is either a very daring writer or a man so wrapped up in machine tools that he is out of touch with current literary practices, and if it were not for the fact that he hides his identity behind a pseudonym, a dozen do-gooding writers' groups would be converging on his house in London to scatter doomsday tracts on his doorstep and to bully him, with precepts and higher mathematics, into seeing the light—meaning by light how dark it has been getting lately. For what the unprincipled fellow has gone and done is write a funny book, one that all but the most crabbed readers will laugh at from start to finish, without once feeling a pang of conscience over the sorry state of the world.

In the sour year 1950, this is a shocking and irresponsible performance, and right-thinking critics everywhere will soon be calling on Green to pull himself together and observe with a fitting dyspeptic melancholy the approaching dissolution of mankind. He will be given to understand that it is bad form to laugh beside a deathbed, and if he should protest that it is, after all, as much his deathbed as anyone else's, the objection will be dismissed as the quibble of a confirmed and probably dangerous comedian. To be funny is no longer considered funny in the best pen-and-pencil circles; a writer must either choke up or shut up. As for the reader of a contemporary novel, if he fails to weep or bleed, he is plainly wasting his and society's time, and would be better employed listening to atomic scientists on the radio. *They* would scare the ha-has out of him.

Books on the order of "Nothing," witty and making no apology for their wit, light as air and assuming that air is as sound a measure of weight as lead, went out of fashion back in the nineteen-thirties, and have since come to be regarded as the equivalent of acts of artistic treason against the human race. Little by little, men of letters have been persuaded either to abandon the uncertain humor of this world for the certain humorlessness of the next (whatever else may be said of Heaven, it promises to be no laughing matter) or to supplant their characteristic disengagement from life and suspicion of its values with a servile obeisance to the values of the common man. But Green writes as if he were unaware of these two dreary alternatives. At a time when many writers feel so low that they can scarcely raise themselves from the sand long enough to tap out a few last scolding maxims for the dying human animal, Green has the nerve to choose as his subject the lovemaking of middle-aged upper-middle-class Londoners, and with unflagging high spirits to score off them and off the duller, more straitlaced generation of regimented, soul-searching young prigs that will, he thinks, shortly be taking their place. They are favored people of whom he writes, and they might seem despicable if there were enough of them, or if they continued to hold the upper hand, or if he did not contrive to make us share his pleasure in them; as it is, we accept them at once, realizing with a start how long it has been since we were allowed to be amused.

The plot of the book is nothing but a toy. John Pomfret, a widower, perfectly content with his young mistress, once had an affair with Jane Weatherby, now a widow; Mrs. Weatherby, a warm, formidable woman, still in the terrifying prime of life, has every intention of recapturing John and making him her husband. John's daughter is in love with Mrs. Weatherby's son, a puritan who is none too sure that his prospective father-in-law and stepfather is not also his father. But, like most jokes, the story depends on how it is told, not on what is told, and Green is, as always, an absolutely original stylist ("a bride without music by firelight, a black mouth trembling mischief and eyes, huge in one so young, which the fire's glow sowed with sparkling points of rose") and a precise renderer of ordinary speech (" 'Why,' he protested, 'it's the most frightful thing I ever heard in all my life! Poor old fellow. No knowing where these things'll stop either. And the bill too if you don't mind, waiter. I am sorry to hear that,' he ended").

It is part of the eerie, unregenerate charm of "Nothing" that none of the characters in it appears to have heard that man is a fallen creature, much less that all men are brothers; if life is often nasty, it is nevertheless well worth the living, and one's death, like other people's deaths, is at most a degrading bore. Because Green is, in his small compass, so true an artist, he is able to transmute into comedy these and other aspects of that ruthless self-regard that once furnished much of the motive power of fiction and is now being lost, as fiction itself is beginning to be lost, in the cant of an enforced universal selflessness. It is to Green's credit that he performs this



LITTLE, BROWN
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

unfashionable miracle of transmutation without a trace of bitterness or fear. He is, on the contrary, downright merry about it, and in his cheerfulness and vigor he provides an answer to the keenings of his old friend and Eton classmate Cyril Connolly, who, when *Horizon*—the delightful, if high-strung, literary magazine of which he was editor—recently gave up the ghost, was moved to compose a valedictory comment mourning that " 'Nothing dreadful is ever done with, no bad thing gets any better; you can't be too serious.' This is the message of the Forties from which, alas, there seems no escape, for it is closing time in the gardens of the West and from now on an artist will be judged only by the resonance of his solitude or the quality of his despair."

This passage gives us Connolly, the lachrymose mandarin, at the top of his form, and only the most intransigent coolie would think of inquiring whether its eloquence means less than, at first glance, it threatens to mean. Merely to say aloud "the resonance of his solitude" is to utter the authentic sound of sorrow; who cares if, at second glance, it doesn't make much sense? For the Connolly threnodies are not intended to survive close scrutiny. His is an art with a vested interest in disaster; doom is the necessary lump out of which he fashions his pretty ladyfingers of apocalypse. An indefatigable elegist, he has managed to turn his funeral of the arts into a sort of *fête champêtre*, and it is worth noting that in the course of it he has written several first-rate books bemoaning his inability to write first-rate books. But if Connolly's despair is not a mortal sickness, it is certainly catching, and it is good to have Green to point to as proof that it is not yet closing time in the gardens of the West. Stay as long as you like, the sun is far from setting; and meanwhile look at all these marvellous man-eating blossoms and sinister and beguiling fruits! —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LINE ON GINGER, by Robin Maugham (Harcourt, Brace). On the twentieth page of this tissue-thin novel, which appears to have been written in great haste, a petty thief named Ginger makes his exit through the ground-floor window of a London flat just as his former regimental crony, James Merton, is about to quiz him in a friendly manner about his motives for lifting the family silver. Ginger's move, a sensible one, does

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him little or no good, unfortunately, for Merton, a remorseless psychological snoop, sets right out in his wake. En route, he interrogates five other former comrades-in-arms, all of whom (Merton is pleased to note) are coming apart at the seams. The purpose of this rigmarole is, as one might expect, to enable Merton to get a line on his own postwar malaise, as well as to regenerate Ginger. However, it can't be said that this purpose is achieved, since nowhere is there the slightest hint that Merton is suffering from anything more than excessive nosiness and self-esteem.

A SPELL FOR OLD BONES, by Eric Linklater (Macmillan). Two giants, a giantess, a poet, and a princess in first-century Scotland. One of the giants marries the giantess and the other falls in love with her, which leads to a good deal of trouble. It's all very whimsical, of course, but Mr. Linklater has a light touch and the good sense to waste no words.

THE TOWN & THE CITY, by John Kerouac (Harcourt, Brace). A ponderous, shambling novel about the Martin family of Galloway, Massachusetts. Over the years, the little Martins grow up and grow apart, while their parents rejoice or mourn, according to the way things are going. Mr. Kerouac's boundless capacity for sincerity, unmixed with humor, grows very tiresome after a short time, and his habit of using ten words where one would do inclines the reader to put this book aside until some day when there is absolutely nothing else around to read.

GEORDIE, by David Walker (Houghton Mifflin). Geordie, a massive young man from the Scottish Highlands, wins the shot-put at the Boston Olympic Games, and later wins his childhood sweetheart, a girl named Jean. Mr. Walker's burry manner of expressing himself is charming or irritating, according to the reader's frame of mind.

HOW BRAVE WE LIVE, by Paul Monash (Scribner). A gallery of Greenwich Village types, presented in an unnecessarily roundabout fashion. At the start, each of Mr. Monash's characters—a big-hearted alcoholic, a religious fanatic, an artist, and a Negro dancer—has already been featured in a novel written by Breedon Rawley, yet another member of this studio-couch set. Since Rawley's book turned out to be a best-seller, which automatically means that it

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SCRIBNERS

couldn't have done justice to its subject, Mr. Monash's first-person chronicle is aimed at doing such justice, and at providing an appropriately sardonic sequel. It's apparent from the first, however, that his wryness is only partly genuine, and that he believes these latter-day representatives of the lost-generation tradition to be pretty significant folk—a conclusion not entirely warranted by their haphazard and self-consciously scatological deportment.

THE BREAK-UP OF OUR CAMP AND OTHER STORIES, by Paul Goodman (New Directions). A collection of fragments dealing with one thing and another. The title story, an episodic account of the last days at a summer camp in Vermont, is closer to being finished than anything else in the book. The other pieces appear to have been chosen at random from Mr. Goodman's notebook. The writing is characterized by a tone of unpleasant self-possession, interrupted frequently by passages of brash humor.

THROUGH THE FIRST GATE, by John Craig Stewart (Dodd, Mead). A novel of adolescence by an author who is unusually sparing of the scalpel and the probe but gets his effects just the same. The era is the middle twenties, and Tom MacAllen, the young son of a Deep South planter with locally unacceptable opinions, finds that the doings in his schoolyard mirror with uncomfortable accuracy those of the community. Tom's decision to shun the Grand Order of the Young Klan, his subsequent ostracism, and his final showdown with a neighborhood bully form a solid and authentic-sounding core around which Mr. Stewart has woven, not quite so skillfully, an account of the more ordinary tribulations and triumphs of the early teens.

THE COLLECTED TALES OF WALTER DE LA MARE (Knopf). This title is rather misleading; it is a volume of *selected* tales. But the selection—by Edward Wagenknecht—is a good one, and includes two dozen stories. "The Connoisseur" appears in a more complete form than its original published version. Some of these stories—"Seaton's Aunt" and "The Riddle," for instance—are almost masterpieces in the vein of the poetic macabre, and seem likely to become classics. Their only weakness derives from de la Mare's brocade-like style, which sometimes dulls the illusion that the incidents are actually taking place and seems to substitute a fabric of words. The merits of de la Mare's fiction are enthusiastically and admirably described in Mr. Wagenknecht's introduction, although he allows himself such personal irrelevancies, in the manner of the late William Lyon Phelps, as telling us that he took a volume of de la Mare's stories along on his honeymoon.

GENERAL

I WAS THERE, by Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy (Whittlesey House). Between 1941 and 1949, Admiral Leahy was about as close to history as one can get. After telling about his somewhat ambiguous and thankless (and important) tour of duty as American Ambassador to Vichy, he gets on with the story of the war as he saw it from his vantage point as President Roosevelt's Chief of Staff. The main function of that job, he says, was to pass on to the Joint Chiefs of Staff the basic thinking of the President on all war plans and strategy, and his book is based on the notes that he jotted down from day to day. Admiral Leahy is rueful about what he considers his lack of skill in using the English language, by which he means the talent for literary expression he has admired in men like Judge Samuel Rosenman, Robert E. Sherwood, and President Roosevelt, but whether one agrees with his opinion of himself or not, he does have a gift for direct, unadorned phrasing. His frank comments on the men he worked and associated with, from Stalin and Molotov (whom he calls "Molly") to Churchill and de Gaulle, are vivid and highly entertaining, and his book is a pleasure to read. Illustrated.

THE PRICE OF UNION, by Herbert Agar (Houghton Mifflin). An attempt to make some sense out of the American political system, involving the author in a long recapitulation of the history of the United States through 1909. Mr. Agar, who dearly loves a paradox, seems to think that our system is healthy and successful precisely because it is so confused. He believes that the "saving illogicality" of the two-party system (a system that was feared and not wanted by the Founding Fathers) lies in the fact that neither party has ever been homogeneous or dogmatic, or actually Left or Right, and that both have always been coalitions of

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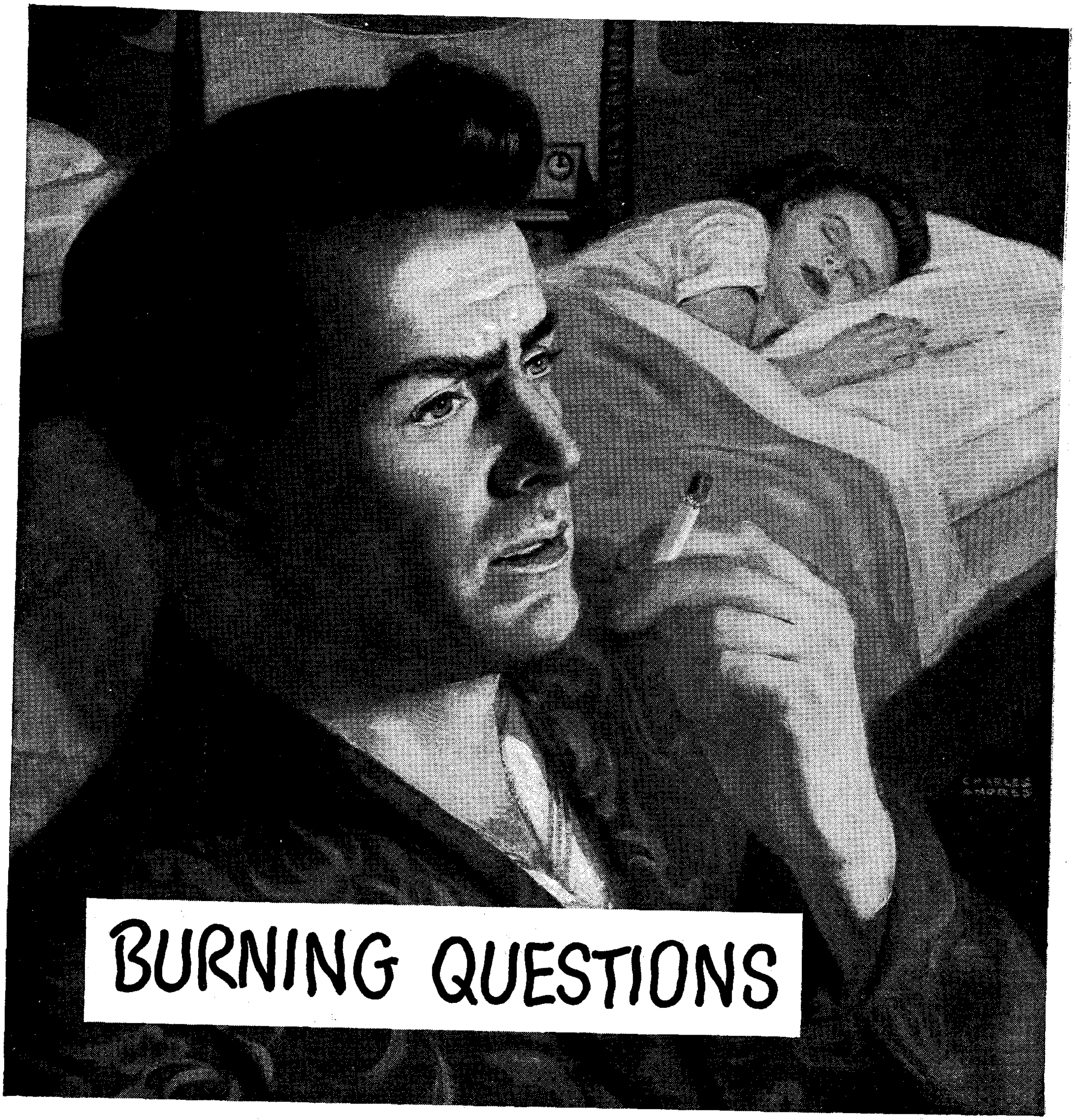

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many contradictory forces and interests. He concedes that this system is wasteful, vacillating, and sometimes corrupt, but he maintains, nevertheless, that it is the means by which compromise has been achieved in national crises, by which monolithic federal power has been curtailed, and by which majority rule has been tempered. Mr. Agar is an original thinker and an informed student of history; if his fondness for playing with words and subtleties tends, at times, to run away with him, it must also be said that his central argument is strong and convincing.

THE MIND OF PROUST, by F. C. Green (Cambridge). As apprehended by Mr. Green, the mind of Proust, accidental differences apart, is the mind of Henri Bergson. The point has, of course, been made before. No one, however, has hovered over it so lengthily as has Mr. Green, who in the course of this five-hundred-page study quits his central theme only on occasions of extreme urgency, such as when he discovers some critic—an Alain, say, or a Benda—to be in need of a gentle dressing-down, or when some side aspect of Proust's genius momentarily distracts him heavenward. But whether Mr. Green is afield or at his last, he makes excellent, possibly even definitive, reading.

JOHN C. CALHOUN: AMERICAN PORTRAIT, by Margaret L. Coit (Houghton Mifflin). A biography of the South Carolina statesman that is smooth-flowing and scholarly and written with human understanding. The popular impression of Calhoun today is probably summed up in a leading modern reference work, where he is described as a "champion of slavery and the Southern cause in Senate debates." Miss Coit's close study of his career demonstrates that such a characterization is only a half-truth. Calhoun was "short-sighted" on the slavery question, she admits, but he was also one of the most ardent and tireless preservers of the ideal of union; even his famous scheme whereby individual states would be able to nullify any act of the federal government that was contrary to their interests was designed to keep the Union intact rather than to destroy it.

OCCUPATION: WRITER, by Robert Graves (Creative Age). Some left-over sparks from Mr. Graves' busy forge. Included in the collection are several hitherto unpublished stories, a

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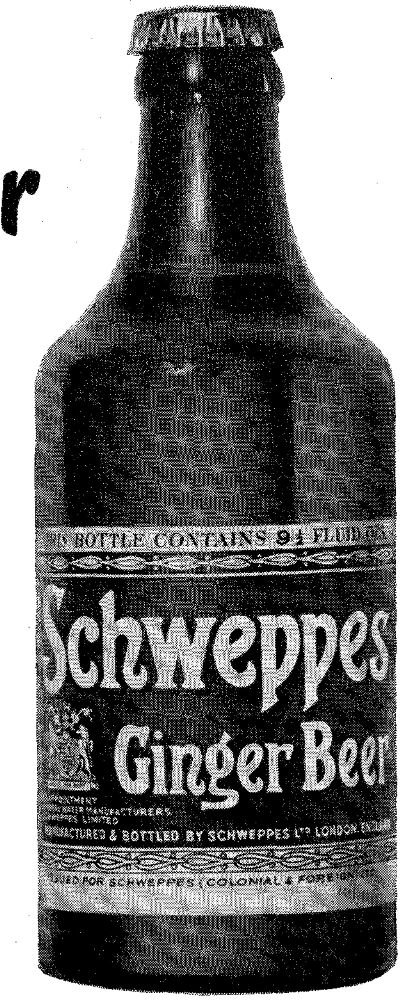
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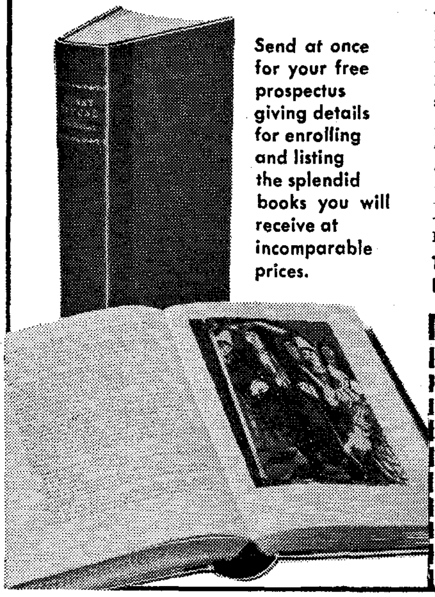

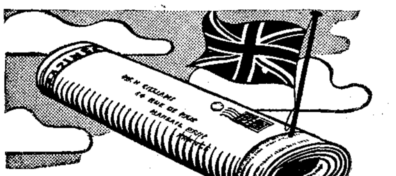

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play that has never been produced, and a number of miscellaneous items, mostly essays. Of the play, one would say offhand that it will continue to go begging. The stories all merit the light of day, however, and the essays are equally deserving, especially the revised " 'Lars Porsena,' or the Future of Swearing and Improper Language," which was one of Mr. Graves' earliest efforts and which clearly prefigures both the rococo erudition that was to distinguish his later works and the irascibility that, with the publication of "Goodbye to All That," was to get the cork of Sir Osbert Sitwell, among others—the same irascibility that probably renders Mr. Graves' acreage in Majorca, where he has mainly lived since the twenties, inviolate.

Maine Doings, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Bobbs-Merrill). A collection of prose testimonials conveying, in Mr. Coffin's characteristically Down East twang, his unflagging admiration for almost every aspect of his native state. As long as he is preoccupied with the sterling and craggy qualities of his parents, neighbors, friends, and hired hands, the author is able to keep his enthusiasm within reasonable bounds. When, however, he gets around to commenting, at considerable length, on local culinary customs, he is seized with a kind of evangelistic frenzy that isn't apt to communicate itself to readers reared outside his tradition, which is that of the 5 A.M. flapjack, doughnut, sausage, pie, and hogshead cheese. Illustrations by the author.

Travelling Tongues, by Kenneth Harris (Transatlantic Arts). As a member of the Oxford Union debating team, Mr. Harris crisscrossed America a couple of years ago, conducting, along the way, the informal anthropological survey of our mores that is customary with visiting Englishmen. The resultant grab bag of information is, on the whole, both diverting and shrewdly observed, if not particularly breathtaking, since it appears that many of the national traits Mr. Harris considers noteworthy—our informality, pugnacity, and unrestrained impulse to light out for almost anywhere at the drop of a hat—are exactly the ones that have been providing English observers with material for comment for more than a century. Mr. Harris's final conclusion—that "speaking the same language strikes me as being a barrier between our two countries"—is especially sharply pointed up by his tendency to lapse into a sort of Wodehousean Americanese in recording the conversations he had on buses, trains, and airplanes, in college dormitories, and at local dinner tables.

T. S. Eliot: A Symposium, compiled by Richard March and Tambimuttu (Henry Regnery). A delightfully varied array of reminiscence, admissions of influence, pure criticism, and poetic and prose homage offered to Eliot as marks of affection and esteem by a brilliant list of his contemporaries and members of the younger generation on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday. Conrad Aiken, Marianne Moore, and W. H. Auden are the American citizens on a list that includes Italian, French, Spanish, and Hindu contributors, along with such eminent British ones as Clive Bell, Wyndham Lewis, and Edith Sitwell. The illustrations range from candid-camera shots to the poet's drawings, and holographs of his childhood manuscripts.

Layman's Guide to Modern Art, by Mary Chalmers Rathbun and Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr. (Oxford). A short, compact, and unusually informative treatise on the principles of modern painting, with special emphasis on the abstract school. Though really intended to instruct the neophyte, the book has its interest for old hands as well, because the hundred or so illustrations (seventeen in full color) are perceptively chosen to illumine the authors' theses, and the text, which takes in such disparate artists as George Petty and Frank Willard, the creator of "Moon Mullins," as well as Klee, Braque, and Picasso, is both crisp and apposite.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Sudden Vengeance, by Edmund Crispin (Dodd, Mead). As a matter of fact, nobody killed Gloria Scott. She jumped into the Thames under her own power, but her death resulted in the murder of a famous London film director and of a star actress. It is a commentary on the wholesome state of the British press that both these happenings were largely a matter of indifference to it, but still there was an untidy situation to be cleared up, and Gervase Fen, the Oxford professor and expert on Pope ("On all the line a sudden vengeance waits, and frequent hearses shall besiege your gates"), was obviously the man to do it. In spite of his weakness for literary reference, Professor

Fen is an alert sleuth, and it doesn't take him too long to work out the connection between Miss Scott and the subsequent victims. A sound, if conventional, piece of mystification—or "baffler," to employ its native idiom.

Homicide House, by David Frome (Rinehart). Mr. Evan Pinkerton, now happily widowed and inhabiting a shabby room in Godolphin Square, chances to run into a young American one night. It seems that the American is looking for a girl he met six years before in an air-raid shelter. This leads to the question of whether or not her father once sold a painting that didn't belong to him, whether her mother and her aunt are exactly what they seem, and, of course, who tried to strangle Mr. Pinkerton, and did indeed choke the valet with his own necktie and do away with Eric Dalrymple-Hughes, employing a small hammer. The answers lie in a bombed-out house across the street, where still another corpse is walled up, and probably Mr. Pinkerton and his friend Inspector Bull have never had a tougher case in their lives.

Ticket to Oblivion, by Robert Parker (Rinehart). Peter Morrow has just landed in Paris, ostensibly to work for a news service, actually to expose a ring of saboteurs, when he is taken by the police to meet a young lady who claims to be his fiancée—a lovely redhead who says she is from Cincinnati, "the second largest city in Texas, famous for producing glue and fine wines." All this confuses him considerably until he figures out that she must be a spy, though he's not at all sure which side she's on. After this, everything becomes more conventional—first the villainous Russians trap him, then he traps them and a few Hungarians, too. The Soviets ambush him and almost finish him off, but he is saved by a police lieutenant who turns out to be a prominent member of the French underground. (The Maquis calls him Coiffeur, because his name is Antoine.) The Russians get Morrow and the girl, who turns out to be a Hungarian working for the enemy only to save her parents. In spite of the above synopsis, this one seems authentic (such things *are* happening every day), and gives the impression that the author knows what he's talking about.

Murder Begins at Home, by Delano Ames (Rinehart). Dagobert Brown,

"LIKE A PIECE OF DRY WOOD, POKED IN THE EARTH . . ."

"I have no legs," writes nine-year-old George Gorgias, a Greek boy, to his American foster parents, "I just sit on a chair, like a piece of dry wood poked in the earth, gazing up at the high trees, and then that poor log which is me can see how inferior it is to the rest of the world."

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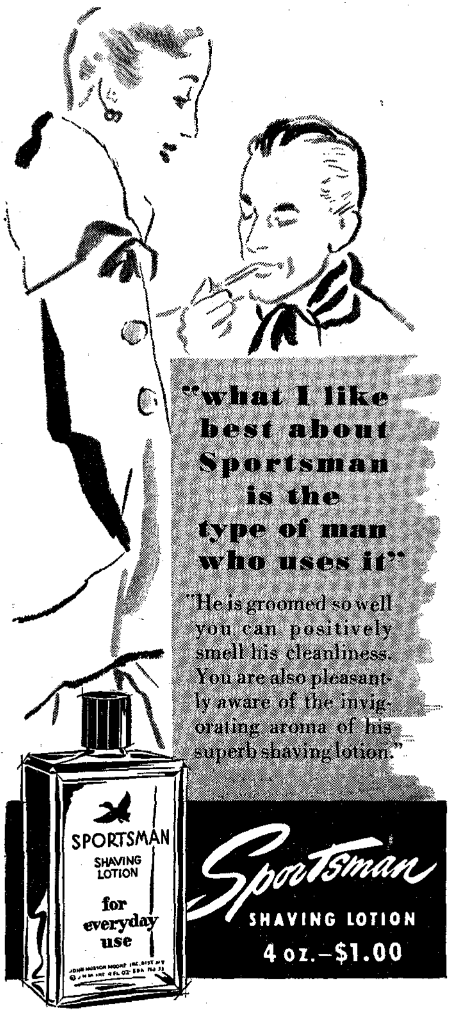
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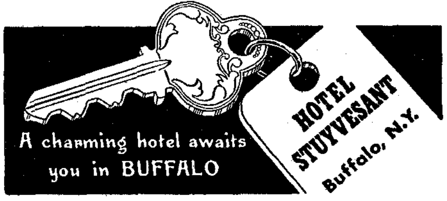
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an Englishman whose wife writes detective stories, drops in on a wartime flame of his, Miranda Ross, who lives on a ranch in New Mexico. Miranda was the pet of the Allied Headquarters in Italy, and at first glance she seems to have become the most popular girl in the county, but the next morning she is found dead in bed, along with a jackknife, a glass of poisoned wine, a watch with a smashed crystal, and an unsigned note in her handwriting. Before Brown gets things untangled, a very unpleasant small boy is pushed down a well, which breaks his neck, and practically everyone on the premises has come under suspicion. The story, as told by Brown's wife, is full of violence and Southwestern atmosphere but may be a bit too cute for everybody's taste.

TIME FOR TEA, by John Coates (Macmillan). Here we have still another variation on that old favorite about a writer who plans a perfect murder and then finds himself stuck with the corpse when a real criminal carries out the writer's ideas. This version of the idea is more rewarding than most, since the characters and the locale (artistic people, fashionable British countryside) are handled with some style, the plot furnishes its moments of anxiety, and the solution, though surprising, seems more or less on the level. It is, however, familiar material, not apt to perplex or fascinate the addict beyond endurance.

•

HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 28.—Glamor girl Dorothy McGuire, who in "Mother Didn't Tell Me" wears clothes as chic as any Hollywood model's, gets a new picture at 20th. She's been given "Old Eighty-eight," which Edmund Goulding, who directed her in "Claudia," has been elected to direct.

Maybe you remember "Old Eighty-Eight" which appeared in a national magazine. It's the story about a counterfeiter who is a thorn in the side of the Treasury Department for ten years because he counterfeits dollar bills—just enough to live on. Then he meets Dorothy and he has to counterfeit larger bills to clothe her in the style in which she wants to live—so he gets caught.—*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American.*

Never heard of it.

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Alfred Frankenstein in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

If a single note of this composition was written before 1875, I will eat it all with Tabasco sauce.

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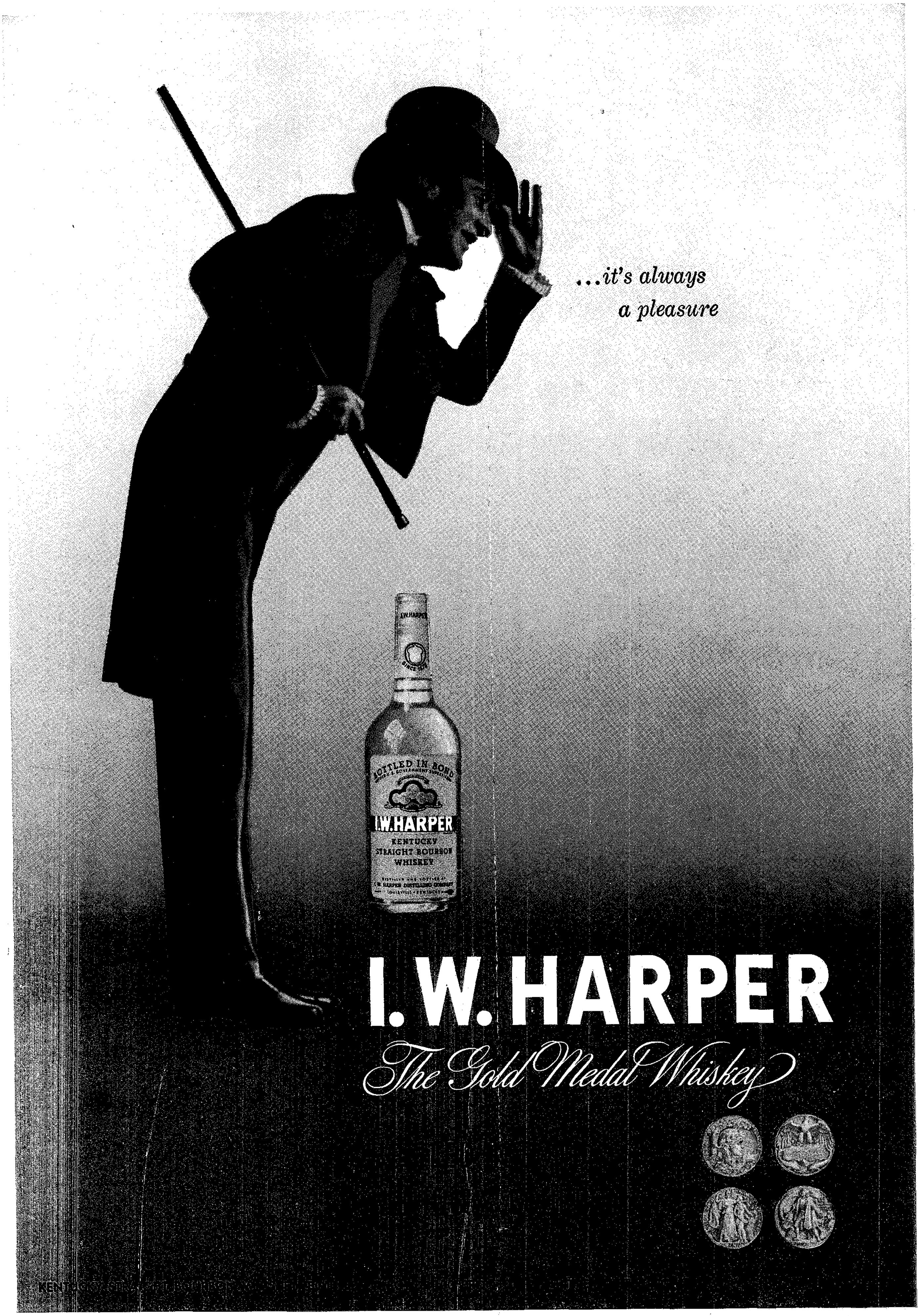
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